
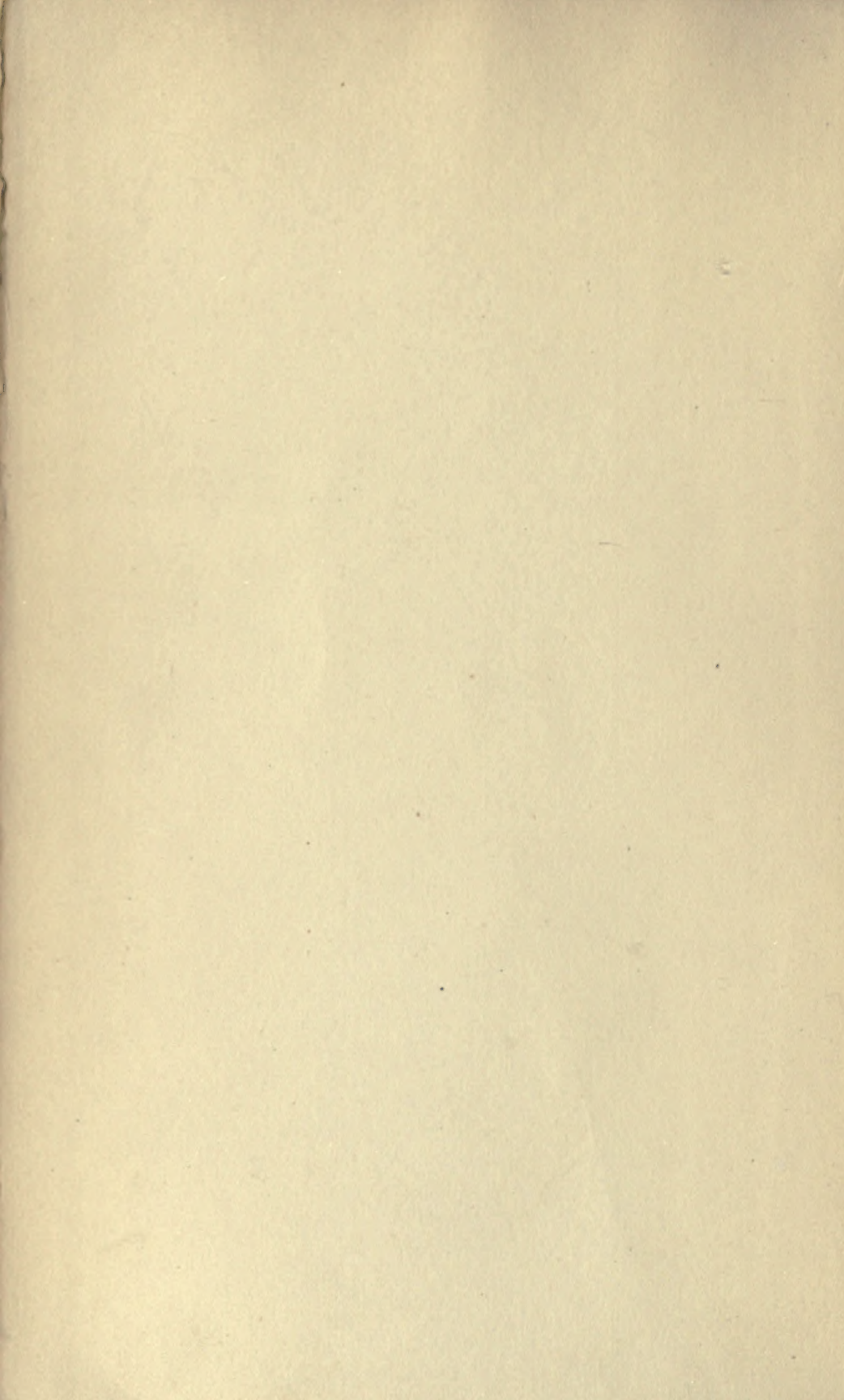


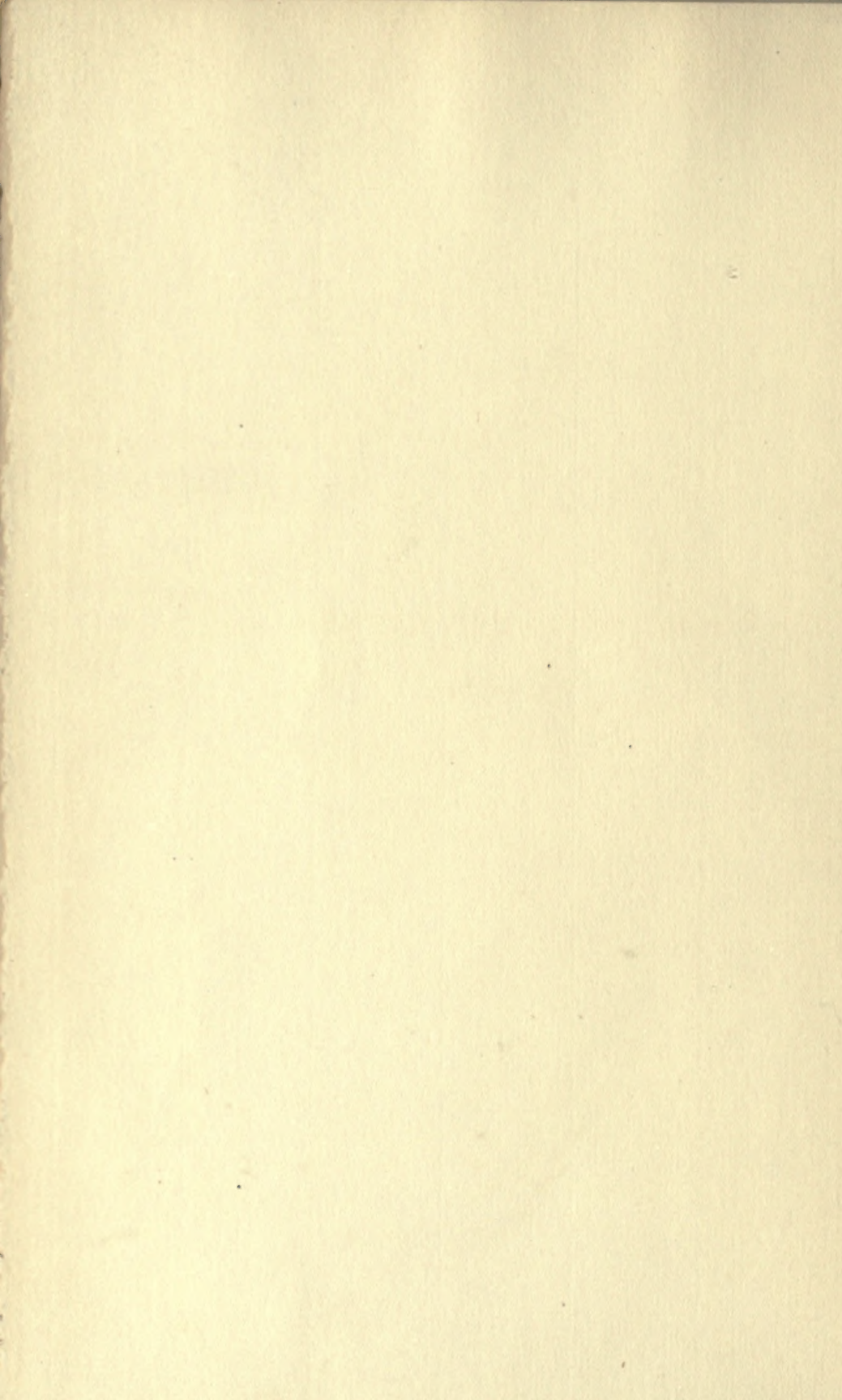


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POEMS OF PHILIP FRENEAU

VOLUME III

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THE

POEMS OF PHILIP FRENEAU

POET OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

EDITED FOR

THE PRINCETON HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

BY

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OF THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE, AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,"
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VOLUME III

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PART IV
THE PERIOD OF EDITORSHIP
1790-1797

THE POEMS OF PHILIP FRENEAU

NEVERSINK¹

These Hills, the pride of all the coast,
To mighty distance seen,
With aspect bold and rugged brow,
That shade the neighbouring main:
These heights, for solitude design'd,
This rude, resounding shore —
These vales impervious to the wind,
Tall oaks, that to the tempest bend,
Half Druid, I adore.

From distant lands, a thousand sails
Your hazy summits greet —

IN February, 1790, Freneau left the sea and settled down in the employ of the *New York Daily Advertiser*. During the next seven years he was successively editor of the *National Gazette*, *The Jersey Chronicle*, and *The Time Piece and Literary Companion*. The period ends late in 1797 when he left New York and went for a time to Charleston, South Carolina.

¹ The first trace I can find of this poem is in the *Freeman's Journal*, February 2, 1791, where it is entitled "Stanzas written on the Hills of Neversink near Sandy Hook, 1790." In the republication of the poem in the *National Gazette*, November 28, 1791, the month "July" was added to the title. It was the poet's valedictory to the ocean after his wanderings. He was married in May, 1790, and he now evidently looked forward to a settled career. The poem has been placed slightly out of order as will be seen. It was republished only in the 1795 edition which the text follows. The first five lines of the original version were as follows:

You saw the angry Briton come,
 You saw him, last, retreat!
 With towering crest, you first appear
 The news of land to tell;
 To him that comes, fresh joys impart,
 To him that goes, a heavy heart,
 The lover's long farewell.

'Tis your's to see the sailor bold,¹
 Of persevering mind,
 To see him rove in search of care,
 And leave true bliss behind;
 To see him spread his flowing sails
 To trace a tiresome road,
 By wintry seas and tempests chac'd
 To see him o'er the ocean haste,
 A comfortless abode!

Your thousand springs of waters blue
 What luxury to sip,
 As from the mountain's breast they flow
 To moisten Flora's lip!
 In vast retirements herd the deer,
 Where forests round them rise,
 Dark groves, their tops in æther lost,
 That, haunted still by Huddy's² ghost,
 The trembling rustic flies.

Proud heights! with pain so often seen,
 (With joy beheld once more)

“In early days and vanished years
 To rougher toils resigned,
 You saw me rove in search of care
 And leave true bliss behind;
 You saw me rig the barque so trim,” etc.

¹ “I quit your view no more.”—*Freeman's Journal*, 1791.

² See Volume II, page 193.

On your firm base I take my stand,
 Tenacious of the shore:—
 Let those who pant for wealth or fame
 Pursue the watery road;—
 Soft sleep and ease, blest days and nights,
 And health, attend these favourite heights,
 Retirement's blest abode!

THE RISING EMPIRE¹

ON AMERICAN ANTIQUITY.²

America, to every climate known,
 Spreads her broad bosom to the burning zone,
 To either pole extends her vast domain
 Where varying suns o'er different summers reign.
 Wide wandering streams, vast plains, and pathless woods,
 Bold shores, confined by circumscribing floods,
 Denote this land, whose fertile, flowery breast
 Teems with all life,—and man, its nobler guest.
 In days of old, from ocean's deepest bed,
 Gulphs unexplored, and countries of the dead,

¹In the *Charleston City Gazette or Daily Advertiser* of February 2, 1790, appeared "A Characteristic Sketch of the Long Island Dutch. From The Rising Empire: a Poem." Two days later the New York *Daily Advertiser* published "A View of Rhode Island. [Extracted from a new Poem, entitled The Rising Empire, not yet published.]" That Freneau for a time was actively engaged upon this projected volume is evident from the poems on the states which appeared in the *Daily Advertiser*, chiefly during the month of March, 1790. The last of these poems, "A Descriptive Sketch of Virginia," appeared June 11, 1790. On June 25 Freneau issued proposals for a new volume of poems, presumably to bear the title "The Rising Empire," but the volume was never published. Many of the pieces that undoubtedly would have gone to make up the book appeared in the *Daily Advertiser*. Of those that came directly under the title (and they are doubtless but a fragment of what the poet intended to write) all but "A View of Rhode Island" appeared in a greatly changed form in the poet's later volumes. I have followed in each case the edition of 1809.

²In the *Daily Advertiser* of March 13, 1790, this poem bore the title "Philosophical Sketch of America."

Rous'd by some voice, that shook all nature's frame,
From the vast depths this new creation came:
Perpetual change its varying nature feels,
The wave once flow'd that now with frost congeals,
Suns on its breast have shed a feebler fire,
Oceans have roll'd where mountains now aspire.
The soil's proud lord a changeful temper knows,
From differing earths his various nature grows:
Long, long before the time that sophists plan
Existed in these woods the race of man,
Warm'd into life by some creating flame,
All worlds pervading, and through all, the same!

Not from the west their swarthy tribes they brought,
As Europe's pride and Asia's folly taught; —
With the same ease the great disposing power
Produced a man, a reptile, or a flower: —
See the swift deer, in lonely wilds that strays,
See the tall elk, that in the valley plays,
See the fierce tiger's raging, ravenous band,
And wolves (their race as ancient as the land)
Did these of old from bleak Kamschatka come,
And traverse seas, to find a happier home? —
No? — from the dust, this common dust, they drew
Their different forms, proud man, that moulded you.

At first, half beasts, untaught to till the land,
Careless, you fed from Nature's fostering hand;
In depths of deserts dream'd your lives away,
Sought no new worlds, nor look'd beyond to-day:
The Almighty power, that lives and breathes through all,
Bade some faint rays on these dark nations fall;
Early, to them did reasoning souls impart,
Inventive genius, and some dawn of art;
Then left them here, with sense enough to win,
Or cheat the bear, or panther of his skin;
Mean huts to build, regardless of their form,

Completely blest, if shelter'd from the storm ;
To see the seasons change, day turn to night :
Bow to the lamps of heaven that gave them light,
Beam'd on the spring, or bade the summer glow,
Their harvests ripen, and their gardens grow —

A VIEW OF RHODE ISLAND¹

Wash'd by surrounding seas, and bold her coasts,
A grateful soil the fair *Rhode Island* boasts.
The admiring eye no happier fields can trace,
Here seas are crowned with the scaly race,
Nature has strove to make her native blest
And owns no fairer Eden in the west :
Here loveliest dames in frequent circles seen,
Catch the fine tint of health from beauty's queen,
No aid they want to seize the enraptur'd view
Nor art's false colours to improve the true ;
Here, love the traveller holds — loth to depart
Some charming creature slays his wandering heart,
Bids him forget from clime to clime to rove,
And even dull prudence — here — submits to love.
On grassy farms, their souls enslav'd to gain,
Reside the masters of the rural reign ;
Vast herds they feed, that glut the abundant pail,
Break the stiff sod, or freight the adventurous sail ;
The nervous steed, the stanchest of the kind
Here walks his rounds in pastures unconfin'd :—
Half that the lands produce or seas contain
To other shores transported o'er the main
Returns in coin, to cheer the miser's eye,
In foreign *sweets*, that fancied wants supply,
Or tawdry stuffs, to deck the limbs of pride,
That thus expends what avarice strove to hide.

¹ Text from the *New York Daily Advertiser* of February 4, 1790.

But, hostile to themselves, this jarring race
In desperate interests, different plans embrace —
One, bold in wrong, his paper fabric rears
And steels his bosom to the orphan's tears
To those he ruin'd grants no late relief!
But leaves the wretched to subsist on grief!
In lost advice his days the gownsman spends,
He gives his prayers and teachings to the winds, —
In vain he tells of virtue's sure reward;
No words but this attract a swain's regard —
Talk not of Laws! — where innocence must fall,
One spark of honour more than damns them all;
And vainly Science her assistance lends
Where knavery shapes it to the basest ends,
Fraud walks at large, — each selfish passion reigns,
And cheats enforce what honesty disdains.
Hurt at the view, I leave the ungrateful shore
And thy rough soil, Connecticut, explore:

TERRA VULPINA, OR, THE LAND OF FOXES¹

Here fond remembrance stampt her much loved names,
Here boasts the soil its London and its Thames;
Through all her shores commodious ports abound,
Clear flow the waters of the unequal ground;
Cold nipping winds a lengthened winter bring,
Late rise the products of the unwilling spring,
The impoverished fields the labourer's pains disgrace,
And hawks and vultures scream through all the place;
The broken soil a nervous breed requires,
Where the rough glebe no generous crops admires —
Dame Nature meanly did her gifts impart,
But smiles to see how much is forced by art.

¹ In the original version published in the *Daily Advertiser*, May 10, 1790, this bore the title "Description of Connecticut."

As Boreas keen, who guides their wintry reign,
 All bow to lucre, all are bent on gain.
 In contact close their neat abodes are thrown,
 Its house, each acre; every mile, its town;
 With glittering spire the frequent church is seen,¹
 Where yews and myrtles wave their gloomy green,
 Where fast-day sermons tell the hungry guest
 That aameleon's dinner is the best:
 There mobs of deacons awe the ungodly wight,
 And hell's black master meets the unequal fight —

Eternal squabbings grease the lawyer's paw,
 All have their suits, and all have studied Law:
 With tongue, that Art and Nature taught to speak,
 Some rave in Latin, some dispute in Greek:
 Proud of their parts, in ancient lore they shine,
 And one month's study makes a learned Divine;²
 Bards of huge fame in every hamlet rise,
 Each (in idea) of Virgilian size:
 Even beardless lads a rhyming knack display —
 Iliads begun, and finished in a day!
 Rhymes, that of old on Blackmore's wheel were spun,
 Come rattling down on Zion's reverend son;³
 Madly presumed time's vortex to defy!
 Things born to live an hour — then squeak and die.

Some, to grow rich, through Indian forests roam,
 Some deem it best to stay and thrive at home:
 In spite of all the priest and squire can say,
 This world — this wicked world — will have its way;
 Honest through fear, religious by constraint,
 How hard to tell the sharper from the saint! —

¹ Followed in the original version by the line: *

“Sacred to him, that taught them to be keen;”

² The fourteen lines following this are not in the original version.

³ In the edition of 1795 this reads “Greenfield's reverend son,” alluding to Dr. Dwight.

Fond of discourse, with deep designing views
They pump the unwary traveller of his news;
Fond of that news, but fonder to be paid,
Each house a tavern, claims a tavern's trade,
While he that comes as surely hears them praise
The hospitality of modern days.

Yet, brave in arms, of enterprizing soul,
They tempt old Neptune to the farthest pole,
In learning's walks explore the mazy way,
(For genius there has shed his golden ray)
In war's bold art through many a contest tried
True to themselves, they took the nobler side,
And party feuds forgot, joined to agree
That power alone supreme — that left them free.

MASSACHUSETTS¹

Here, in vast flocks, the fleecy nation strays,
Here, endless herds the upland meadow graze,
Here smiling plenty crowns the labourer's pain
And blooming beauty weds the industrious swain:
Were this thy all, what happier state could be!—
But avarice drives the native to the sea,
Fictitious wants all thoughts of ease controul,
Proud Independence sways the aspiring soul,
'Midst foreign waves, a stranger to repose,
Through the moist world the keen adventurer goes;
Not India's seas restrain his daring sail,
Far to the south he seeks the polar whale:
From those vast banks where frequent tempests rave,
And fogs eternal brood upon the wave,
There (furled his sail) his daring hold he keeps,
Drags from their depths the natives of those deeps;
Then to some distant clime explores his way,
Bold avarice spurs him on—he must obey.

¹ In the index to the 1809 edition the title was "Lines on the old patriotic state, Massachusetts."

Yet from such aims one great effect we trace
 That holds in happier bonds this restless race;
 Like some deep lake, by circling shores compress,
 Man's nature tends to universal rest:
 Unfed by springs, that find some secret pass
 To mix their current with the mightier mass,
 Unmoved by moons, that some strange impulse guides
 To lift its waters, and propel its tides,
 Unvext by winds, that scowl across its waste,
 Tear up the wave, and discompose its breast,
 Soon would that lake (a putrid nuisance grown,)
 Lose all its virtue, praised or prized by none:
 Thus, avarice lends new vigour to mankind,
 Not vainly planted in the unsteady mind;
 With her, Ambition linked, they proudly drive,
 Rule all our race, and keep the world alive.

Here, first, to quench her once loved Freedom's flame,
 With their proud fleets, Britannia's warriors came;
 Here, sure to conquer, she began her fires,
 Here, sent her lords, her admirals, and her squires:
 All, all too weak to effect the vast design¹
 For which we saw half Europe's arms combine,
 Uncounted navies rove from main to main,
 Threats, bribery, treachery — tried and tried again;
 Mandate on mandate, edict, and decree,
 To rivet fetters, and enslave the free!

Long, long from Boston's hills shall strangers gaze
 On those vast mounds that magic seemed to raise;
 Stupendous piles that hastened Britain's flight,

¹ "All, all too weak to effect the vast design
 That swell'd, poor GAGE, that puny heart of thine,
 That urg'd BURGOYNE to slight his *Celia's* charms,
 The brother HOWES to furbish up their arms
 And modern PERCIES lose their wonted sleep
 To conquer countries, that they could — not keep."

— Original version in the *Daily Advertiser*, March 29, 1790.

Extended hills, the offspring of a night!—
 In that devoted town they hoped to stay
 And, fed by rapine, sleep soft years away:
 Vain hopes, vain schemes—the unconquered spirit rose
 That still survived through all succeeding woes;
 Imprisoned crowds, in cruel durance held,
 Disarmed, restrained from honour's earliest field;
 Imprisoned thousands, worn with poignant grief,
 Now, half adoring, met their guardian chief,*
 Whose thundering cannon bade the foe retreat,
 Disgrace their portion, and their rout complete.

A BATAVIAN PICTURE¹

Sons of the earth, for plodding genius fam'd,
 Batavia long her earth-born natives claim'd:
 Begot from industry, and not from love,
 Swarming at length, to these fair climes they move.—
 Still in these climes their numerous race survive,²
 And, born to labour, still are found to thrive;
 Thro' rain and sunshine toiling for their heirs
 They hold no nation on this earth like theirs.
 Fond of themselves, no generous motives bind,
 To those that speak their gibberish, only kind:—
 Yet still some virtues, candour must confess,
 And truth shall own, some virtues they possess:
 Where'er they fix, all nature smiles around
 Groves bend with fruit and plenty clothes the ground;
 No barren trees to shade their domes are seen,
 Trees must be fertile, and their dwellings clean,
 No idle fancy dares its whims apply,
 Or hope attention from the master's eye,
 All tends to something that must pelf produce,

* Washington.—*Freneau's note.*

¹ The original title of this poem was "A Characteristic Sketch of the Long Island Dutch."

² The original version in the *Daily Advertiser* began at this point.

All for some end, and every thing its use:—
Eternal scowerings keep their floors afloat,
Neat as the outside of the Sunday coat;
The hoe, the loom, the female band employ,
These all their pleasure, these their darling joy;—
The strong-ribb'd lass no idle passions move,
No frail ideas of romantic love;
He to her heart the readiest path can find
Who comes with gold, and courts her to be kind,
She heeds not valour, learning, wit, or birth,
Minds not the swain—but asks him what he's worth.
No female fears in her firm breast prevail,
The helm she handles and she trims the sail,
In some small barque the way to market finds,
Hauls aft the sheet, or veers it to the winds,
While placed a-head, subservient to her will,
Hans smokes his pipe, and wonders at her skill.

Health to their toils—thus may they still go on—
Curse on my pen! What pictures have I drawn!
Is this the general taste? No (Truth replies)—
If fond of beauty, guiltless of disguise,
See—(where, the social circle meant to grace)
The fair Cesarean shades her lovely face,—
She, earlier held to happier tasks at home,
Prefers the labours that her sex become,
Remote from view, directs some favourite art,
And leaves to hardier man the ruder part.

PENNSYLVANIA

[A Fragment]

Spread with stupendous hills, far from the main,
Fair Pennsylvania holds her golden rein,
In fertile fields her wheaten harvest grows,
Charged with its freights her favorite Delaware flows;
From Erie's Lake her soil with plenty teems

To where the Schuylkill rolls his limpid streams —
Sweet stream! what pencil can thy beauties tell —
Where, wandering downward through the woody vale,
Thy varying scenes to rural bliss invite,
To health and pleasure add a new delight:
Here Juniata, too, allures the swain,
And gay Cadorus roves along the plain;
Sweetara, tumbling from the distant hill,
Steals through the waste, to turn the industrious mill —
Where'er those floods through groves or mountains stray,
That God of Nature still directs the way,
With fondest care has traced each river's bed
And mighty streams thro' mighty forests led,
Bade agriculture thus export her freight,
The strength and glory of this favoured State.

She, famed for science, arts, and polished men,
Admires her Franklin, but adores her Penn,
Who, wandering here, made barren forests bloom,
And the new soil a happier robe assume:
He planned no schemes that virtue disapproves,
He robbed no Indian of his native groves,
But, just to all, beheld his tribes increase,
Did what he could to bind the world in peace,
And, far retreating from a selfish band,
Bade Freedom flourish in this foreign land.

Gay towns unnumbered shine through all her plains,
Here every art its happiest height attains:
The graceful ship, on nice proportions planned,
Here finds perfection from the builder's hand,
To distant worlds commercial visits pays,
Or war's bold thunder o'er the deep conveys.¹

¹ The earliest version, as it appeared in the *Daily Advertiser*, March 17, 1790, had the following in place of the last six lines:

“Thy followers, Fox, pacific in each aim,
In this far climate still revere your name;

MARYLAND

Laved by vast depths that swell on either side
 Where Chesapeake intrudes his midway tide,
 Gay Maryland attracts the admiring eye,
 A fertile region with a temperate sky,
 In years elapsed, her heroes of renown
 From British Anna named one favourite town : *
 But, lost her commerce, though she guards their laws,
 Proud Baltimore that envied commerce draws.

Few are the years since there, at random placed,
 Some wretched huts her quiet-port disgraced ;
 Safe from all winds, and covered from the bay,
 There, at his ease, the thoughtless native lay.
 Now, rich and great, no more a slave to sloth,
 She claims importance from her towering growth —
 High in renown, her streets and domes arranged,
 A groupe of cabins to a city changed.

Though rich at home, to foreign lands they stray,
 For foreign trappings trade the wealth away.
 Politest manners through their towns prevail,
 And pleasure revels, though their funds should fail ;

To them long practice prudent foresight gave,
 Proof to the projects of the keenest knave.
 On things to come they fix an anxious eye
 Fond to be thought the favourites of the sky,
 Paths of their own they clear to future bliss,
 Praise *other* worlds but keep their hold on *this*.
 Nor mean I, hence, to censure or condemn,
 Perhaps 'twere best the world should think like them ; —
 What tho' on visions they may place their trust,
 I hold their general principles are just,
Good will to all, themselves their first great care,
Precise in dealing, foes to blood and war ;
 Let kings invade, or potentates assault,
 No aid they lend, for passive to a fault,
 They still are found, all complaisant to power
 To bow to ruffians in the trying hour."

* Annapolis. — *Freneau's* note.

In each gay dome, soft music charms its lord,
Where female beauty strikes the trembling chord;
On the fine air with nicest touches dwells,
While from the tongue the according ditty swells:
Proud to be seen, 'tis their's to place delight
In dances measured by the winter's night,
The evening feast, that wine and mirth prolong,
The lamp of splendor, and the midnight song.
Religion here no gloomy garb assumes,
Exchanged her tears for patches and for plumes:
The blooming belle (untaught heaven's beaus to win)
Talks not of seraphs, but the world she's in:
Attached to earth, here born, and to decay,
She leaves to better worlds all finer clay.

In those, whom choice or different fortunes place
On rural scenes, a different mind we trace;
There solitude, that still to dullness tends,
To rustic forms no sprightly action lends;
Heeds not the garb, mopes o'er the evening fire;
And bids the maiden from the man retire.
On winding floods the lofty mansion stands,
That casts a mournful view o'er neighbouring lands;
There the sad master strays amidst his grounds,
Directs his negroes, or reviews his hounds;
Then home returning, plies his pasteboard play,
Or dreams o'er wine, that hardly makes him gay:
If some chance guest arrive in weary plight,
He more than bids him welcome for the night;
Kind to profusion, spares no pains to please,
Gives him the product of his fields and trees;
On his rich board shines plenty from her source,
—The meanest dish of all his own discourse.

OLD VIRGINIA¹

Vast in extent, Virginia meets our view,
 With streams immense, dark groves, and mountains blue;
 First in provincial rank she long was seen,
 Built the first town, and first subdued the plain:
 This was her praise — but what can years avail,
 When times succeeding see her efforts fail!
 On northern fields more vigorous arts display,
 Where pleasure holds no universal sway;
 No herds of slaves parade their sooty band
 From the rough plough to save the fopling's hand,
 Where urgent wants the daily pittance ask,
 Compel to labour, and complete the task.²

A race of slaves, throughout their country spread,
 From different soils extort the owner's bread;³
 Averse to toil, the natives still rely
 On the sad negro for the year's supply;⁴

¹ In the edition of 1795 this bore the title "Virginia. [A Fragment]"

² The original version in the *Daily Advertiser*, June 11, 1790, added here these lines:

"Yet shall not malice rob them of their due,
 Not all their worth is center'd in a few:
 On Fame's bright lists their sages they enroll,
 Theirs is the brave, and high aspiring soul,
 Heroes and chiefs, the firm unconquer'd mind
 That rul'd in councils, or in battles shin'd,
 Sent *traitorous* bands new regions to explore
 And drove their titled miscreant * from the shore."

* Lord Dunmore. — *Freneau's* note.

³ The original version added here the following:

"Rais'd by their care, *tobacco* spreads its leaf,
 The master's pleasure, and the labourer's grief;
 Hence comes the lofty port, the haughty air,
 The proud demeanour, and the brow severe."

⁴ The original version added here the couplet:

"While the keen lash some little tyrant wields,
 Foe to the free-born genius of the fields."

He, patient, early quits his poor abode,
 Toils at the hoe, or totes some ponderous load,¹
 Sweats at the axe, or, pensive and forlorn,
 Sighs for the eve, to parch his stinted corn!
 With watchful eye maintains his much-loved fire,
 Nor even in summer lets its sparks expire —
 At night returns, his evening toils to share,
 Lament his rags, or sleep away his care,
 Bind up the recent wound, with many a groan;
 Or thank his gods that Sunday is his own.

To these far climes the scheming Scotchman flies,
 Quits his bleak hills to court Virginian skies;
 Removed from oat-meal, sour-cROUT, debts, and duns,
 Prudent, he hastes to bask in kinder suns;
 Marks well the native — views his weaker side,
 And heaps up wealth from luxury and pride,
 Exports the produce of a thousand plains,
 Nor fears a rival, to divide his gains.

Deep in their beds, as distant to their source
 Here many a river winds its wandering course:
 Proud of her bulky freight, through plains and woods
 Moves the tall ship, majestic, o'er the floods,
 Where James's strength the ocean brine repels,
 Or, like a sea, the deep Potowmack swells:
 Yet here the sailor views with wondering eye
 Impoverished fields that near their margins lie,
 Mercantile towns, where languor holds her reign,
 And boors inactive, on the exhausted plain.²

¹ The original version added here :

“ Silent beholds (proud object of reproach)
 His whole year's labour lost on Mammon's coach ! ”

² As originally printed in the *Daily Advertiser* the poem ended as follows :

“ Mercantile towns where dullness holds her reign
 And boors, too lazy to manure the plain : —
 There, where two creeks divide the sickly lands,

LOG-TOWN TAVERN¹[By Hezekiah Salem]²

Through sandy wastes and floods of rain
 To this dejected place I came,
 Where swarthy nymphs, in tattered gowns,
 From pine-knots catch their evening flame:

Where barren oaks, in close array,
 With mournful melody condole;
 Where no gay fabrics meet the eye,
 Nor painted board, nor barber's pole.

Thou town of logs! so justly called,
 In thee who halts at evening's close,

Mis-shapen pile, the gloomy college stands,
 With mingled *chess* the *sophs* their vigils keep
 And *William* nods to *Mary* — half asleep;
 The mopish muse no lively theme essays
 But toils in *law*, that best her toil repays,
 With modern Latin, ancient trash explains,
 Or deals in Logic — for the want of brains.

"Attach'd to other times, I cast my view
 To former days, when all was fresh & new,
 When *Pocahunta*, in her bearskin clad,
 Sigh'd to be happy with her English lad:
 Queen of those woods, embarking on the main,
 (With *Tomocomo* following in her train)
 First of her race, she reach'd the British shore
 But doom'd to perish, saw her own no more!
 Chang'd is the scene — where once her gardens smil'd
 A negro race now wander through the wild
 And with base gabbling, vex that injur'd shade
 Where Freedom flourish'd and *Powhatan* stray'd."

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, February 19, 1790, entitled "Lines Descriptive of a Tavern at Log-Town, a small Place in the Pine Barrens of North-Carolina." The poem appeared originally in the *North Carolina Gazette*.

² The signature "By Hezekiah Salem" or "By H. Salem" is peculiar to the 1809 edition. Freneau added it to many poems which in previous editions had been unsigned.

Not dreams from Jove, but hosts of fleas
Shall join to sweeten his repose.

A curse on this dejected place
Where cold, and hot, and wet, and dry,
And stagnant ponds of ample space
The putrid steams of death supply.

Since here I paced on weary steed
Ah, blame me not, should I repine
That sprightly girl, nor social bed,
Nor jovial glass this night is mine.

The landlord, gouged in either eye,
Here drains his bottle to the dregs,
Or borrows Susan's pipe, while she
Prepares the bacon and the eggs.

Jamaica, that inspires the soul,
In these abodes no time has seen
To dart its generous influence round,
To kindle wit and kill the spleen.

The squire of this disheartening inn
Affords to none the generous bowl,
Displays no Bacchus on the sign
To warm the heart and cheer the soul.

To cyder, drawn from tilted cask,
While each a fond attention paid
All grieved to see the empty flask,
Its substance gone, its strength decayed.

A rambling hag, in dismal notes
Screeched out a song, to cheer my grief;
Two lads their dull adventures told,
A shepherd each — and each a thief.

Dame justice here in rigour reigns —
Each has on each the griping paw;
Whoe'er with them a bargain makes,
Scheme as he will, it ends in law.

With scraps of songs and smutty words
Each lodger here adorns the walls:
The wanton muse no pencil gives,
A coal her mean idea scrawls.

No merry thought, no flash of wit
Was scrawled by this unseemly crew,
With pain I read the words they writ
Immodest and immoral too.

The god of verse, the poet's friend,
Whom Nature all indulgent finds —
That god of verse will never lend
His powers to such degraded minds.

In murmuring streams no chrystal wave
To cheer the wretched hamlet flows;
But frowning to the distant bog
Rosanna with the pitcher goes.

At dusk of eve the tardy treat
Was placed on board of knotty pine;
Each gaping gazed, to see me eat
While round me lay the slumbering swine.

Unblessed be she, whose aukward hand
Before me laid the mouldy pone;*
May she still miss the joyous kiss,
Condemned to fret and sleep alone.

* A composition of Indian meal and water, baked hastily before the fire on a board or hoe. — *Freneau's note.*

The horse that bore me on my way
Around me cast a wishful eye,
He looked, and saw no manger near,
And hung his head, and seemed to sigh.

At stump of pine, for want of stall,
All night, beneath a dripping tree,
Not fed with oats, but filled with wind,
And buckwheat straw, alone stood he.

Discouraged at so vile a treat,
Yet pleased to see the approaching dawn,
In haste, we left this dreary place,
Nor staid to drink their dear Yoppon.*

May travellers dread to wander here,
Unless on penance they be bound —
O may they never venture near,
Such fleas and filthiness abound.

But should ye come — be short your stay,
For Lent is here forever kept —
Depart, ye wretches, haste away,
Nor stop to sleep — where I have slept.

THE WANDERER¹

As Southward bound to Indian isles
O'er lonely seas he held his way,
A songster of the feather'd kind
Approach'd, with golden plumage gay :

* A shrub leaf very commonly used in the Carolinas, as a substitute for tea.—
Frenau's note.

¹ Printed in the *Daily Advertiser*, February 22, 1790, under the title "The Bird at Sea," and republished only in the edition of 1795, from which the text is taken.

By sympathetic feelings led
And grieving for her sad mischance,
Thus Thyrsis to the wanderer said,
As circling in her airy dance.

“Sad pilgrim on a watery waste,
What cruel tempest has compell’d
To leave so far your native grove,
To perish on this liquid field!

Not such a dismal swelling scene
(Dread Neptune’s wild unsocial sea)
But crystal brooks and groves of green,
Dear rambling bird, were made for thee.

Ah, why amid some flowery mead
Did you not stay, where late you play’d:
Not thus forsake the cypress grove
That lent its kind protecting shade.

In vain you spread your weary wings
To shun the hideous gulph below;
Our barque can be your only hope —
But man you justly deem your foe.

Now hovering near, you stoop to lodge
Where yonder lofty canvas swells —
Again take wing — refuse our aid,
And rather trust the ruffian gales.

But Nature tires! your toils are vain —
Could you on stronger pinions rise
Than eagles have — for days to come
All you could see are seas and skies.

Again she comes, again she lights,
And casts a pensive look below —
Weak wanderer, trust the traitor, Man,
And take the help that we bestow.”

Down to his side, with circling flight,
She flew, and perch'd, and linger'd there;
But, worn with wandering, droop'd her wing,
And life resign'd in empty air.

ON THE DEMOLITION OF FORT-GEORGE

In New-York — 1790¹

As giants once, in hopes to rise,
Heaped up their mountains to the skies;
With Pelion piled on Ossa, strove
To reach the eternal throne of Jove;

¹ In the *Daily Advertiser* of June 12, 1790, there appeared from the pen of Freneau a long article entitled "Description of New-York one Hundred years hence, By a Citizen of those Times:" The following is an extract:

"At the South western part of this city formerly stood a strong fort, with stone walls, near thirty feet in height, upon which were mounted a considerable number of large pieces of cannon. This fortress was originally constructed by the Dutch possessors of the place to defend the town, then in its infancy, from the insults of pirates on the one side, and the aborigines of the country on the other. After this territory fell into the hands of the English nation, the fort was at different times enlarged, strengthened and repaired, and was the usual place of residence for the British Governors, who, in the true spirit of European royalty and despotism chose to live separate from their fellow-citizens, and in several instances treated them with a degree of contempt and disrespect proportionate to the confidence they had in the number of their cannon, and in the strength of the walls and ramparts that surrounded them.

"History mentions that in the year 1790, fourteen years after this republic had shaken off its yoke of foreign bondage, this fort was totally demolished by an edict of the Senate, and the space it occupied employed to better purpose in making room for those elegant streets and buildings which now adorn this quarter of the city."

The poem appeared in the issue of March 9, 1790, and was entitled "On the proposed demolition of Fort George, in this City." The text of the 1809 edition has been followed.

So here the hands of ancient days
Their fortress from the earth did raise,
On whose proud heights, proud men to please,
They mounted guns and planted trees.

Those trees to lofty stature grown —
All is not right! — they must come down,
Nor longer waste their wonted shade
Where Colden slept, or Tryon strayed.

Let him be sad that placed them there, —
We shall a youthful race prepare;
Another grove shall bloom, we trust,
When this lies prostrate in the dust.

Where Dutchmen once, in ages past,
Huge walls and ramparts round them cast,
New fabrics raised, on new design,
Gay streets and palaces shall shine.

To foreign kings no more a slave
(Disgrace to Freedom's passing wave)
No flags we rear, we feign no mirth,
Nor prize the day that gave them birth.

While time degrades Palmyra low,
Augusta lifts her lofty brow —
While Europe falls to wars a prey,
Her monarchs here, should have no sway.

Another George shall here reside,
While Hudson's bold, unfettered tide
Well pleased to see this chief so nigh,
With livelier aspect passes by.

Along his margin, fresh and clean,
Ere long shall belles and beaux be seen,
Through moon-light shades, delighted, stray,
To view the islands and the bay.

Of evening dew's no more afraid,
Reclining in some favourite shade,
Each nymph, in rapture with her trees,
Shall sigh to quit the western breeze.

To barren hills far southward shoved,
These noisy guns shall be removed,
No longer here a vain expense,
Where time has proved them no defence. —

Advance, bright days! make haste to crown
With such fair scenes this honoured town. —
Freedom shall find her charter clear,
And plant her seat of commerce here.

CONGRESS HALL, N. Y.¹

With eager step and wrinkled brow,
The busy sons of care
(Disgusted with less splendid scenes)
To Congress Hall repair.

In order placed, they patient wait
To seize each word that flies,
From what they hear, they sigh or smile,
Look cheerful, grave, or wise.

Within these walls the doctrines taught
Are of such vast concern,
That all the world, with one consent,
Here strives to live — and learn.

¹ *Daily Advertiser*, March 12, 1790. The title of the poem as given in the index of the 1809 edition, the text of which I have followed, is "On the Immense Concourse at Federal Hall, in 1790, while the Funding System was in agitation." The title in the 1795 edition was "Federal Hall." The seat of the national government was at this time in New York City.

The timorous heart, that cautious shuns
All churches, but its own,
No more observes its wonted rules;
But ventures here, alone.

Four hours a day each rank alike,
(They that can walk or crawl)
Leave children, business, shop, and wife,
And steer for Congress Hall.

From morning tasks of mending soals
The cobbler hastes away;
At three returns, and tells to Kate
The business of the day.

The debtor, vext with early duns,
Avoids his hated home;
And here and there dejected roves
'Till hours of Congress come.

The barber, at the well-known time,
Forsakes his bearded man,
And leaves him with his lathered jaws,
To trim them as he can.

The tailor, plagued with suits on suits,
Neglects Sir Fopling's call,
Throws by his goose — slips from his board,
And trots to Congress Hall.

EPISTLE TO PETER PINDAR, ESQ.¹

Peter, methinks you are the happiest wight
That ever dealt in ink, or sharpen'd quill.
'Tis yours on every rank of fools to write —
Some prompt with pity, some with laughter kill;
On scullions or on dukes you run your rigs,
And value George no more than *Whitbread's* pigs.

From morn to night, thro' London's busy streets,
New subjects for your pen in crowds are seen,
At church, in taverns, balls, or birth-day treats,
Sir Joseph Banks, or England's breeding queen;
How happy you, whom fortune has decreed
Each character to hit — where all will read.

We, too, have had your monarch by the nose,
And pull'd the richest jewel from his crown —
Half Europe's kings are fools, the story goes,
Mere simpletons, and ideots of renown,
Proud, in their frantic fits, man's blood to spill —
'Tis time they all were travelling down the hill.

But, Peter, quit your dukes and little lords,
Young princes full of blood and scant of brains —
Our *rebel* coast some similes affords,
And many a subject for your pen contains
Preserv'd as fuel for your comic rhymes,
(Like Egypt's gods) to give to future times.

¹ Text from the *Daily Advertiser*, March 15, 1790. "Peter Pindar" was the pen name of the voluminous and well-known English satirist and humorist, Dr. John Walcott. The first collection of his poems was published in 1789. From this point his influence upon the poetry of Freneau was considerable. An American edition of Peter Pindar was published in Philadelphia in 1792.

THE NEW ENGLAND SABBATH-DAY CHACE¹

[Written Under the Character of H Ezekiah Salem]

On a fine Sunday morning I mounted my steed
 And southward from Hartford had meant to proceed;
 My baggage was stow'd in a cart very snug,
 Which Ranger, the gelding, was destined to lug;
 With his harness and buckles, he loom'd very grand,
 And was drove by young Darby, a lad of the land —
 On land, or on water, most handy was he,
 A jockey on shore, and a sailor at sea,
 He knew all the roads, he was so very keen
 And the Bible by heart, at the age of fifteen.

As thus I jogg'd on, to my saddle confined,
 With Ranger and Darby a distance behind;
 At last in full view of a steeple we came
 With a cock on the spire (I suppose he was game;
 A dove in the pulpit may suit your grave people,
 But always remember — a cock on the steeple)
 Cries Darby — “ Dear master, I beg you to stay;
 Believe me, there's danger in driving this way;
 Our deacons on Sundays have power to arrest
 And lead us to church — if your honour thinks best —
 Though still I must do them the justice to tell,
 They would choose you should pay them the fine — full
 as well.”

¹ First published, as far as I can find, in the *Daily Advertiser*, March 16, 1790. It was there introduced as follows (italics): “ In several parts of New England it is customary not to suffer travellers to proceed on a journey on the Sabbath day. If a person is obstinate on these occasions, he is either forcibly (and commonly to the ridicule of the whole Congregation) conducted to the Church door, led through the principal ile (*sic*), and placed in a conspicuous seat by the wardens, or must be detained till next day under guard, and submit to pay a fine, or be committed. The following lines commemorate an event of this sort, which some years ago really befel Mr. P. the noted performer in feats of horsemanship. The author, however, seems to have left his poem incomplete.” Text from the 1809 edition.

The fine (said I) Darby, how much may it be —
A shilling or sixpence? — why, now let me see,
Three shillings are all the small pence that remain,
And to change a half joe would be rather profane.
Is it more than three shillings, the fine that you speak on;
What say you good Darby — will that serve the deacon.

“Three shillings (cried Darby) why, master, you’re
jesting! —

Let us luff while we can and make sure of our westing —
Forty shillings, excuse me, is too much to pay
It would take my month’s wages — that’s all I’ve to say.
By taking this road that inclines to the right
The squire and the sexton may bid us good night,
If once to old Ranger I give up the rein
The parson himself may pursue us in vain.”

“Not I, my good Darby (I answer’d the lad)
Leave the church on the left! they would think we were
mad;

I would sooner rely on the heels of my steed,
And pass by them all like a Jehu indeed:—
As long as I’m able to lead in the race
Old Ranger, the gelding, will go a good pace,
As the deacon pursues, he will fly like a swallow,
And you in the cart must, undoubtedly, follow,”

Then approaching the church, as we pass’d by the door
The sexton peep’d out, with a saint or two more,
A deacon came forward and waved us his hat,
A signal to drop him some money — mind that!—

“Now, Darby (I halloo’d) be ready to skip,
Ease off the curb bridle—give Ranger the whip:
While you have the rear, and myself lead the way,
No doctor or deacon shall catch us this day.”

By this time the deacon had mounted his poney
And chaced for the sake of our souls and — our money:
The saint, as he followed, cried — “Stop them, halloo!”
As swift as he followed, as swiftly we flew —

"Ah master! (said Darby) I very much fear
 We must drop him some money to check his career,
 He is gaining upon us and waves with his hat
 There's nothing, dear master, will stop him but that.
 Remember the Beaver (you well know the fable)
 Who flying the hunters as long as he's able,
 When he finds that his efforts can nothing avail
 But death and the puppies are close at his tail,
 Instead of desponding at such a dead lift
 He bites off their object, and makes a free gift—
 Since fortune all hope of escaping denies
 Better give them a little, than lose the whole prize."
 But scarce had he spoke, when we came to a place
 Whose muddy condition concluded the chace,
 Down settled the cart—and old Ranger stuck fast
 Aha! (said the Saint) have I catch'd ye at last?

* * * *

Cætera desunt.

ON THE SLEEP OF PLANTS¹

When suns are set, and stars in view,
 Not only man to slumber yields;
 But Nature grants this blessing too,
 To yonder plants, in yonder fields.

The Summer heats and lengthening days
 (To them the same as toil and care)
 Thrice welcome make the evening breeze,
 That kindly does their strength repair.

¹ Published in the *Daily Advertiser*, March 20, 1790. Text from the edition of 1809.

At early dawn each plant survey,
And see, revived by Nature's hand,
With youthful vigour, fresh and gay,
Their blossoms blow, their leaves expand.

Yon' garden plant, with weeds o'er-run,
Not void of thought, perceives its hour,
And, watchful of the parting sun,
Throughout the night conceals her flower.

Like us, the slave of cold and heat,
She too enjoys her little span —
With Reason, only less complete
Than that which makes the boast of man.

Thus, moulded from one common clay,
A varied life adorns the plain;
By Nature subject to decay,
By Nature meant to bloom again!

ON THE DEMOLITION OF AN OLD COLLEGE¹

On New-Year's eve, the year was eighty-nine,
All clad in black, a back-woods' college crew
With crow-bar, sledge, and broad axe did combine
To level with the dust their antique hall,
In hopes the President would build a new :
Yes, yes, (said they), this ancient pile shall fall,
And laugh no longer at yon' cobbler's stall.

The clock struck seven—in social compact joined,
They pledged their sacred honors to proceed :
The number seventy-five this feat designed :
And first some oaths they swore by candle light

¹ Published in the *Daily Advertiser*, March 22, 1790, under the title "On the Demolition of Dartmouth College." This earliest version was introduced thus (italics): "On December the 31st last, the old College at Dartmouth in New-Hampshire, was entirely demolished by the Students, notwithstanding every endeavour of the Rev. President to persuade them to desist from their unwarrantable undertaking. It stood the shock of their united efforts about 20 minutes, and then fell to the ground." The facts as given by Freneau are in the main true. During the absence of the second Wheelock in Europe to secure funds for the college "Professor Woodward," according to Chase's *History of Dartmouth College*, "acted as chief executive and Professor Ripley resided with the family in the presidential mansion. The students, it seems, took advantage of the opportunity to rid themselves and the faculty of the little log hut, 'the first sprout of the college,' that stood near the mansion house. Being remitted to the occupancy of servants, it was by this time in a deplorable state of neglect and decay, and obnoxious to everybody. On a December evening in 1782 or 1783 Professor Ripley in the President's house happened to be entertaining a friend from Connecticut, and dilating with much satisfaction upon the orderly behaviour of the students and the freedom from noise and disturbance. In the midst of it they became aware of an unusual commotion without, and on going to see about it, discovered a body of students assailing the log house in such a manner that in a very short time little was left of it. The professor made an effort to stay the work but the noise overpowered his voice." In the edition of 1795 the title was "On the Demolition of a Log-College," and in the index of the edition of 1809, the text of which I have used, the title was given "On the Demolition of an ancient New-England College."

On Euclid' Elements — no bible did they need :
One must be true, they said, the other might —
Besides, no bible could be found that night.

Now darkness o'er the plain her pinions spread,
Then rung the bell an unaccustomed peal :
Out rushed the brave, the cowards went to bed,
And left the attempt to those who felt full bold
To pull down halls, where years had seen them kneel :
Where Wheelock oft at rakes was wont to scold,
Or sung them many a psalm, in days of old.

Advancing then towards the tottering hall,
(That now at least one hundred years had stood)
They gave due notice that it soon should fall —
Lest there some godly wight might gaping stand ;
(For well they knew the world wants all its good
To fright the sturdy sinners of the land,
And shame old Satan, with his sooty band.)

The reverend man that college gentry awes,
Hearing the bell at this unusual hour,
Vext at the infringement of the college laws,
With Indian stride out-sallied from his den,
And made a speech (as being a man in power) —
Alas ! it was not heard by one in ten —
No time to heed his speeches, or his pen.

“ Ah, rogues, said he, ah, whither do ye run,
“ Bent on the ruin of this antique pile —
“ That, all the war, has braved both sword and gun?
“ Reflect, dear boys, some reverend rats are there,
“ That now will have to scamper many a mile,
“ For whom past time old Latin books did spare,
“ And Attic Greek, and manuscripts most rare.

"Relent, relent! to accomplish such designs
 "Folks bred on college fare are much too weak;
 "For such attempts men drink your high-proof wines,
 "Not spiritless switchel* and vile hogo drams,
 "Scarcely sufficient to digest your Greek—
 "Come, let the college stand, my dear black lambs—
 "Besides—I see you have no battering rams."

Thus he—but sighs, and tears, and prayers were lost—
 So, to it they went with broad-axe, spade, and hammer—

One smote a wall, and one dislodged a post,
 Tugged at a beam, or pulled down pigeon-holes
 Where Indian lads were wont to study grammar—
 Indeed, they took vast pains and dug like moles,
 And worked as if they worked to save their souls.

Now to its deep foundation shook the dome:
 Farewell to all its learning, fame and honor!
 So fell the capitol of heathen Rome,
 By Goths and Vandals levelled with the dust—
 And so shall die the works of Neal O'Connor,
 (Which he himself will even outlive, we trust:)
 But now our story's coming to the worst—

Down fell the Pile!—aghast these rebels stood,
 And wondered at the mischiefs they had done
 To such a pile, composed of white-oak wood;
 To such a pile, so antique and renowned,
 Which many a prayer had heard and many a pun—
 So, three huzzas they gave, and fired a round,
 Then homeward trudged—half drunk—but safe and sound.

* A mixture of molasses and water. — *Freneau's note.*

ON THE DEATH OF DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN¹

Thus, some tall tree that long hath stood
The glory of its native wood,
By storms destroyed, or length of years,
Demands the tribute of our tears.

The pile, that took long time to raise,
To dust returns by slow decays:
But, when its destined years are o'er,
We must regret the loss the more.

So long accustomed to your aid,
The world laments your exit made;
So long befriended by your art,
Philosopher, 'tis hard to part! —

When monarchs tumble to the ground,
Successors easily are found:
But, matchless Franklin! what a few
Can hope to rival such as you,
Who seized from kings their sceptred pride,
And turned the lightning's darts aside! *

EPISTLE²

From Dr. Franklin [deceased] to his Poetical Panegyrists, on some of
their Absurd Compliments

“Good Poets, why so full of pain,
Are you sincere — or do you feign?”

* *Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis!* — *Freneau's note.*

¹ First published in the *Daily Advertiser*, April 28, 1790. Text from the 1809 edition. Franklin died April 17.

² Published in the *Daily Advertiser*, May 24, 1790, with the title “Verses from the Other World, by Dr. Fr--k--n.” Text from the 1809 edition.

Love for your tribe I never had,
Nor penned three stanzas, good or bad.

At funerals, sometimes, grief appears,
Where legacies have purchased tears :
'Tis folly to be sad for nought,
From me you never gained a groat.

To better trades I turned my views,
And never meddled with the muse ;
Great things I did for rising States,
And kept the lightning from some pates.

This grand discovery, you adore it,
But ne'er will be the better for it :
You still are subject to those fires,
For poets' houses have no spires.

Philosophers are famed for pride ;
But, pray, be modest — when I died,
No "sighs disturbed old ocean's bed,"
No "Nature wept" for Franklin dead !

That day, on which I left the coast,
A beggar-man was also lost :
If "Nature wept," you must agree
She wept for him — as well as me.

There's reason even in telling lies —
In such profusion of her "sighs,"
She was too sparing of a tear —
In Carolina, all was clear :

And, if there fell some snow and sleet,
Why must it be my winding sheet ?
Snows oft have cloathed the April plain,
Have melted, and will melt again.

Poets, I pray you, say no more,
Or say what Nature said before ;

That reason should your pens direct,
Or else you pay me no respect.

Let reason be your constant rule,
And Nature, trust me, is no fool —
When to the dust great men she brings,
Make her do — some uncommon things.”

CONSTANTIA ¹

[On a Project of Retiring to Bethlehem]

Sick of the world, in prime of days
Constantia took a serious fit —
Resolved to shun all balls and plays
And only read what saints had writ —
To Convent Hall she would repair
And be a pensive sister there.

“What are they all — this glare of things,
These insects that around me shine;
These beaux and belles on silken wings —
Indeed their pleasures make not mine —
My happiness is all delayed —
I'll go, and find it in the shade.”

A sailor, loitering from his crew,
As chance would have it, passed along —
She told him what she had in view,
And he replied — “Fair maid you're wrong,
“Let faded nymphs to cloisters go,
“Where kisses freeze and love is snow.

“The druids' oak and hermits' pine
“Afford a gloomy, sad delight;

¹ Printed in the *Daily Advertiser*, May 1, 1790. It was republished both in the *Freeman's Journal* and in the *National Gazette*. Text from the 1809 edition.

- “ But why that blush of health resign,
“ The mingled tint of red and white?
“ In moistening cells the flowers expire
“ That, on the plain, all eyes admire.
- “ With such a pensive, pious train
“ Who, but a hermit, could agree —
“ Ah, rather stay to grace the plain,
“ Or wander on the wave with me:
“ For you the painted barque shall wait
“ And I would die for such a freight.”
- “ No wandering stranger (she replied)
“ Can tempt me to forego my plan;
“ No barque that wafts him o’er the tide,
“ Nor many a better looking man:
“ Go, wanderer, plough your gloomy sea,
“ Constantia must a sister be.
- “ To gain so fair a flower as you,
“ (The Tar returned) who would not plead?
“ Nor shall you, nymph, to convents go
“ While love can write what you must read:
“ Come, to yon’ meads let us stray,
“ I have some handsome things to say.”
- “ Love has its wish when reason fails —
“ In vain he sighed, in vain he strove:
“ Forsake (said she) those swelling sails
“ If you would have me — think of love:
“ Great merit has your sailing art,
“ But absence would distract my heart.”

What else was said, we secret keep; —
The Tar, grown fonder of the shore,
Neglects his prospects on the deep,
And she of convents talks no more: —
He slyly quits the coasting trade
She pities her — who seeks the shade.

STANZAS

Occasioned by Lord Bellamont's, Lady Hay's, and Other Skeletons,
being dug up in Fort George (N. Y.), 1790.¹

To sleep in peace when life is fled,
Where shall our mouldering bones be laid —
What care can shun — (I ask with tears)
The shovels of succeeding years!

Some have maintained, when life is gone,
This frame no longer is our own:
Hence doctors to our tombs repair,
And seize death's slumbering victims there.

Alas! what griefs must Man endure!
Not even in forts he rests secure: —
Time dims the splendours of a crown,
And brings the loftiest rampart down.

The breath, once gone, no art recalls!
Away we haste to vaulted walls:
Some future whim inverts the plain,
And stars behold our bones again.

Those teeth, dear girls — so much your care —
(With which no ivory can compare)
Like these (that once were lady Hay's)
May serve the belles of future days.

Then take advice from yonder scull;
And, when the flames of life grow dull,
Leave not a tooth in either jaw,
Since dentists steal — and fear no law.

¹ Published in the *Daily Advertiser*, June 17, 1790. The bodies were removed at the time the demolition of Fort George was in progress. Text from the 1809 edition.

He, that would court a sound repose,
To barren hills and deserts' goes :
Where busy hands admit no sun,
Where he may doze, 'till all is done.

Yet there, even there tho' slyly laid,
'Tis folly to defy the spade :
Posterity invades the hill,
And plants our relics where she will.

But O ! forbear the rising sigh !
All care is past with them that die :
Jove gave, when they to fate resigned,
An opiate of the strongest kind :

Death is a sleep, that has no dreams :
In which all time a moment seems —
And skeletons perceive no pain
Till Nature bids them wake again.

THE ORATOR OF THE WOODS¹

Each traveller asks, with fond surprize,
Why Thyrsis wastes the fleeting year
Where gloomy forests round him rise,
And only rustics come to hear —
His taste is odd (they seem to say)
Such talents in so poor a way !

To those that courts and titles please
How dismal is his lot ;
Beyond the hills, beneath some trees,
To live — and be forgot —

¹ Published in the *Daily Advertiser*, June 29, 1790, with the explanation :
" Occasioned by hearing a very elegant Discourse preached in a mean Building,
by the Parson of an obscure Parrish." Text from the 1809 edition.

In dull retreats, where Nature binds
Her mass of clay to vulgar minds.

While you lament his barren trade,
Tell me — in yonder vale
Why grows that flower beneath the shade,
So feeble and so pale! —
Why was she not in sun-shine placed
To blush and please your men of taste?

In lonely wilds, those flowers so fair
No curious step allure;
And chance, not choice, has placed them there,
(Still charming, tho' obscure)
Where, heedless of such sweets so nigh,
The lazy hind goes loitering by.

NANNY *

The Philadelphia Housekeeper, to Nabby, her Friend in New-York ¹

Six weeks my dear mistress has been in a fret
And nothing but Congress will do for her yet:
She says they must come, or her senses she'll lose,
From morning till night she is reading the news,
And loves the dear fellows that vote for our town
(Since no one can relish New-York but a clown,
Where your beef is as lean, as if fattened on chaff,
And folks are too haughty to worship — a calf)
She tells us as how she has read in her books
That God gives them meat, but the devil sends cooks;
And Grumbleton told us (who often shoots flying)

* Occasioned by the intended removal of the Supreme Legislature of the United States from New-York to Philadelphia — a measure much agitated at the time the above was written — 1790. — *Freneau's note.*

¹ Published in the *Daily Advertiser*, July 1, 1790. Text from the 1809 edition

That fish you have plenty — but spoil them in frying;
That your streets are as crooked, as crooked can be,
Right forward three perches he never could see
But his view was cut short with a house or a shop,
That stood in his way — and obliged him to stop.

Those speakers that wish for New-York to decide, —
'Tis a pity that talents are so misapplied!
My mistress declares she is vexed to the heart
That genius should take such a pitiful part;
For the question, indeed, she is daily distressed,
And Gerry, I think, she will ever detest,
Who did all he could, with his tongue and his pen
To keep the dear Congress shut up in your Den.

She insists, the expense of removing is small,
And that two or three thousands will answer it all,
If that is too much, and we're so very poor —
The passage by water is cheaper, be sure;
If people object the expence of a team,
Here's Fitch with his wherry, will bring them by steam;
And, Nabby! — if once he should take them on board,
The Honour will be a sufficient reward.

But, as to myself, I vow and declare
I wish it would suit them to stay where they are;
I plainly foresee, that if once they remove
Throughout the long day, we shall drive, and be drove,
My madam's red rag will ring like a bell,
And the hall and the parlour will never look well;
Such scouring will be as has never been seen,
We shall always be cleaning, and never be clean,
And threats in abundance will work on my fears,
Of blows on the back, and of cuffs on the ears —
Two trifles, at present, discourage her paw,
The fear of the Lord, and the fear of the law —
But if Congress arrive, she will have such a sway,
That gospel and law will be both done away; —

For the sake of a place I must bear all her din,
And if ever so angry, do nothing but grin;
So Congress, I hope in your town will remain,
And Nanny will thank them again and again.

NABBY

The New-York Housekeeper, to Nanny, her Friend in Philadelphia¹

Well, Nanny, I am sorry to find, since you writ us,
The Congress at last has determined to quit us;
You now may begin with your dish-clouts and brooms,
To be scouring your knockers and scrubbing your rooms;
As for us, my dear Nanny, we're much in a pet,
And hundreds of houses will be to be let;
Our streets, that were just in a way to look clever,
Will now be neglected and nasty as ever;
Again we must fret at the Dutchified gutters
And pebble-stone pavements, that wear out our trotters.—
My master looks dull, and his spirits are sinking,
From morning till night he is smoking and thinking,
Laments the expence of destroying the fort,
And says, your great people are all of a sort—
He hopes and he prays they may die in a stall,
If they leave us in debt—for Federal Hall—
And Strap has declared, he has such regards,
He will go, if they go, for the sake of their beards.
Miss Letty, poor lady, is so in the pouts,
She values no longer our dances and routs,
And sits in a corner, dejected and pale,
As dull as a cat, and as lean as a rail!—
Poor thing, I'm certain she's in a decay,
And all—because Congress Resolve—not to stay!—

¹ Published in the *Daily Advertiser*, July 15, 1790. Text from the edition of 1809.

This Congress unsettled is, sure, a sad thing,
Seven years, my dear Nanny, they've been on the wing;
My master would rather saw timber, or dig,
Than see them removing to Conegocheague,
Where the houses and kitchens are yet to be framed,
The trees to be felled, and the streets to be named;
Of the two, we had rather your town should receive 'em—
So here, my dear Nanny, in haste I must leave 'em,
I'm a dunce at inditing—and as I'm a sinner,
The beef is half raw—and the bell rings for dinner!

THE BERGEN PLANTER¹

Attach'd to lands that ne'er deceiv'd his hopes,
This rustic sees the seasons come and go,
His autumn's toils return'd in summer's crops,
While limpid streams, to cool his herbage, flow;
And, if some cares intrude upon his mind,
They are such cares as heaven for man design'd.

He to no pompous dome comes, cap in hand,
Where new-made 'squires affect the courtly smile:
Nor where Pomposo, 'midst his foreign band
Extols the sway of kings, in swelling style,
With tongue that babbled when it should have hush'd,
A head that never thought—a face that never blush'd.

He on no party hangs his hopes or fears,
Nor seeks the vote that baseness must procure;
No stall-fed Mammon, for his gold, reveres,
No splendid offers from his chests allure.
While showers descend, and suns their beams display,
The same, to him, if Congress go or stay.

¹ Published in the *Daily Advertiser*, July 12, 1790. Reprinted in the *National Gazette* under the title "The Pennsylvania Planter." Text from the 1795 edition.

He at no levees watches for a glance,
(Slave to disgusting, distant forms and modes)
Heeds not the herd at Bufo's midnight dance,
Dullman's mean rhymes, or Shylock's birth-day odes:
Follies, like these, he deems beneath his care,
And Titles leaves for simpletons to wear.

Where wandering brooks from mountain sources roll,
He seeks at noon the waters of the shade,
Drinks deep, and fears no poison in the bowl
That Nature for her happiest children made:
And from whose clear and gently-passing wave
All drink alike — the master and the slave.

The scheming statesman shuns his homely door,
Who, on the miseries of his country fed,
Ne'er glanc'd his eye from that base pilfer'd store
To view the sword, suspended by a thread —
Nor that "hand-writing," grav'd upon the wall,
That tells him — but in vain — "the sword must fall."

He ne'er was made a holiday machine,
Wheel'd here and there by 'squires in livery clad,
Nor dreads the sons of legislation keen,
Hard-hearted laws, and penalties most sad —
In humble hope his little fields were sown,
A trifle, in your eye — but all his own.

TOBACCO

[Supposed to be written by a Young Beginner¹]

This Indian weed, that once did grow
On fair Virginia's fertile plain,
From whence it came — again may go,
To please some happier swain:

¹ Published in the *Daily Advertiser*, July 31, 1790. Text from the edition of 1809.

Of all the plants that Nature yields
This, least beloved, shall shun my fields.

In evil hour I first essayed
To chew this vile forbidden leaf,
When, half ashamed, and half afraid,
I touched, and tasted — to my grief:
Ah me! the more I was forbid,
The more I wished to take a quid,

But when I smoaked, in thought profound,
And raised the spiral circle high,
My heart grew sick, my head turned round —
And what can all this mean, (said I) —
Tobacco surely was designed
To poison, and destroy mankind.

Unhappy they, whom choice, or fate
Inclines to prize this bitter weed;
Perpetual source of female hate;
On which no beast — but man will feed;
That sinks my heart, and turns my head,
And sends me, reeling, home to bed!

THE BANISHED MAN¹

Since man may every region claim,
And Nature is, in most, the same,
And we a part of her wide plan,
Tell me, what makes The Banish'd Man.

The favourite spot, that gave us birth,
We fondly call our mother earth;

¹ Published in the *Daily Advertiser*, September 1, 1790, with the introduction: "A little before Lord Bolingbroke was banished into France, he wrote an essay upon Exile. — Some of his thoughts on that occasion are expressed in the following Stanzas." Text from the 1809 edition.

And hence our vain distinctions grow,
And man to man becomes a foe.

That friendship to all nations due,
And taught by reason to pursue,
That love, which should the world combine,
To country, why do we confine?

The Grecian sage * (old stories say)
When question'd where his country lay,
Inspired by heaven, made no reply,
But rais'd his finger to the sky.

No region has, on earth, been known
But some, of choice, have made their own:—
Your tears are not from Reason's source
If choice assumes the path of force.

“Alas! (you cry) that is not all:
“My former friendships I recall,
“My house, my farm, my days, my nights,
“Scenes vanish'd now, and past delights.”—

Distance for absence you mistake—
Here, days and nights their circuits make:
Here, Nature walks her beauteous round,
And friendship may — perhaps — be found.

If times grow dark, or wealth retires,
Let Reason check your proud desires:
Virtue the humblest garb can wear,
And loss of wealth is loss of care.

Thus half unwilling, half resign'd,
Desponding, why, the generous mind?—
Think right, — nor be the hour delayed
That flies the sun, to seek the shade.

* Anaxagoras. — *Freneau's note.*

Though injured, exiled, or alone,
Nobly presume the world your own,
Convinced that, since the world began,
Time, only, makes The Banish'd Man.

THE DEPARTURE¹

Occasioned by the Removal of Congress from New-York to Philadelphia. — [1790.]

From Hudson's banks, in proud array,
(Too mean to claim a longer stay)
Their new ideas to improve,
Behold the generous Congress move!

Such thankless conduct much we feared,
When Timon's coach stood ready geered,
And He—the foremost on the floor,
Stood pointing to the Delaware shore.

So long confined to little things,
They sigh to be where Bavius sings,
Where Sporus builds his splendid pile,
And Bufo's tawdry Seasons smile.

New chaplains, now, shall ope their jaws,
New salaries grease unworthy paws:
Some reverend man, that turtle carves,
Will fatten, while the solder starves.

The Yorker asks—but asks in vain—
“What demon bids them 'move again?
“Whoever 'moves must suffer loss,
“And rolling stones collect no moss.

¹ In the edition of 1795 this bore the title “On the Departure of the Grand Sanhedrim.” Text from the 1809 edition.

“Have we not paid for chaplains’ prayers,
“That heaven might smile on state affairs? —
“Put some things up, pulled others down,
“And raised our streets through half the town?

“Have we not, to our utmost, strove
“That Congress might not hence remove —
“At dull debates no silence broke,
“And walked on tip-toe while they spoke?

“Have we not toiled through cold and heat,
“To make the Federal Pile complete —
“Thrown down our Fort, to give them air,
“And sent our guns, the devil knows where?

“Times change! but Memory still recalls
“The Day, when ruffians scaled their walls —
“Sovereigns besieged by angry men,
“Mere prisoners in the town of Penn?

“Can they forget when, half afraid,
“The timorous Council * lent no aid;
“But left them to the rogues that rob,
“The tender mercies of the mob?

“Oh! if they can, their lot is cast;
“One hundred miles will soon be passed —
“This Day the Federal Dome is cleared,
“To Paulus’-Hook the barge is steered,
“Where Timon’s coach stands ready geered!”

[1790.]

* See the history of those times. — *Freneau’s note.*

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER¹

[A Picture from the Life]

*" To serve with love,
 And shed your blood,
 Approved may be above,
 And here below
 (Examples shew)
 'Tis dangerous to be good."*

— LORD OXFORD.

Deep in a vale, a stranger now to arms,
 Too poor to shine in courts, too proud to beg,
 He, who once warred on Saratoga's plains,
 Sits musing o'er his scars, and wooden leg.

Remembering still the toil of former days,
 To other hands he sees his earnings paid ; —
 They share the due reward — he feeds on praise,
 Lost in the abyss of want, misfortune's shade.

Far, far from domes where splendid tapers glare,
 'Tis his from dear bought peace no wealth to win,
 Removed alike from courtly cringing 'squires,
 The great-man's Levee, and the proud man's grin.

Sold are those arms which once on Britons blazed,
 When, flushed with conquest, to the charge they came ;
 That power repelled, and Freedom's fabrick raised,
 She leaves her soldier — famine and a name ! [1790]

¹ The first trace I can find of this poem is in the edition of 1795. Text from the 1809 edition.

OCCASIONED¹

By a Legislation Bill proposing a Taxation upon
Newspapers

“ ’Tis time to tax the News, (Sangrado cries)
“ Subjects were never good that were too wise :
“ In every hamlet, every trifling town,
“ Some sly, designing fellow sits him down,
“ On spacious folio prints his weekly mess,
“ And spreads around the poison of his Press.
“ Hence, to the World the streams of scandal flow,
“ Disclosing secrets, that it should not know,
“ Hence courtiers strut with libels on their backs ;—
“ And shall not news be humbled by a tax !

“ Once (’tis most true) such papers did some good,
“ When British chiefs arrived in angry mood :
“ By them enkindled, every heart grew warm,
“ By them excited, all were taught to arm,
“ When some, retiring to Britannia’s clime,
“ Sat brooding o’er the vast events of time ;
“ Doubtful which side to take, or what to say,
“ Or who would win, or who would lose the day.

“ Those times are past ; (and past experience shews)
“ The well-born sort alone, should read the news,
“ No common herds should get behind the scene
“ To view the movements of the state machine :
“ One paper only, filled with courtly stuff,
“ One paper, for one country is enough,
“ Where incense offered at Pomposo’s shrine
“ Shall prove his house-dog and himself divine.”

¹ Published in the *Daily Advertiser* early in 1791. Text from the 1809 edition.

LINES¹

Occasioned by a Law passed by the Corporation of New-York, early in
1790, for cutting down the trees in the streets of that
City, previous to June 10, following

THE CITIZEN'S SOLILOQUY

A man that owned some trees in town,
(And much averse to cut them down)
Finding the Law was full and plain,
No trees should in the streets remain,
One evening seated at his door,
Thus gravely talked the matter o'er:

"The fatal Day, dear trees, draws nigh,
When you must, like your betters, die,
Must die!—and every leaf will fade
That many a season lent its shade,
To drive from hence the summer's heat,
And make my porch a favourite seat.

"Thrice happy age, when all was new,
And trees untouched, unenvied grew,

¹This was published in the *National Gazette* of March 8, 1792, with this introduction: "Legislatures and city corporations have ever been inimical to trees in cities. — About nine years ago the attempt was made in Philadelphia to cut down all the trees — The public, however, demurred to the decree, which, together with Mr. Hopkinson's Columnal Orator, saved the lives of these useful and amusing companions.

"In a neighboring city, a similar attempt was made about a year ago by its corporation. A universal extirpation was ordered, without respect to age or quality, by the 10th of June, 1791.— The public interfered in this, as in the other case, and the trees were saved, † except a few, which having been injudiciously placed, above a century ago, had nearly grown into the inhabitants' houses; and consequently suffered the sentence of the law. . . . ‡ *A copy of verses, on this occasion, were as follow: THE LANDLORD'S SOLILOQUY, etc.*"

When yet regardless of the axe,
They feared no law, and paid no tax!
The shepherd then at ease was laid,
Or walked beneath their cooling shade;
From slender twigs a garland wove,
Or traced his god within the grove;
Alas! those times are now forgot,
An iron age is all our lot:
Men are not now what once they were,
To hoard up gold is all their care:
The busy tribe old Plutus calls
To pebbled streets and painted walls;
Trees now to grow, is held a crime,
And These must perish in their prime!

“The trees that once our fathers reared,
And even the plundering Briton spared,
When shivering here full oft he stood,
Or kept his bed for want of wood —
These trees, whose gently bending boughs
Have witnessed many a lover's vows,
When half afraid, and half in jest,
With Nature busy in his breast,
With many a sigh, he did not feign,
Beneath these boughs he told his pain,
Or coaxing here his nymph by night,
Forsook the parlour and the light,
In talking love, his greatest bliss
To squeeze her hand or steal a kiss —
These trees that thus have lent their shade,
And many a happy couple made,
These old companions, thus endeared,
Who never tattled what they heard,
Must these, indeed, be killed so soon —
Be murdered by the tenth of June!

“ But if my harmless trees must fall,
A fortune that awaits us all,
(All, all must yield to Nature's stroke,
And now a man, and now an oak)
Are those that round the churches grow
In this decree included too?
Must these, like common trees, be bled?
Is it a crime to shade the dead?
Review the law, I pray, at least,
And have some mercy on the priest
Who every Sunday sweats in black
To make us steer the skyward track:
The church has lost enough, God knows,
Plundered alike by friends and foes —
I hate such mean attempts as these —
Come — let the parson keep his trees!

“ Yet things, perhaps, are not so bad —
Perhaps, a respite may be had:
The vilest rogues that cut our throats,
Or knaves that counterfeit our notes,
When, by the judge their sentence passed,
The gallows proves their doom at last,
Swindlers and pests of every kind,
For weeks and months a respite find;
And shall such nuisances as they,
Who make all honest men their prey —
Shall they for months avoid their doom,
And you, my trees, in all your bloom,
Who never injured small or great,
Be murdered at so short a date!

“ Ye men of law, the occasion seize,
And name a counsel for the trees —
Arrest of judgment, sirs, I pray;
Excuse them till some future day:

These trees that such a nuisance are,
Next New-Year we can better spare,
To warm our shins, or boil the pot —
The Law, by then, will be forgot."

TO THE PUBLIC¹

This age is so fertile of mighty events,
That people complain, with some reason, no doubt,
Besides the time lost, and besides the expence,
With reading the papers they're fairly worn out ;
The past is no longer an object of care,
The present consumes all the time they can spare.

Thus grumbles the reader, but still he reads on
With his pence and his paper unwilling to part :
He sees the world passing, men going and gone,
Some riding in coaches, and some in a cart :
For a peep at the farce a subscription he'll give, —
Revolutions must happen, and printers must live :

For a share of your favour we aim with the rest :
To enliven the scene we'll exert all our skill,
What we have to impart shall be some of the best,
And *Multum in Parvo* our text, if you will ;
Since we never admitted a clause in our creed,
That the greatest employment of life is — to read.

The king of the French and the queen of the North
At the head of the play, for the season, we find :

¹ First published in number one of the *National Gazette*, October 31, 1791, under the title "Poetical Address to the Public of the United States." It was Freneau's salutatory at the beginning of his new career in Philadelphia. Text from the edition of 1795. The poem was omitted from the edition of 1809.

From the spark that we kindled, a flame has gone forth
To astonish the world and enlighten mankind:
With a code of new doctrines the universe rings,
And Paine is addressing strange sermons to kings.

Thus launch'd, as we are, on the ocean of news,
In hopes that your pleasure our pains will repay,
All honest endeavours the author will use
To furnish a feast for the grave and the gay:
At least he'll essay such a track to pursue
That the world shall approve — and his news shall be true.

LINES¹

By H. Salem, on his Return from Calcutta

Your men of the land, from the king to Jack Ketch,
All join in supposing the sailor a wretch,
That his life is a round of vexation and woe,
With always too much or too little to do:
In the dead of the night, when other men sleep,
He, starboard and larboard, his watches must keep;
Imprisoned by Neptune, he lives like a dog,
And to know where he is, must depend on a Log.
Must fret in a calm, and be sad in a storm;
In winter much trouble to keep himself warm:
Through the heat of the summer pursuing his trade,
No trees, but his topmasts, to yield him a shade:
Then, add to the list of the mariner's evils,
The water corrupted, the bread full of weevils,

¹ Published in the *National Gazette*, November 14, 1791, under the title "A Mistake Rectified." Included in the 1795 edition with the title, "Epistle to a Desponding Sea-man." Text from the edition of 1809. It is very doubtful if Freneau ever sailed to Calcutta.

Salt junk to be eat, be it better or worse,
And, often bull beef of an Irishman's horse :
Whosoever is free, he must still be a slave,
(Despotic is always the rule on the wave ;)
Not relished on water, your lords of the main
Abhor the republican doctrines of Paine,
And each, like the despot of Prussia, may say
That his crew has no right, but the right to obey.

Such things say the lubbers, and sigh when they've
said 'em,

But things are not so bad as their fancies persuade 'em :
There ne'er was a task but afforded some ease,
Nor a calling in life, but had something to please.
If the sea has its storms, it has also its calms,
A time to sing songs and a time to sing psalms. —
Yes—give me a vessel well timbered and sound,
Her bottom good plank, and in rigging well found,
If her spars are but staunch, and her oakham swelled
tight,

From tempests and storms I'll extract some delight —
At sea I would rather have Neptune my jailor,
Than a lubber on shore, that despises a sailor.
Do they ask me what pleasure I find on the sea? —
Why, absence from land is a pleasure to me :
A hamper of porter, and plenty of grog,
A friend, when too sleepy, to give me a jog,
A coop that will always some poultry afford,
Some bottles of gin, and no parson on board,
A crew that is brisk when it happens to blow,
One compass on deck and another below,
A girl, with more sense than the girl at the head,
To read me a novel, or make up my bed —
The man that has these, has a treasure in store
That millions possess not, who live upon shore :
But if it should happen that commerce grew dull,

Or Neptune, ill-humoured, should batter our hull,
Should damage my cargo, or heave me aground,
Or pay me with farthings instead of a pound :
Should I always be left in the rear of the race,
And this be forever— forever the case ;
Why then, if the honest plain truth I may tell,
I would clew up my topsails, and bid him farewell.

MODERN DEVOTION¹

[By H. Salem]

To church I went, with good intent,
To hear Sangrado preach and pray ;
But objects there, black, brown and fair,
Turned eyes and heart a different way.

Miss Patty's fan, Miss Molly's man,
With powdered hair and dimple cheek ;
Miss Bridget's eyes, that once made prize
Of Fopling with his hair so sleek :

Embroidered gowns, and play-house tunes
Estranged all hearts from heaven too wide :
I felt most odd, this house of God
Should all be flutter, pomp, and pride.

Now, pray be wise, no prayers will rise
To heaven— where hearts are not sincere.
No church was made for Cupid's trade ;
Then why these arts of ogling here ?

Since time draws nigh, when you and I,
At church, must claim the sexton's care !—
Leave pride at home, when'er you come
To pay to heaven your offerings, there !

¹ Published in the *National Gazette*, December 5, 1791. Text from the edition of 1809.

THE COUNTRY PRINTER¹

I.

DESCRIPTION OF HIS VILLAGE

Beside a stream, that never yet ran dry,
There stands a Town, not high advanced in fame;
Tho' few its buildings raised to please the eye,
Still this proud title it may fairly claim;
A Tavern (its first requisite) is there,
A mill, a black-smith's shop, a place of prayer.

Nay, more — a little market-house is seen
And iron hooks, where beef was never hung,
Nor pork, nor bacon, poultry fat or lean,
Pig's head, or sausage link, or bullock's tongue:
Look when you will, you see the vacant bench
No butcher seated there, no country wench.

Great aims were his, who first contriv'd this town;
A market he would have — but, humbled now,
Sighing, we see its fabric mouldering down,
That only serves, at night, to pen the cow:
And hence, by way of jest, it may be said
That beef is there, tho' never beef that's dead.

Abreast the inn — a tree before the door,
A Printing-Office lifts its humble head
Where busy Type old journals doth explore
For news that is thro' all the village read;
Who, year from year, (so cruel is his lot)
Is author, pressman, devil — and what not?

¹ Published in four installments in the *National Gazette*, beginning December 19, 1791. Issued in pamphlet form, together with "The Village Merchant," in 1794. Republished only in the edition of 1795, the text of which I have followed.

Fame says he is an odd and curious wight,
Fond to distraction of this native place;
In sense, not very dull nor very bright,
Yet shews some marks of humour in his face,
One who can pen an anecdote, complete,
Or plague the parson with the mackled sheet.

Three times a week, by nimble geldings drawn
A stage arrives; but scarcely deigns to stop,
Unless the driver, far in liquor gone,
Has made some business for the black-smith-shop;
Then comes this printer's harvest-time of news,
Welcome alike from Christians, Turks, or Jews.

Each passenger he eyes with curious glance,
And, if his phiz be mark'd of courteous kind,
To conversation, straight, he makes advance,
Hoping, from thence, some paragraph to find,
Some odd adventure, something new and rare,
To set the town a-gape, and make it stare.

II.

All is not Truth ('tis said) that travellers tell —
So much the better for this man of news;
For hence the country round, that know him well,
Will, if he prints some lies, his lies excuse.
Earthquakes, and battles, shipwrecks, myriads slain —
If false or true — alike to him are gain.

But if this motley tribe say nothing new,
Then many a lazy, longing look is cast
To watch the weary post-boy travelling through,
On horse's rump his budget buckled fast;
With letters, safe in leathern prison pent,
And, wet from press, full many a packet sent.

Not Argus with his fifty pair of eyes
Look'd sharper for his prey than honest Type
Explores each package, of alluring size,
Prepar'd to seize them with a nimble gripe,
Did not the post-boy watch his goods, and swear
That village Type shall only have his share.

Ask you what matter fills his various page?
A mere farrago 'tis, of mingled things;
Whate'er is done on Madam Terra's stage
He to the knowledge of his townsmen brings:
One while, he tells of monarchs run away;
And now, of witches drown'd in Buzzard's bay.

Some miracles he makes, and some he steals;
Half Nature's works are giants in his eyes:
Much, very much, in wonderment he deals, —
New-Hampshire apples grown to pumpkin size,
Pumpkins almost as large as country inns,
And ladies bearing, each, — three lovely twins.

He, births and deaths with cold indifference views;
A paragraph from him is all they claim:
And here the rural squire, amongst the news
Sees the fair record of some lordling's fame;
All that was good, minutely brought to light,
All that was ill, — conceal'd from vulgar sight!

III.

THE OFFICE

Source of the wisdom of the country round!
Again I turn to that poor lonely shed
Where many an author all his fame has found,
And wretched proofs by candle-light are read,
Inverted letters, left the page to grace,
Colons derang'd, and commas out of place.

Beneath this roof the Muses chose their home ; —
Sad was their choice, less bookish ladies say.
Since from the blessed hour they deign'd to come
One single cob-web was not brush'd away : —
Fate early had pronounc'd this building's doom,
Ne'er to be vex'd with boonder, brush, or broom.

Here, full in view, the ink-bespangled press
Gives to the world its children, with a groan,
Some born to live a month — a day — some less ;
Some, why they live at all, not clearly known,
All that are born must die — Type well knows that —
The Almanack's his longest-living brat.

Here lie the types, in curious order rang'd
Ready alike to imprint your prose or verse ;
Ready to speak (their order only chang'd)
Creek-Indian lingo, Dutch, or Highland Erse ;
These types have printed Erskine's *Gospel Treat*,
Tom Durfey's songs, and Bunyan's works, complete.

But faded are their charms — their beauty fled !
No more their work your nicer eyes admire ;
Hence, from this press no courtly stuff is read ;
But almanacks, and ballads for the Squire,
Dull paragraphs, in homely language dress'd,
The pedlar's bill, and sermons by request.

Here, doom'd the fortune of the press to try,
From year to year poor Type his trade pursues —
With anxious care and circumspective eye
He dresses out his little sheet of news ;
Now laughing at the world, now looking grave,
At once the Muse's midwife — and her slave.

In by-past years, perplext with vast designs,
In cities fair he strove to gain a seat ;
But, wandering to a wood of many pines,

In solitude he found his best retreat,
When sick of towns, and sorrowful at heart,
He to those deserts brought his favorite art.

IV.

Thou, who art plac'd in some more favour'd spot,
Where spires ascend, and ships from every clime
Discharge their freights — despise not thou the lot
Of humble Type, who here has pass'd his prime;
At case and press has labour'd many a day,
But now, in years, is verging to decay.

He, in his time, the patriot of his town,
With press and pen attack'd the royal side,
Did what he could to pull their Lion down,
Clipp'd at his beard, and twitch'd his sacred hide,
Mimick'd his roarings, trod upon his toes,
Pelted young whelps, and tweak'd the old one's nose.

Rous'd by his page, at church or court-house read,
From depths of woods the willing rustics ran,
Now by a priest, and now some deacon led
With clubs and spits to guard the rights of man;
Lads from the spade, the pick-ax, or the plough,
Marching afar, to fight Burgoyne or Howe.

Where are they now? — the Village asks with grief,
What were their toils, their conquests, or their gains? —
Perhaps, they near some State-House beg relief,
Perhaps, they sleep on Saratoga's plains;
Doom'd not to live, their country to reproach
For seven-years' pay transferr'd to Mammon's coach.

Ye Guardians of your country and her laws!
Since to the pen and press so much we owe
Still bid them favour freedom's sacred cause,

From this pure source, let streams unsullied flow;
Hence, a new order grows on reason's plan,
And turns the fierce barbarian into — man.

Child of the earth, of rude materials fram'd,
Man, always found a tyrant or a slave,
Fond to be honour'd, valued, rich, or fam'd
Roves o'er the earth, and subjugates the wave:
Despots and kings this restless race may share, —
But knowledge only makes them worth your care!

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-ONE¹

Great things have pass'd the last revolving year;
France on a curious jaunt has seen her king go, —
Hush'd are the growlings of the Russian bear,
Rebellion has broke loose in St. Domingo —
Sorry we are that Pompeys, Cæsars, Catos
Are mostly found with Negroes and Mulattoes.

Discord, we think, must always be the lot
Of this poor world — nor is that discord vain,
Since, if these feuds and fisty-cuffs were not,
Full many an honest Type would starve — that's plain;
Wars are their gain, whatever cause is found —
Empires — or Cats-skins brought from Nootka-sound.

The Turks, poor fellows! have been sadly baisted —
And many a Christian despot stands, contriving
Who next shall bleed — what country next be wasted —
This is the trade by which they get their living:
From Prussian Frederick, this the general plan
To Empress Kate — that burns the Rights of Man,

¹ I have found this only in the edition of 1795.

The Pope (at Rome) is in a sweat, they tell us;
 Of freedom's pipe he cannot bear the music,
 And worst of all when Frenchmen blow the bellows,
 Enough almost (he thinks) to make a Jew sick:
 His Priesthood too, black, yellow, white, and grey,
 All think it best to keep — the good old way.

Britain, (fame whispers) has unrigg'd her fleet —
 Now tell us what the world will do for thunder? —
 Battles, fire, murder, maiming, and defeat
 Are at an end when Englishmen knock under:
 Sulphur will now in harmless squibs be spent,
 Lightning will fall — full twenty five per cent.

LINES¹

Written on a Puncheon of Jamaica Spirits

Within these wooden walls, confined,
 The ruin lurks of human kind;
 More mischiefs here, united, dwell,
 And more diseases haunt this cell
 Than ever plagued the Egyptian flocks,
 Or ever cursed Pandora's box.

Within these prison-walls repose
 The seeds of many a bloody nose;
 The chattering tongue, the horrid oath;

¹ Published in the *National Gazette* for January 23, 1792, introduced by a short essay upon country taverns. The following is an extract:

"Happy would it be for every community if ardent spirits could be banished from amongst them. . . . I shall conclude these observations with some lines written last winter at a country tavern, where from the introduction of a single *jug of rum*, conviviality and good humour were changed into madness and brutality, and numbers of the guests, who came, perhaps, only to pass a social hour, went away maimed, muttering, and lastingly embittered against each other." The poem appeared in the edition of 1795 with the title "The Jug of Rum." Text from the edition of 1809.

The fist for fighting, nothing loth ;
The passion quick, no words can tame,
That bursts like sulphur into flame ;
The nose with diamonds glowing red,
The bloated eye, the broken head !

Forever fastened be this door —
Confined within, a thousand more
Destructive fiends of hateful shape,
Even now are plotting an escape,
Here, only by a cork restrained,
In slender walls of wood contained,
In all their dirt of death reside
Revenge, that ne'er was satisfied ;
The tree that bears the deadly fruit
Of murder, maiming, and dispute ;
Assault, that innocence assails,
The Images of gloomy jails
The Giddy Thought, on mischief bent,
The midnight hour, in folly spent,
All These within this cask appear,
And Jack, the hangman, in the rear !

Thrice happy he, who early taught
By Nature, ne'er this poison sought ;
Who, friendly to his own repose,
Treads under foot this worst of foes, —
He, with the purling stream content,
The beverage quaffs that Nature meant ;
In Reason's scale his actions weighed,
His spirits want no foreign aid —
Not swell'd too high, or sunk too low,
Placid, his easy minutes flow ;
Long life is his, in vigour pass'd,
Existence, welcome to the last,
A spring, that never yet grew stale —
Such virtue lies in — Adam's Ale !

THE PARTING GLASS¹

[Written at an Inn. By Hezekiah Salem.]

The man that joins in life's career
And hopes to find some comfort here;
To rise above this earthly mass,
The only way's to drink his Glass.

But, still, on this uncertain stage,
Where hopes and fears the soul engage;
And while, amid the joyous band,
Unheeded flows the measured sand,
Forget not as the moments pass,
That Time shall bring the parting glass!

In spite of all the mirth I've heard,
This is the glass I always feared;
The glass that would the rest destroy,
The farewell cup, the close of joy!

With You, whom Reason taught to think,
I could, for ages, sit and drink:
But with the fool, the sot, the ass,
I haste to take the parting glass.

The luckless wight, that still delays
His draught of joys to future days,
Delays too long — for then, alas!
Old age steps up, and — breaks the glass!

The nymph, who boasts no borrowed charms,
Whose sprightly wit my fancy warms;
What tho' she tends this country inn,
And mixes wine, and deals out gin?

¹ Published in the *National Gazette*, May 10, 1790. Text from the 1809 edition.

With such a kind, obliging lass
I sigh, to take the parting glass.

With him, who always talks of gain,
(Dull Momus, of the plodding train) —
The wretch, who thrives by others' woes,
And carries grief where'er he goes : —
With people of this knavish class
The first is still my parting glass.

With those that drink before they dine —
With him that apes the grunting swine,
Who fills his page with low abuse,
And strives to act the gabbling goose
Turned out by fate to feed on grass —
Boy, give me quick, the parting glass.

The man, whose friendship is sincere,
Who knows no guilt, and feels no fear : —
It would require a heart of brass
With him to take the parting glass !

With him, who quaffs his pot of ale ;
Who holds to all an even scale ;
Who hates a knave, in each disguise,
And fears him not — whate'er his size —
With him, well pleased my days to pass,
May heaven forbid the Parting Glass !

A WARNING TO AMERICA¹

Removed from Europe's feuds, a hateful scene
(Thank heaven, such wastes of ocean roll between)
Where tyrant kings in bloody schemes combine,
And each forbodes in tears, Man is no longer mine!
Glad we recall the Day that bade us first
Spurn at their power, and shun their wars accurst;
Pitted and gaffed no more for England's glory
Nor made the tag-rag-bobtail of their story.

Something still wrong in every system lurks,
Something imperfect haunts all human works —
Wars must be hatched, unthinking men to fleece,
Or we, this day, had been in perfect peace,
With double bolts our Janus' temple shut,
Nor terror reigned through each back-woods-man's hut,
No rattling drums assailed the peasant's ear
Nor Indian yells disturbed our sad frontier,
Nor gallant chiefs, 'gainst Indian hosts combined
Scaped from the trap — to leave their tails behind.

Peace to all feuds! — and come the happier day
When Reason's sun shall light us on our way;
When erring man shall all his Rights retrieve,
No despots rule him, and no priests deceive,
Till then, Columbia! — watch each stretch of power,
Nor sleep too soundly at the midnight hour,
By flattery won, and lulled by soothing strains,
Silenus took his nap — and waked in chains —
In a soft dream of smooth delusion led
Unthinking Gallia bowed her drooping head
To tyrants' yokes — and met such bruises there,
As now must take three ages to repair.

¹ Written for July 4th, 1792, and published in the *National Gazette* under the title "Independence." Text from the edition of 1809.

Then keep the paths of dear bought freedom clear,
Nor slavish systems grant admittance here.

[1792]

THE DISH OF TEA¹

Let some in beer place their delight,
O'er bottled porter waste the night,
Or sip the rosy wine:
A dish of Tea more pleases me,
Yields softer joys, provokes less noise,
And breeds no base design.

From China's groves, this present brought,
Enlivens every power of thought,
Riggs many a ship for sea:
Old maids it warms, young widows charms;
And ladies' men, not one in ten
But courts them for their Tea.

When throbbing pains assail my head,
And dullness o'er my brain is spread,
(The muse no longer kind)
A single sip dispels the hyp:
To chase the gloom, fresh spirits come,
The flood-tide of the mind.

When worn with toil, or vexed with care,
Let Susan but this draught prepare,
And I forget my pain.
This magic bowl revives the soul;
With gentlest sway, bids care be gay;
Nor mounts, to cloud the brain.

¹ Published in the *National Gazette*, July 7, 1792. Text from the 1809 edition.

If learned men the truth would speak
 They prize it far beyond their Greek,
 More fond attention pay ;
 No Hebrew root so well can suit ;
 More quickly taught, less dearly bought,
 Yet studied twice a day.

This leaf, from distant regions sprung,
 Puts life into the female tongue,
 And aids the cause of love.
 Such power has Tea o'er bond and free ;
 Which priests admire, delights the 'squire,
 And Galen's sons approve.

ON THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY¹

A Day ever Memorable to Regenerated France
 Bright Day,² that did to France restore
 What priests and kings had seiz'd away,
 That bade her generous sons disdain
 The fetters that their fathers wore,
 The titled slave, a tyrant's sway,
 That ne'er shall curse her soil again !

¹ This was published in the *National Gazette*, July 14, 1792, introduced as follows :

“ODES ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

“*HE who does not read in the book of the Odes, is like a man standing with his face flat against a wall : he can neither move forward, nor stir an inch backward.*—

Hau Kiou Choaan.”

This was Ode I of the series. It was republished only in the edition of 1795, the text of which I have followed.

² On July 14, 1789, the French people made their first armed stand against monarchical institutions, attacking and destroying the Bastille.

Bright day! a partner in thy joy,
Columbia hails the rising sun,
She feels her toils, her blood repaid,
When fiercely frantic to destroy,
(Proud of the laurels he had won)
The Briton, here, unsheath'd his blade.

By traitors driven to ruin's brink
Fair Freedom dreads united knaves,
The world must fall if she must bleed; —
And yet, by heaven! I'm proud to think
The world was ne'er subdued by slaves —
Nor shall the hireling herd succeed.

Boy! fill the generous goblet high;
Success to France, shall be the toast:
The fall of kings the fates foredoom,
The crown decays, its' splendours die;
And they, who were a nation's boast,
Sink, and expire in endless gloom.

Thou, stranger, from a distant shore,*
Where fetter'd men their rights avow,
Why on this joyous day so sad?
Louis insults with chains no more, —
Then why thus wear a clouded brow,
When every manly heart is glad?

Some passing days and rolling years
May see the wrath of kings display'd,
Their wars to prop the tarnish'd crown;
But orphans' groans, and widows' tears,
And justice lifts her shining blade
To bring the tottering bauble down.

[1792]

* Addressed to the Aristocrats from Hispaniola. — *Freneau's note.*

TO CRISPIN O'CONNER

A BACK-WOODSMAN¹

[Supposed to be written by Hezekiah Salem]

Wise was your plan when twenty years ago
From Patrick's isle you first resolved to stray,
Where lords and knights, as thick as rushes grow,
And vulgar folks are in each other's way;

Where mother-country acts the step-dame's part,
Cuts off, by aid of hemp, each petty sinner,
And twice or thrice in every score of years
Hatches sad wars to make her brood the thinner.

How few aspire to quit the ungrateful soil
That starves the plant it had the strength to bear:
How many stay, to grieve, and fret, and toil,
And view the plenty that they must not share.

This you beheld, and westward set your nose,
Like some bold prow, that ploughs the Atlantic foam,
And left less venturous weights, like famished crows, —
To feed on hog-peas, hips, and haws, at home.

Safe landed here, not long the coast detained
Your wary steps: — but wandering on, you found
Far in the west, a paltry spot of land,
That no man envied, and that no man owned.

A woody hill, beside a dismal bog —
This was your choice; nor were you much to blame:
And here, responsive to the croaking frog,
You grubbed, and stubbed, and feared no landlord's claim.

¹ Published in the *National Gazette*, July 18, 1792, as Ode II in "Odes on Various Subjects." Text from the 1809 edition.

An axe, an adze, a hammer, and a saw ;
These were the tools, that built your humble shed :
A cock, a hen, a mastiff, and a cow :
These were your subjects, to this desert led.

Now times are changed — and labour's nervous hand
Bids harvests rise where briars and bushes grew ;
The dismal bog, by lengthy sluices drained,
Supports no more hoarse captain Bull Frog's crew. —

Prosper your toil ! — but, friend, had you remained
In lands, where starred and gartered nobles shine,
When you had, thus, to sixty years attained,
What different fate, 'Squire Crispin, had been thine !

Nine pence a day, coarse fare, a bed of boards,
The midnight loom, high rents, and excised beer ;
Slave to dull squires, kings' brats, and huffish lords,
(Thanks be to Heaven) not yet in fashion here !

CRISPIN'S ANSWER

Much pleased am I, that you approve
Freedom's blest cause that brought me here :
Ireland I loved — but there they strove
To make me bend to King and Peer.

I could not bow to noble knaves,
Who Equal Rights to men deny :
Scornful, I left a land of slaves,
And hither came, my axe to ply :

The axe has well repaid my toil —
No king, no priest, I yet espy
To tythe my hogs, to tax my soil,
And suck my whiskey bottle dry.

In foreign lands what snares are laid !
There royal rights all right defeat ;
They taxed my sun, they taxed my shade,
They taxed the offal that I eat.

They taxed my hat, they taxed my shoes,
Fresh taxes still on taxes grew ;
They would have taxed my very nose,
Had I not fled, dear friends, to you.

TO SHYLOCK AP-SHENKIN¹

Since the day I attempted to print a gazette,
This Shylock Ap-Shenkin does nothing but fret :
Now preaching and screeching, then nibbling and scrib-
bling,
Remarking and barking, and whining and pining, and still
in a pet,
From morning 'till night, with my humble gazette.

Instead of whole columns our page to abuse,
Your readers would rather be treated with News :
While wars are a-brewing, and kingdoms undoing,
While monarchs are falling, and princesses squalling,
While France is reforming, and Irishmen storming —
In a glare of such splendour, what folly to fret
At so humble a thing as a poet's Gazette !

No favours I ask'd from your friends in the East :
On your wretched soup-meagre I left them to feast ;

¹ Text from the edition of 1795. First published in the *National Gazette*, July 28, 1792, as number three of the Odes. In this, its earliest version, the opening line was "Since the day we attempted the Nation's Gazette." Before the title was the following: "Note well — the following is to be sung or said as occasion may require." Not reprinted in 1809.

So many base lies you have sent them in print,
That scarcely a man at our paper will squint : —
And now you begin (with a grunt and a grin,
With the bray of an ass, and a visage of brass,
With a quill in your hand and a Lie in your mouth)
To play the same trick on the men of the South !

One Printer for Congress (some think) is enough,
To flatter, and lie, to palaver, and puff,
To preach up in favour of monarchs and titles,
And garters, and ribbands, to prey on our vitals :

Who knows but Pomposo will give it in fee,
Or make mister Shenkin the Grand Patentee !!!
Then take to your scrapers, ye Republican Papers,
No rogue shall go snacks — and the News-Paper Tax
Shall be puff'd to the skies, as a measure most wise —
So, a spaniel, when master is angry, and kicks it,
Sneaks up to his shoe, and submissively licks it.

TO MY BOOK¹

Seven years are now elaps'd, dear rambling volume,
 Since, to all knavish wights a foe,
 I sent you forth to vex and gall 'em,
 Or drive them to the shades below:
 With spirit, still, of Democratic proof,
 And still despising Shylock's canker'd hoof:
 What doom the fates intend, is hard to say,
 Whether to live to some far-distant day,
 Or sickening in your prime,
 In this bard-baiting clime,
 Take pet, make wings, say prayers, and flit away.

"Virtue, order, and religion,

"Haste, and seek some other region;

"Your plan is laid, to hunt them down,

¹ First published in the *National Gazette*, August 4, 1792, as Ode IV in the series, "Odes on Various Subjects." It bore the title "To the National Gazette." The opening stanza was as follows:

"Nine months are now elaps'd, dear rambling paper,
 Since first on this world's stage you cut your caper
 With spirit still of democratic proof,
 And still despising *Whaacum's* canker'd hoof—
 What doom the fates decree, is hard to say,
 Whether to live to some far distant day,
 Or sickening in your prime
 In this news-taxing clime,
 Take pet, make wings, say prayers, and flit away.

AIR.

*Virtue, Order, and Religion,**

Haste and seek some other region," etc.

"* The National Gazette is—the vehicle of party spleen and opposition to the great principles of order, virtue, and religion." *Gaz. U. States.*"

The poem was revised for the edition of 1795, so as to refer to the edition of 1788, issued seven years before the edition of 1795. It was not published in 1809.

‘Destroy the mitre, rend the gown,
 ‘And that vile hag, Philosophy, restore’ —
 Did ever volume plan so much before?

For seven years past, a host of busy foes
 Have buzz’d about your nose,
 White, black, and grey, by night and day;
 Garbling, lying, singing, sighing:
 These eastern gales a cloud of insects bring
 That fluttering, snivelling, whimpering — on the wing —
 And, wafted still as discord’s demon guides,
 Flock round the flame, that yet shall singe their hides.

Well! — let the fates decree whate’er they please:
 Whether you’re doom’d to drink oblivion’s cup,
 Or Praise-God Barebones eats you up,
 This I can say, you’ve spread your wings afar,
 Hostile to garter, ribbon, crown, and star;
 Still on the people’s, still on Freedom’s side,
 With full determin’d aim, to baffle every claim
 Of well-born wights, that aim to mount and ride.

STANZAS¹

To the memory of two young persons (twin brothers), ROBERT SEVIER
 and WILLIAM SEVIER, who were killed by the Savages on Cumber-
 land River, in North-Carolina, in attempting to assist a new
 settler, who was then passing the river with
 a numerous family

In the same hour two lovely youths were born,
 Nature, with care, had moulded either clay:
 In the same hour, from this world’s limits torn,
 The murderous Indian seiz’d their lives away.

¹ Published in the *National Gazette*, July 28, 1792, with a note explaining that the brothers were killed “on the 15th day of January last.”

Distress to aid, impell'd each generous breast ;
With nervous arm they brav'd the adverse tide,
In friendship's cause encounter'd death's embrace,
Blameless they liv'd, in honour's path they died.

But ah ! what art shall dry a father's tears !
Who shall relieve, or what beguile his pain !
Clouds shade his sun, and griefs advance with years—
Nature gave joys, to take those joys again.

Thou, that shall come to these sequester'd streams,
When times to come their story shall relate ;
Let the fond heart, that native worth esteems,
Revere their virtues, and bemoan their fate.

TO A PERSECUTED PHILOSOPHER¹

As Aristippus once, with weary feet,
Pursued his way through polish'd Athens' street,
Minding no business but his own ;
Out rush'd a set of whelps
With sun-burnt scalps,
(Black, red, and brown,)
That nipt his heels, and nibbled at his gown.

While, with his staff, he kept them all at bay
Some yelp'd aloud, some howl'd in dismal strain,
Some wish'd the sage to bark again : —
Even little Shylock seem'd to say,
“ Answer us, sir, in your best way : —
“ We are, 'tis true, a snarling crew,
“ But with our jaws have gain'd applause,
“ And — sir — can worry such as you.”

¹ First printed in the *National Gazette*, August 29, 1792, under the title, “ An Old Heathen Story. Adapted to Modern Times.” Republished only in the 1795 edition.

The sage beheld their spite with steady eye,
 And only stopp'd to make this short reply:
 "Hark ye, my dogs, I have not learn'd to yelp,
 "Nor waste my breath on every lousy whelp;
 "Much less, to write, or stain my wholesome page
 "In answering puppies — bursting with their rage:
 "Hence to your straw! — such contest I disdain:
 "Learn this, ('tis not amiss)
 "For Men I keep a pen,
 "For dogs, a cane!"

TO AN ANGRY ZEALOT¹

[In Answer to Sundry Virulent Charges]

If of Religion I have made a sport,
 Then why not cite me to the Bishop's Court?
 Fair to the world let every page be set,
 And prove your charge from all I've said and writ: —
 What if this heart no narrow notions bind,
 Its pure good-will extends to all mankind:
 Suppose I ask no portion from your feast,
 Nor heaven-ward ride behind your parish priest,
 Because I wear not Shylock's Sunday face
 Must I, for that, be loaded with disgrace?

The time has been, — the time, I fear, is now,
 When holy phrenzy would erect her brow,

¹ Text from the edition of 1795. First published in the *National Gazette*, Sept. 26, 1792, with the following introduction: "It is asserted in Mr. Russel's (Boston) *Columbian Centinel* of Sept. 12 (and copied into Mr. Fenno's *Gazette of the United States* of last Saturday) that 'the Clergy of this country are constantly vilified, and religion ridiculed through the medium of the *National Gazette*.' The author of the assertion is requested to produce one or more passages from the *National Gazette* to support his charge, otherwise, we shall conclude it only a dirty attempt to prevent the circulation of the *National Gazette* in the Eastern States: — But further," here follows the poem. Not printed in edition of 1809.

Round some poor wight with painted devils meet,
 And worse than Smithfield blaze through every street;
 But wholesome laws prevent such horrid scenes,
 No more afraid of deacons and of deans,
 In this new world our joyful Psalm we sing
 That Even a Bishop is a Harmless Thing!

THE
 P Y R A M I D
 OF THE
 FIFTEEN AMERICAN STATES¹

*
 * *
 * * *
 * * * *
 * * * * *

Barbara Pyramidum sileat miracula Memphis ; *
 Heu, male servili marmora structa manu !
 Libera jam, ruptis, Atlantias ora, catenis,
 Jactat opus Phario marmore nobilius :
 Namque Columbiadæ, facti monumenta parantes,
 Vulgarem spernunt sumere materiam ;
 Magnanimi cælum scandunt, perituraque saxa
 Quod vincat, celsa de Jovis arce petunt.
 Audax inde cohors stellis *E Pluribus Unum*
 Ardua Pyramidos tollit ad astra caput.
 Ergo, Tempus edax, quamvis durissima sævo
 Saxa domas morsu, nil ibi juris habes :
 Dumque polo solitis cognata nitoribus ardent
 Sidera fulgebit Pyramis illa suis !

* The Latin verses were written by Mr. John Carey, formerly of Philadelphia.
 — *Freneau's note.*

¹ Published in the *National Gazette*, Dec. 15, 1792. The Latin verses had been contributed several weeks before with the request that some reader of the paper furnish a translation. Text from the 1809 edition.

[IN IMITATION OF THE PRECEDING LINES]

No more let barbarous Memphis boast
Huge structures reared by servile hands—
A nation on the Atlantic coast
Fettered no more in foreign bands,
A nobler Pyramid displays
Than Egypt's tyranny could raise.

Columbia's sons, to extend the fame
Of their exploits to future years,
No marble from the quarry claim,
But, soaring to the starry spheres,
Materials seek in Jove's blue sky
To endure when brass and marble die!

Arrived among the shining host,
Fearless, the proud invaders spoil
From countless gems, in æther lost,
These Stars, to crown their mighty toil:
To heaven a Pyramid they rear
And point the summit with a star.

Old wasteful Time! though still you gain
Dominion o'er the brazen tower,
On This your teeth will gnaw in vain,
Finding its strength beyond their power:
While kindred stars in æther glow,
This Pyramid will shine below!

[1792]

ON THE DEMOLITION OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY¹

From Bourbon's brow the crown remov'd,
Low in the dust is laid;
And, parted now from all she lov'd,
Maria's* beauties fade:

What shall relieve her sad distress,
What power recall that former state
When drinking deep her seas of bliss,
She smil'd and look'd so sweet! —
With aching heart and haggard eye
She views the palace,† towering high,
Where, once, were pass'd her brightest days,
And nations stood, in wild amaze,
Louis! to see you eat.

This gaudy vision to restore
Shall fate its laws repeal,
And cruel despots rise once more
To plan a new Bastille!
Shall, from their sheathes, ten thousand blades ‡

* Maria Antoinette, late queen of France. — *Freneau's note.*

† Thuilleries — within view of which the royal family of France were at this time imprisoned. — 1792. — *Ib.*

‡ Alluding to Mr. Edmund Burke's rant upon this subject. — *Ib.* The poet here refers to the well-known passage in Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, published October, 1790, in which after describing the queen of France as he had seen her in 1774 and the "prostrate homage" which her nation had paid to her at that time, he dwells upon the contrast of 1789: "Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and

[Continued on page 85.]

¹ First published in the *National Gazette*, December 19, 1792, under the title "Present View of France and Her combined Enemies," and reproduced in the editions of 1795 and 1809. Text from the former edition.

In glittering vengeance start
To mow down slaves, and slice off heads,
Taking a monarch's part? —

Ah no! — the heavens this hope refuse;
Despots! they send you no such news —
Nor Conde, fierce, nor Frederick, stout,
Nor Catharine brings this work about,
Nor Brunswick's warlike art:

Nor He, * that once, with fire and sword,
This western world alarm'd:
Throughout our clime whose thunders roar'd,
Whose legions round us swarm'd —
Once more his tyrant arm invades
A race † that dare be free:
His Myrmidons, with murdering blades,
In one base cause agree! —
Ill fate attend on every scheme
That tends to darken Reason's beam:
And, rising with gigantic might
In Virtue's cause, I see unite
Worlds, under Freedom's Tree!

Valour, at length, by Fortune led,
The Rights of Man restores;
And Gallia, now from bondage freed,
Her rising sun adores:
On Equal Rights, her fabric plann'd,

that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever."

* George III. — *Freneau's note.*

† The French Republicans. — *Id.*

Storms idly round it rave,
No longer breathes in Gallic land
A monarch, or a slave!
At distance far, and self-remov'd
From all he own'd and all he lov'd,
See! — turn'd his back on Freedom's blaze,
In foreign lands the Emigrant strays,
Or finds an early grave!

Enroll'd with these — and close immur'd,
The gallant chief* is found,
That, once, admiring crowds ador'd,
Through either world renown'd,
Here, bold in arms, and firm in heart,
He help'd to gain our cause,
Yet could not from a tyrant part,
But, turn'd to embrace his laws! —
Ah! hadst thou stay'd in fair Auvergne,†
And Truth from Paine vouchsaf'd to learn;
There, happy, honour'd, and retir'd,
Both hemispheres had still admir'd,
Still crown'd you with applause.

See! — doom'd to fare on famish'd steeds,
The rude Hungarians fly;
Brunswick, with drooping courage leads
Death's meagre family:
In dismal groups, o'er hosts of dead,
Their madness they bemoan,
No friendly hand to give them bread,
No Thionville their own!
The Gaul, enrag'd as they retire,
Hurls at their heads his blaze of fire —
What hosts of Frederick's reeking crew

* La Fayette; at this time in the Prussian prison of Spandau. — *Freneau's note.*

† The province of France, where the Marquis's family estate lay. — *Ib.*

Dying, have bid the world adieu,
To dogs their flesh been thrown!
Escap'd from death, a mangled train
In scatter'd bands retreat:
Where, bounding on Silesia's plain,
The Despot* holds his seat;
With feeble step, I see them go
The heavy news to tell
Where Oder's lazy waters flow,
Or glides the swift Moselle;
Where Rhine his various journey moves
Through marshy lands and ruin'd groves,
Or, where the vast Danubian flood
(So often stain'd by Austrian blood)
Foams with the autumnal swell.

But shall they not some tidings bear
Of Freedom's sacred flame,
And shall not groaning millions hear
The long abandon'd name?—
Through ages past, their spirits broke,
I see them spurn old laws,
Indignant, burst the Austrian yoke,
And clip the Eagle's† claws:
From shore to shore, from sea to sea
They join, to set the wretched free,
And, driving from the servile court
Each titled slave—they help support
The Democratic Cause!

O France! the world to thee must owe
A debt they ne'er can pay:
The Rights of Man you bid them know,
And kindle Reason's Day!

* The Monarch of Prussia. — *Freneau's note.*

† The imperial standard of Germany. — *Ib.*

Columbia, in your friendship blest,
Your gallant deeds shall hail —
On the same ground our fortunes rest,
Must flourish, or must fail:
But — should all Europe's slaves combine
Against a cause so fair as thine,
And Asia aid a league so base —
Defeat would all their aims disgrace,
And Liberty Prevail!

PHILADELPHIA, December 19, 1792.

ON THE FRENCH REPUBLICANS¹

These gallant men that some so much despise
Did not, like mushrooms, spring up in a night:
By them instructed, France again shall rise,
And every Frenchman learn his native right.
American! when in your country's cause
You march'd, and dar'd the English lion's jaws,
Crush'd Hessian slaves, and made their hosts retreat,
Say, were you not Republican — complete?

Forever banish'd, now, be prince and king,
To Nations and to Laws our reverence due:
And let not language to my memory bring,
A word that might recall the infernal crew,
Monarch! — henceforth I blot it from my page,
Monarchs and slaves too long disgrace this age;
But thou, Republican, that some disclaim,
Shalt save a world, and damn a tyrant's fame.

Friends to Republics, cross the Atlantic brine,
Low in the dust see regal splendour laid:
Hopeless forever, sleeps the Bourbon line

¹I have found this only in the 1795 version.

Long practis'd adepts in the murdering trade!
With patriot care the nation's will expressing
Republicans shall prove all Europe's blessing,
Pull from his height each blustering Noble down
And chace all modern Tarquins from the throne.

ON THE PORTRAITS

Of Louis and Antoinette, in the Senate Chamber¹

Discharg'd by France, no more the royal pair
Claim from a nation's love a nation's care:
Their splendid race no more a palace holds, —
While Louis frets, Antonietta scolds;
Folly's sad victims, fortune's bitter sport,
They take their stand among the "common sort,"
Doom'd through the world, in sad reverse, to roam,
Perhaps — without a shelter or a home!

To shew our pity for their short-liv'd reign
What shall we do, or how express our pain?
Since for their persons no relief is found
But cruel mobs degrade them to the ground,
To shew how deeply we regret their fall
We hang their portraits in our Senate Hall!

¹ Published Dec. 22, 1792, in the *National Gazette* and republished only in the 1795 edition. "These large and elegantly framed pictures [of the King and Queen of France] arrived at Philadelphia in the ship *Queen of France*, being presents from the king. They were set up in the large committee-room of the senate, at the south-east corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets — thence went to Washington city, and were burned, I believe, by the British under General Ross." — *Watson's Annals of Philadelphia*.

TO A REPUBLICAN

With Mr. Paine's Rights of Man¹

Thus briefly sketch'd the sacred Rights of Man,
How inconsistent with the Royal Plan!
Which for itself exclusive honour craves,
Where some are masters born, and millions slaves.
With what contempt must every eye look down
On that base, childish bauble call'd a crown,
The gilded bait, that lures the crowd, to come,
Bow down their necks, and meet a slavish doom;
The source of half the miseries men endure,
The quack that kills them, while it seems to cure.

Rous'd by the Reason of his manly page,
Once more shall Paine a listening world engage:
From Reason's source, a bold reform he brings,
In raising up mankind, he pulls down kings,
Who, source of discord, patrons of all wrong,
On blood and murder have been fed too long:
Hid from the world, and tutor'd to be base,
The curse, the scourge, the ruin of our race,
Theirs was the task, a dull designing few,
To shackle beings that they scarcely knew,
Who made this globe the residence of slaves,
And built their thrones on systems form'd by knaves—
Advance, bright years, to work their final fall,
And haste the period that shall crush them all.

Who, that has read and scann'd the historic page
But glows, at every line, with kindling rage,
To see by them the rights of men aspers'd,
Freedom restrain'd, and Nature's law revers'd,
Men, rank'd with beasts, by monarchs will'd away,

¹ Text from the 1795 edition.

And bound young fools, or madmen to obey :
Now driven to wars, and now oppress'd at home,
Compell'd in crowds o'er distant seas to roam,
From India's climes the plundered prize to bring
To glad the strumpet, or to glut the king.

Columbia, hail ! immortal be thy reign :
Without a king, we till the smiling plain ;
Without a king, we trace the unbounded sea,
And traffic round the globe, through each degree ;
Each foreign clime our honour'd flag reveres,
Which asks no monarch, to support the Stars :
Without a king, the Laws maintain their sway,
While honour bids each generous heart obey.
Be ours the task the ambitious to restrain,
And this great lesson teach — that kings are vain ;
That warring realms to certain ruin haste,
That kings subsist by war, and wars are waste :
So shall our nation, form'd on Virtue's plan,
Remain the guardian of the Rights of Man,
A vast Republic, fam'd through every clime,
Without a king, to see the end of time.

ODE TO LIBERTY¹

Thou Liberty! celestial light
 So long conceal'd from Gallic lands,
 Goddess, in ancient days ador'd
 By Gallia's conquering bands:
 Thou Liberty! whom savage kings
 Have plac'd among forbidden things,
 Tho' still averse that man be free,
 Secret, they bow to Liberty —
 O, to my accents lend an ear,
 Blest object of each tyrant's fear,
 While I to modern days recall
 The Lyric muse of ancient Gaul.

¹ The Philadelphia *General Advertiser* of May 21, 1793, reports in full the "Republican dinner" given Genet, May 18, at which about one hundred citizens were present, chiefly "French, French-Americans, officers of the Frigate l'Embuscade, etc." The following is from this report:

"After the third toast [The United States], an elegant ode, suited to the occasion, and composed by Citizen PICHON, a young Frenchman of promising abilities, was read by Citizen DUPONCEAU, and universally applauded. The society, on motion, ordered that Citizen FRENEAU should be requested to translate it into English verse, and that the original and translation should be published. The society also unanimously voted that Citizen PICHON should be recommended to the notice of the Minister."

The French version of the Ode appeared in the *Advertiser* on May 27; the translation was printed May 31. Both ode and translation were published in the edition of 1795, the text of which I have followed. It was not republished in 1809. Following is the French text as it appeared in the *Advertiser*:

ODE A LA LIBERTE.

By Citizen PICHON, read at the late dinner given to Citizen GENET, by the French of this City.

O TOI, dont l'auguste lumiere
 Si long tems avait fui nos yeux !
 Toi, jadis l'idole premiere
 De mes invincibles ayeux,
 LIBERTE, qu'un tyran sauvage,
 A l'instant meme qu'il t'outrage

Ere yet my willing voice obeys
The transports of the heart,
The goddess to my view displays
A temple rear'd in ancient days,
Fit subject for the muse's art.
Now, round the world I cast my eye,
With pain, its ruins I descry:
This temple once to Freedom rais'd
Thermopylae! in thy fam'd strait —
I see it to the dust debas'd,
And servile chains, its fate!

In those fair climes, where freedom reign'd,
Two thousand years degrade the Grecian name,
I see them still enslav'd, enchain'd;
But France from Rome and Athens caught the
flame —

A temple now to heaven they raise
Where nations bound in ties of peace
With olive-boughs shall throng to praise
The gallant Gaul, that bade all discord cease.

Before this Pantheon, fair and tall,
The piles of darker ages fall,
And freemen here no longer trace
The monuments of man's disgrace:

*Honore par des vœux secrets ;
A mes accens prete l'oreille,
Aujourd'hui ma muse reveille
L'antique lutte des vieux Français.*

*Avant que ma voix obeisse
Au transport que saisit mes sens,
Montre moi deesse propice
Un temple digne de mes chants !
Mon oeil a parcouru la terre
J'y trouve a peine la poussiere
D'un dome a ton nom consacré,
Un tyran siege aux Thermopyles
Et sous les chaînes les plus viles
Le capitol est encombré.*

Before its porch, at Freedom's tree
 Exalt the Cap of Liberty,
 The cap * that once Helvetia knew
 (The terror of the tyrant crew)
 And on our country's altar trace
 The features of each honour'd face—
 The men that strove for equal laws,
 Or perish'd, martyrs in their cause.

Ye gallant chiefs, above all praise,
 Ye Brutuses of ancient days!
 Tho' fortune long has strove to blast,
 Your virtues are repaid at last.
 Your heavenly feasts awhile forbear
 And deign to make my song your care;
 My lyre a bolder note attains,
 And rivals old Tyrtæus' strains;
 The ambient air returns the sound,
 And kindles rapture all around.

Vingt siècles de honte et de chaînes
 Ont pesé sur ces lieux divins;
 C'est nous qui de Rome et de l'Athènes
 Resusciterons les destins.
 Français, soyons seuls notre exemple
 Qu'à ma voix on élève un temple
 Où tous les peuples à jamais
 Dépouillant des haines sauvages
 Viennent de palmes et d'hommages
 Couronner les héros Français.

Devant ce Panthéon sublime
 Brisez ces palais infamés
 De nos opprobres et du crime
 Honteux et cruels monumens.
 Au pied de ses nobles portiques
 Plantez ces bonnets Helvétiques
 Devenus la terreur des rois;
 Et sur l'autel de la patrie
 Gravez l'honorable effigie
 Des martyrs sacrés de nos droits.

* Which owes its origin to William Tell, the famous deliverer of Switzerland.—
Freneau's note.

With thee begins the lofty theme,
 Eternal Nature — power supreme,
 Who planted Freedom in the mind,
 The first great right of all mankind:
 Too long presumptuous folly dar'd
 To veil our race from thy regard;
 Tyrants on ignorance form'd their plan,
 And made their crimes, the crimes of man,
 Let victory but befriend our cause
 And reason deign to dictate laws;
 And once mankind their rights reclaim
 And honour pay to thy great name. —

But O! what cries our joys molest,
 What discord drowns sweet music's feast!
 What demon, from perdition, leads
 Night, fire and thunder o'er our heads!
 In northern realms, prepar'd for fight,
 A thousand savage clans unite. —

*Vous m'entendez, manes augustes
 De Thrasibule et de Brutus!
 Les Destins trop long tems injustes
 Couronnent enfin vos vertus —
 Paraissez, ombres adorées
 Venez de vos fetes sacrées
 Remplir les sublimes concerts
 Deja ma lyre transportée
 Rivale des chants de Tyrtée
 De ses sons etonne les airs.*

*C'est par toi que l'hymne commence
 Maître supreme, etre eternal!
 Toi qui sis de l'indépendance
 Le premier besoin du mortel.
 Long tems l'ignorance et l'audace
 Couvrirent ton auguste face,
 Du masque impur de leurs forfaits
 Un seul combat, une victoire
 Venge nos droits et rend ta gloire
 Plus éclatante que jamais.*

To avenge a faithless Helen's doom
 All Europe's slaves, determin'd, come
 Freedom's fair fabric to destroy
 And wrap in flames our modern Troy!

These these are they — the murdering bands,
 Whose blood, of old, distain'd our lands,
 By our forefathers chac'd and slain,
 The monuments of death remain:
 Hungarians, wet with human blood,
 Ye Saxons fierce, so oft subdued
 By ancient Gauls on Gallic plains,
 Dread, dread the race that still remains:
 Return, and seek your dark abodes,
 Your dens and caves in northern woods,
 Nor stay to tell each kindred ghost
 What thousands from your tribes are lost.

Mais quels cris viennent de nos fetes
 Troubler les chants majestueux ?
 Quel demon porte sur nos tetes
 La nuit, le tonnerre, et les feux ?
 Verrons nous des hordes sauvages
 Inonder encore nos rivages,
 Des terrens du Septentrion ;
 Et pour venger une autre Helene
 Tout la force Europeene
 Investit une autre Ilion.

C'etoient ces bandes homicides
 Dont le sang versé tant de fois
 De mes ancetres intrepides
 Atteste encore les exploits —
 Fiers *Saxons*, Hongres Sanguinaires
 Esclaves jadis de mes peres
 Craignez leurs braves descendans
 Rentrez en vos cavernes sombres
 Ou craignez d'avertir leurs ombres
 Des revoltes de vos enfans :

Une Tisiphone égarée
 Teinte encore du sang d'un epoux
 Avec le Danube et la Sprée

A friend * from hell, of murderous brood,
 Stain'd with a hapless husband's blood,
 Unites with Danube † and the Spree, †
 Who arm to make the French their prey:
 To check their hosts and chill with fear,
 Frenchmen, advance to your frontier.
 There dig the Eternal Tomb of kings,
 Or Poland's fate each monster brings,
 Mows millions down, your cause defeats,
 And Ismael's horrid scene ‡ repeats.

Ye nations brave, so long rever'd,
 Whom Rome, in all her glory, fear'd;
 Whose stubborn souls no tyrant broke
 To bow the neck to Cæsar's yoke —
 Scythians! whom Romans never chain'd;

S'unit et s'arme contre nous
 A ces despotes sanguinaires :
 Français, volez sur vos frontières
 Creuser un éternel tombeau ;
 Ou craignez pour votre patrie,
 Et l'opprobre de Warsovie
 Et les horreurs d'Ismailow !

Et vous qu'an sort de ses conquêtes
 Rome craignit pour ses remparts
 Peuples dont les augustes têtes
 S'indignant du joug des Césars,
 Scythes aux fers inaccessibles,

* Catharine the 2d, present Empress of Russia, who deposed her husband, Peter the 3d, and deprived him of life in July, 1762, while in prison. — *Freneau's note.*

† Two great rivers of Germany ; here metaphorically designating the Austrian and Prussian powers. — *Id.*

‡ The Turkish fortress of Ismael, in 1786, stormed by the Russian army. After carrying it by assault, upwards of 30,000 persons, men, women, and children were slaughtered by the Russian barbarians, in less than three hours. — *Id.*

Germans! that unsubdued remain'd,
 Ah! see your sons, a sordid race,
 With despots leagu'd, to their disgrace
 Aid the base cause that you abhor,
 And hurl on France the storm of war.

Our bold attempts shake modern Rome,
 She bids her kindred despots come;
 From Italy her forces draws
 To waste their blood in Tarquin's cause:
 A hundred hords of foes advance,
 Embodying on the verge of France;
 'Mongst these, to guide the flame of war,

Fiers Germains, Teutons invincibles,
 Voyez vos laches descendans
 D'une main vile et sanguinaire
 Sur les bienfaiteurs de la terre
 Lancer la foudre des tyrans.

Ainsi, par des faits heroiques
 Rome allarmant tous ses voisins
 Vit tous les peuples Italiques
 Vendre leurs bras a ses Tarquins.
 Sur ses frontieres investies
 Avec cent hordes ennemies
 La France voit vingt Porsennas
 Contre tant de liberticides
 Nos phalanges tyrannicides
 Vomiront mille Scevolas.

O Rome ! tu leguas ta gloire
 Aux peuples faits pour l'imiter !
 C'est nous Français que la victoire
 Au meme faite veut porter.
 O France, O ma chere patrie !
 Puisse-je au printems de ma vie
 Te voir les despotes soumis
 Et que par toi l'univers libre
 De l'Amazone jusqu'au Tibre
 N'offre que des peuples amis !

I see Porsenna's* just a score,
While from the soil, by thousands, spring
Scevola's† to destroy each king.

O Rome! what glory you consign
To those who court your ancient fame!
Frenchmen, like Romans, now shall shine,
And copying them, their ancient honours claim.
O France, my native clime, my country dear,
While youth remains, may I behold you free,
Each tyrant crush'd, no threatening despot near
To endanger Liberty!
By you unfetter'd be all human kind,
No slaves on earth be known
And man be blest, in friendship join'd,
From Tyber to the Amazon!

ODE¹

God save the Rights of Man!
Give us a heart to scan
Blessings so dear:
Let them be spread around
Wherever man is found,
And with the welcome sound
Ravish his ear.

* An ancient king of Etruria who took Tarquin's part against the Romans.—
Freneau's note.

† Scevola, who attempted the life of Porsenna in his own camp, but failed.—*Id.*

¹ This ode was sung at the Civic Feast given to Genet in Philadelphia by the French and Citizens, June 1, 1793. The affair is described in detail in Bache's *Aurora* of June 4th. After three of the toasts the artillery fired salutes with two twelve pounders, fifteen rounds each. Freneau's ode was sung after the seventh toast, "with great effect." As to the date of composition of the ode I can find no reliable evidence. Conway, in his life of Paine, mentions that it was sung in 1791 at the November Festival of the London Revolution Society. It was published in the edition of 1795, but was not reproduced in 1809.

Let us with France agree,
And bid the world be free,
While tyrants fall!
Let the rude savage host
Of their vast numbers boast—
Freedom's almighty trust
Laughs at them all!

Though hosts of slaves conspire
To quench fair Gallia's fire,
Still shall they fail:
Though traitors round her rise,
Leagu'd with her enemies,
To war each patriot flies,
And will prevail.

No more is valour's flame
Devoted to a name,
Taught to adore—
Soldiers of Liberty
Disdain to bow the knee,
But teach Equality
To every shore.

The world at last will join
To aid thy grand design,
Dear Liberty!
To Russia's frozen lands
The generous flame expands:
On Afric's burning sands
Shall man be free!

In this our western world
Be Freedom's flag unfurl'd
Through all its shores!

May no destructive blast
Our heaven of joy o'ercast,
May Freedom's fabric last
While time endures.

If e'er her cause require!—
Should tyrants e'er aspire
To aim their stroke,
May no proud despot daunt—
Should he his standard plant,
Freedom will never want
Her hearts of oak!

ON THE DEATH¹

Of a Republican Printer

[By his Partner and Successor]

Like Sybil's leaves, abroad he spread
His sheets, to awe the aspiring crew:
Stock-jobbers fainted while they read;
Each hidden scheme display'd to view—
Who could such doctrines spread abroad
So long, and not be clapper-claw'd!

Content with slow uncertain gains,
With heart and hand prepar'd he stood
To send his works to distant plains,
And hills beyond the Ohio-flood—
And, since he had no time to lose,
Preach'd whiggish lectures with his news.

Now death, with cold unsparing hand,
(At whose decree even Capets fall)
From life's poor glass has shook his sand,

¹ Published in the *National Gazette*, July 6, 1793, under the title "Reflections on the Death of a Country Printer." Republished in the edition of 1795, which the text follows, and not inserted in the 1809 edition.

And sent him, fainting, to the wall —
Because he gave you some sad wipes,
O Mammon! seize not thou his types.

What shall be done, in such a case? —
Shall I, because my partner fails,
Call in his bull-dogs from the chace
To loll their tongues and drop their tails —
No, faith — the title-hunting crew
No longer fly than we pursue.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY¹

Of the Storming of the Bastille, at Paris, July 14th, 1789

The chiefs that bow to Capet's reign,
In mourning, now, their weeds display;
But we, that scorn a monarch's chain,
Combine to celebrate the Day
To Freedom's birth that put the seal,
And laid in dust the proud Bastille.

To Gallia's rich and splendid crown,
This mighty Day gave such a blow
As Time's recording hand shall own
No former age had power to do:
No single gem some Brutus stole,
But instant ruin seiz'd the whole.

Now tyrants rise, once more to bind
In royal chains a nation freed —
Vain hope! for they, to death consign'd,
Shall soon, like perjur'd Louis, bleed:
O'er every king, o'er every queen
Fate hangs the sword, and guillotine.

¹ Printed in the *National Gazette*, July 17, 1793, and republished in the edition of 1795. Omitted from the edition of 1809.

“ Plung’d in a gulf of deep distress
France turns her back — (so traitors say)
Kings, priests, and nobles, round her press,
Resolv’d to seize their destin’d prey :
Thus Europe swears (in arms combin’d)
To Poland’s doom is France consign’d.”

Yet those, who now are thought so low
From conquests that were basely gain’d,
Shall rise tremendous from the blow
And free Two Worlds, that still are chain’d,
Restrict the Briton to his isle,
And Freedom plant in every soil.

Ye sons of this degenerate clime,
Haste, arm the barque, expand the sail ;
Assist to speed that golden time
When Freedom rules, and monarchs fail ;
All left to France — new powers may join,
And help to crush the cause divine.

Ah ! while I write, dear France Allied,
My ardent wish I scarce restrain,
To throw these Sybil leaves aside,
And fly to join you on the main :
Unfurl the topsail for the chace
And help to crush the tyrant race !

THOUGHTS ON THE EUROPEAN WAR SYSTEM¹

By H. Salem

The People in Europe are much to be praised,¹
That in fighting they choose to be passing their days ;

¹ Published in the 1795 and 1809 editions, the latter of which I have followed.

If their wars were abolished, there's room to suppose
Our Printers would growl, for the want of New-News.

May our tidings of warfare be ever from thence,
Nor that page be supplied at Columbia's expence!
No kings shall rise here, at the nod of a court,
Ambition, or Pride, with men's lives for to sport.

In such a display of the taste of the times —
The murder of millions — their quarrels and crimes,
A horrible system of ruin we scan,
A history, truly descriptive of man :

A Being, that Nature designed to be blest —
With abundance around him — yet rarely at rest,
A Being, that lives but a moment in years,
Yet wasting his life in contention and wars ;
A Being, sent hither all good to bestow,
Yet filling the world with oppression and woe !

But, consider, ye sages, (and pray be resigned)
What ills would attend a reform of mankind —
Were wars at an end, and no nation made thinner,
My neighbour, the gun-smith, would go without dinner ;
The Printers, themselves, for employment would fail,
And soldiers, by thousands, be starving in jail.

A MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUE¹

Humbly Inscribed to My Lord Snake

One Sabbath-day morning said Sampson to Sue
I have thought and have thought that a Title will do ;

¹ First published in the *National Gazette*, August 11, 1792, under the title "A Curious Dialogue." In this earliest version it is noted that the piece was "occasioned by emblematic devices on a certain travelling coach." Text from the 809 edition.

Believe me, my dear, it is sweeter that syrup
To taste of a title, as cooked up in Europe;
"Your ladyship" here and "your ladyship" there,
"Sir knight," and "your grace," and "his worship the
mayor!"

But here, we are nothing but vulgar all over,
And the wife of a cobbler scarce thinks you above her:
What a country is this, where Madam and Miss
Is the highest address from each vulgar-born cur,
And I—even I—am but Mister and Sir!

Your Equal-Right gentry I ne'er could abide
That all are born equal, by Me is denied:
And Barlow and Paine shall preach it in vain;
Look even at brutes, and you'll see it confest
That some are intended to manage the rest;
Yon' dog of the manger, how stately he struts!
You may swear him well-born, from the size of his guts;
Not a better-born whelp ever snapped at his foes,
All he wants is a Glass to be stuck on his Nose:
And then, my dear Sue, between me and you,
He would look like the gemman whose name I forget,
Who lives in a castle and never pays debt."

"My dear (answered Susan) 'tis said, in reproach,
That you climb like a bear when you get in a coach:
Now, your nobles that spring from the nobles of old,
Your earls, and your knights, and your barons, so bold,
From Nature inherit so handsome an air
They are noblemen born, at first glance we may swear:
But you, that have cobbled, and I, that have spun,
'Tis wrong for our noddles on Titles to run:
Moreover, you know, that to make a fine show,
Your people of note, of arms get a coat;
A boot or a shoe would but sneakingly do,
And would certainly prove our nobility New."

"No matter (said Sampson) a coach shall be bought:
 Though the low-born may chatter, I care not a groat;
 Around it a group of devices shall shine,
 And mottoes, and emblems — to prove it is mine;
 Fair liberty's Cap, and a Star, and a Strap;
 A Dagger, that somewhat resembles an Awl,
 A pumpkin-faced Goddess supporting a Stall:
 All these shall be there — how people will stare!
 And Envy herself, that our Title would blast
 May smile at the motto, — the First shall be Last." *

ON THE MEMORABLE¹

Naval Engagement between the Republican Frigate *L' Ambuscade*
 Captain Bompard, and the British Royal Frigate *Boston*, Cap-
 tain Courtney, off the coast of New-Jersey. — 1792

Resolved for a chace,
 All Frenchmen to face,
 Bold Boston from Halifax sailed,
 With a full flowing sheet,
 The pride of the fleet,
 Not a vessel she saw, but she hailed;
 With Courtney, commander, who never did fear,
 Nor returned from a fight with a "flea in his ear."

As they stered for the Hook,
 Each swore by his book,
 "No prayers should their vengeance retard;
 "They would plunder and burn,

* Qui primus fuit nunc ultimus. — Motto on a certain coach. — *Freneau's note.*

¹ Published in the *National Gazette*, Aug. 17, 1793. The frigate *L' Ambuscade*, which had borne Citizen Genet from France to Charleston, where he arrived April 8, 1792, and which was soon after stationed at Philadelphia, caused much trouble to the federal government by making American ports her basis for operations upon English shipping. She captured several British ships, among them the *Grange* and the *Little Sarah*. Text from the 1809 edition.

“ They would never return
“ Unattended by Captain Bompard !
“ No Gaul can resist us, when once we arouse,
“ We'll drown the monsieurs in the wash of our bows.”

A sail now appeared,
When toward her they steered,
Each crown'd with his Liberty-Cap ;
Under colours of France did they boldly advance,
And a small privateer did entrap —
The time may have been when their nation was brave,
But now, their best play is to cheat and deceive.

Arrived at the spot
Where they meant to dispute,
Thus Courtney sent word, in a heat :
“ Since fighting's our trade,
“ Their bold Ambuscade
“ Must be sunk, or compelled to retreat :
“ Tell Captain Bompard, if his stomach's for war,
“ To advance from his port, and engage a bold tar.”

Brave Captain Bompard
When this challenge he heard,
Though his sails were unbent from the yards,
His topmasts struck down,
And his men half in town ;
Yet sent back his humble regards —
The challenge accepted ; all hands warned on board,
Bent, their sails, swore revenge, and the frigate unmoored.

The Boston, at sea,
Being under their lee,
For windward manœuvred in vain ;
'Till night coming on,
Both laid by 'till dawn,
Then met on the watery plain,

The wind at north-east, and a beautiful day,
And the hearts of the Frenchmen in trim for the fray.

So, to it they went,
With determined intent
The fate of the day to decide
By the virtues of powder;
(No argument louder
Was e'er to a subject applied)
A Gaul with a Briton in battle contends,
Let them stand to their guns, and we'll see how it ends.

As the Frenchman sailed past,
Boston gave him a blast,
Glass bottles, case knives, and old nails,
A score of round shot,
And the devil knows what,
To cripple his masts and his sails.
The Boston supposed it the best of her play
To prevent him from chacing — if she ran away.

The Frenchman most cool,
(No hot-headed fool,)
Returned the broadside in a trice;
So hot was the blast,
He disabled one mast,
And gave them some rigging to splice,
Some holes for to plug, where the bullets had gone,
Some yards to replace, and some heads to put on.

Three glasses, and more,
Their cannons did roar,
Shot flying in horrible squads;
'Midst torrents of smoke,
The Republican spoke,
And frightened the Anglican gods!

Their frigate so mauled, they no longer defend her,
And, Courtney shot down — they bawled out to surrender!

“O la! what a blunder
“To provoke this French thunder!
“We think with the devil he deals —
“But since we dislike
“To surrender and strike,
“Let us try the success of our heels:
“We may save the king’s frigate by running away,
“The Frenchman will have us — all hands — if we stay!”

So squaring their yards,
On all Captain Bompard’s,
A volley of curses they shed —
Having got their Discharge,
They bore away large,
While the Frenchman pursued, as they fled.
But vain was his haste — while his sails he repaired,
He ended the fray in a chace —
The Gaul got the best of the fight, ’tis declared;
The Briton — the best of the race!

TO SHYLOCK AP-SHENKIN¹

[In Reply to Big Looks and Menaces]

Because some pumpkin-shells and lobster claws,
Thrown o’er his garden walls by Crab-tree’s duke,
Have chanc’d to light within your meagre jaws,
(A dose, at which all honest men would puke:)

Because some treasury-luncheons you have gnaw’d,
Like rats, that prey upon the public store:
Must you, for that, your crude stuff belch abroad,
And vomit lies on all that pass your door!

¹ Called forth by Hamilton’s letters in *Fenno’s Gazette*, charging Freneau with being a mere hired tool of Jefferson. Published in the 1795 edition, but omitted from the 1809 collection.

To knavery's tribe my verse still fatal found,
Alike to kings and cobblers gives their due:
Spruce tho' you be, your heels may drum the ground,
And make rare pass-time for the sportive crew.

Why all these hints of menace, dark and sad,
What is my crime, that thus Ap-Shenkin raves?
No secret-service-money have I had
For waging two years' war with fools and knaves.

Abus'd at court, unwelcome to the Great —
This page of mine no well-born aspect wears:
On honest yeomen I repose its fate,
Clodhopper's dollar is as good as theirs.

Why wouldst thou then with ruffian hand destroy
A wight, that wastes his ink in Freedom's cause:
Who, to the last, his arrows will employ
To publish Freedom's rights, and guard her laws!

O thou! that hast a heart so flinty hard
Thus oft, too oft, a poet to rebuke,
From those that rhyme you ne'er shall meet regard;
Of Crab-tree's dutchy — you shall be no Duke.

PESTILENCE¹

Hot, dry winds forever blowing,
Dead men to the grave-yards going:
Constant hearses,
Funeral verses;
Oh! what plagues — there is no knowing!

¹ Published in the 1795 edition. In the index of the 1809 edition, the text of which I have used, it bears the title "Pestilence: written during the Prevalence of a yellow fever." It refers to the well-known epidemic in Philadelphia during the late summer and early autumn of 1793.

Priests retreating from their pulpits! —
Some in hot, and some in cold fits

 In bad temper,
 Off they scamper,
Leaving us — unhappy culprits!

Doctors raving and disputing,
Death's pale army still recruiting —

 What a pother
 One with t'other!
Some a-writing, some a-shooting.

Nature's poisons here collected,
Water, earth, and air infected —

 O, what pity,
 Such a City,
Was in such a place erected!

ON DR. SANGRADO'S FLIGHT¹

From Philadelphia, in the Time of the Yellow Fever — 1793

On prancing steed, with sponge at nose,
From town behold Sangrado fly;
Camphor and Tar where'er he goes
Th' infected shafts of death defy —
 Safe in an atmosphere of scents,
 He leaves us to our own defence.

'Twas right to fly! for well, I ween,
In Stygian worlds, all scribes agree,
No blushing blossom e'er was seen,
Or running brook, or budding tree:
 No splendid meats, no flowing bowls,
 Smile on the meagre feast of souls:

¹ First published in the *National Gazette*, September 4, 1793, under the title "Orlando's Flight." Text from the 1809 edition.

No sprightly songs, to banish grief,
No balls, the Elysian beaus prepare,
And he that throve on rounds of beef,
On onion shells shall famish there —
 Monarchs are there of little note,
 And Cæsar wears a shabby coat.

Chloes on earth, of air and shape,
Whose eyes destroy'd poor love-lorn wights,
There lower their topsails to the cap,
Rig in their booms and furl their kites: —
 Where Cupid's bow was never bent,
 What lover asks a maid's consent?

All this, and more, Sangrado knew,
(In Lucian is the story told)
Took horse — clapped spurs — and off he flew,
Leaving his Sick to fret and scold;
 Some soldiers, thus, to honour lost,
 In day of battle quit their post.

ELEGY¹

On the Death of a Blacksmith

With the nerves of a Sampson, this son of the sledge,
By the anvil his livelihood got;
With the skill of old Vulcan could temper an edge;
And struck — while his iron was hot.

By forging he lived, yet never was tried,
Or condemned by the laws of the land;
But still it is certain, and can't be denied,
He often was burnt in the hand.

¹ Published in the *National Gazette*, September 18, 1793. Text from the 1809 edition.

With the sons of St. Crispin no kindred he claimed,
 With the last he had nothing to do;
 He handled no awl, and yet in his time
 Made many an excellent shoe.

He blew up no coals of sedition, but still
 His bellows was always in blast;
 And we will acknowledge (deny it who will)
 That one Vice, and but one, he possessed.

No actor was he, or concerned with the stage,
 No audience, to awe him, appeared;
 Yet oft in his shop (like a crowd in a rage)
 The voice of a hissing was heard.

Tho' steelling¹ was certainly part of his cares,
 In thieving he never was found;
 And, tho' he was constantly beating on bars,
 No vessel he e'er ran aground.

Alas and alack! and what more can I say
 Of Vulcan's unfortunate son? —
 The priest and the sexton have borne him away,
 And the sound of his hammer is done.

TO SYLVIUS²

On his Preparing to Leave the Town

Can love of fame the gentle muse inspire
 Where he that hoards the most has all the praise;
 Where avarice, and her tribe, each bosom fire,
 All heap the enormous store for rainy days;

¹ "Tho' *steelling* of axes was part of his cares." — 1795 *Ed.*

² Text from the 1809 edition. This was Freneau's valedictory on leaving Philadelphia after the failure of the *National Gazette*.

Proving by such perpetual round of toil
That man was born to grovel on the soil?

Expect not, in these times of rude renown
That verse, like your's, will have the chance to please:
No taste for plaintive elegy is known,
Nor lyric ode — none care for things like these —
Gold, only gold, this niggard age delights,
That honours none but money-catching wights.

Sink not beneath the mean abusive strain
Of puny wits, dull sycophants in song,
Who, post, or place, or one poor smile to gain,
Besiege Mambrino's door, and round him throng
Like insects creeping to the morning sun
To enjoy his heat — themselves possessing none.

All must applaud your choice, to quit a stage
Where knaves and fools in every scene abound;
Where modest worth no patron can engage —
But boisterous folly walks her noisy round;
Some narrow-hearted demi-god adores,
And Fortune's path with servile step explores.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE POPPY¹

— *Opifer per Orbem dicor.*

"In this the God, benevolent to man,
Lulls every woe, and deadens every pain."

When the first men to this world's climates came
Smit by the winter's rude inclement blast,
Unskilled to raise the wall, or wake the fire,
Badly, in narrow huts, their lives they passed.

Conscious of pains they knew not how to cure,
In vain they sighed, and sighing begged relief,

¹ Text from the 1809 edition.

No druggist came, by art or reason taught
With strength of potent herbs, to calm their grief.

Fierce tortures to allay, some reverend sage
Preach'd Patience to the pangs, that could not hear;
For restless anguish doomed her victim still
To groan thro' life, and sigh from year to year,

At length from Jove, and heaven's etherial dome
Sky-walking Hermes came to view these plains:
He looked — and saw what fate or gods had done,
And gave the Poppy, to relieve all pains.

Then to the sons of grief his speech addressed,
“Through this dull flower is shed such potent dew,
“When pain distracts — drink this — and drown in sleep
“All ills, that Nature sent to torture you.

“From other worlds, by other beings trod,
“To these bleak climes this plundered plant I bore;
“Receive a gift, all worthy of a god,
“Since pain, when hushed to sleep, — is pain no more.”

QUINTILIAN TO LYCIDAS¹

“While other lads their books forsake,
Or sigh to meet the hours of play:
You, Lycidas, no leisure take,
But still through learned volumes stray: —
With years so few, ah why so grave;
Why every hour to books a slave?

Hence, Lycidas, I pray, retire:
Go with your mates, and take your play —
Not him I prize, or much admire,
Who, curious, hangs on all I say:

¹ First published, as far as I can find, in the 1795 edition. Text from the 1809 edition.

The lad that's wise before his time,
Will be a coxcomb in his prime.

Stay not too close in learning's shop; —
'Till time a riper mind prepares,
The ball, the marble, and the top
Are books, that should divide your cares —
The lads that life's gay morn enjoy,
I'm pleased to see them act the boy.

I hate the pert, I hate the bold,
Who, proud of years but half a score,
With none but men would converse hold,
And things beyond their reach explore:
Like the famed Cretan, soaring high,
To melt their waxen wings and die."

THE BAY ISLET¹

In shallow streams, a league from town,
(Its baby Light-House tumbled down)
Extends a country, full in view,
Beheld by all, but known to few.

Surrounded by the briny waste
No haven here has Nature placed;
But those who wish to pace it o'er
Must land upon the open shore.

There as I sailed, to view the ground;
No blooming goddesses I found —
But yellow hags, ordained to prove
The death, and antidote of love.

¹First published, as far as I have been able to find, in the 1795 edition.
Text from the 1809 edition.

Ten stately trees adorn the isle,
The house, a crazy, tottering pile,
Where once the doctor plied his trade
On feverish tars and rakes decayed.

Six hogs about the pastures feed
(Sweet mud-larks of the Georgia breed)
Who, while the hostess deals out drams,
Can oysters catch, and open clams.

Upon its surface, smooth and clean,
A world, in miniature, is seen;
Though scarce a journey for a snail
We meet with mountain, hill, and vale.

To those that guard this stormy place,
Two cities stare them in the face:
There, York its spiry summits rears,
And here Cummunipaw appears.

The tenant, now but ill at ease,
Derives no fuel from his trees:
And Jersey boats, though begged to land,
All leave him on the larboard hand.

Some monied man, grown sick of care,
To this neglected spot repair:
What Nature sketched, let art complete,
And own the loveliest Country Seat.

JEFFERY, OR, THE SOLDIER'S PROGRESS¹

Lured by some corporal's smooth address,
His scarlet coat and roguish face,
One Half A Joe on drum head laid,
A tavern treat — and reckoning paid;

¹ First published in the 1795 edition. Text from the 1809 edition.

See yonder simple lad consigned
To slavery of the meanest kind.

With only skill to drive a plough
A musquet he must handle now ;
Must twirl it here and twirl it there,
Now on the ground, now in the air :
Its every motion by some rule
Of practice, taught in Frederick's school,*
Must be directed — nicely true —
Or he be beaten black — and blue.

A sergeant, raised from cleaning shoes,
May now this country lad abuse : —
On meagre fare grown poor and lean,
He treats him like a mere machine,
Directs his look, directs his step,
And kicks him into decent shape,
From aukward habits frees the clown,
Erects his head — or knocks him down,

Last Friday week to Battery-green
The sergeant came with this Machine —
One motion of the firelock missed —
The Tutor thumped him with his fist :
I saw him lift his hickory cane,
I heard poor Jeffery's head complain ! —
Yet this — and more — he's forced to bear ;
And thus goes on from year to year,
'Till desperate grown at such a lot,
He drinks — deserts — and so is shot !

* The Prussian manual exercise. — *Freneau's note.*

TO SHYLOCK AP-SHENKIN¹

In shallow caves, with shrill voic'd conchs hung round,
 And pumpkin-shells, responding all they hear,
 A bard, call'd Shylock, catches every sound,
 Governs their tone, pricks up his lengthy ear:
 In putrid ink then dips his pen of lead
 And scribbles down what learn'd Pomposo said.

Bard of the lengthy ode! whose knavish paw
 Ne'er touch'd the helm, besprent with odious pitch!
 'Twas better far, you knew, to practice Law,
 Whine at the church, or in the court-house screech:
 No soul had you to face the wintry blast,
 Combat the storm, or climb the tottering mast.

Then why so wroth, thou bard of narrow soul,
 If wavering Fortune bade me seek the brine:
 I drank no nectar from your leaden bowl,
 Nor from your poems filch'd a single line:
 When I do that — then publish from your caves,
 Who robs a beggar — is the worst of knaves!

TO A WRITER OF PANEGYRIC²

Occasioned by certain fulsome Congratulatory Verses on the elec-
 tion of a High Constable

Be advised by a friend, who advises but rarely,
 Be cautious of praising 'till praise is earned fairly:
 There was a sage Ancient this truth did bequeath,
 "That merit is only determined by death."

Panegyric I'm sorry to see you engage in —
 Old Nero, at first, was a Titus, or Trajan:

¹ This poem is unique, as far as I can discover, in the 1795 edition.

² I can find no earlier trace of this poem than the 1795 edition. Text from the 1809 edition.

The Indians of Siam bow down to a Log,
And Egypt is said to have worshipped a Dog.*

If you will be throwing your jewels to swine,
No wonder they rend you — whenever they dine —
Pray, leave it to puppies to cry up their worth,
And to dunces, to honour the day of their birth.

Whoever the road to preferment would find,
With the eyes of a Dutchman must look at mankind;
From the basest of motives, cry cowards are brave,
And laugh in his sleeve — when he flatters a knave.

THE FOREST BEAU¹

[A Picture from Reality]

When first to feel Love's fire Jack Straw begins,
He combs his hair, and cocks his hat with pins,
Views in some stream, his face, with fond regard,
Plucks from his upper lip the bristly beard,
With soap and sand his homely visage scours
(Rough from the joint attacks of sun and showers)
The sheepskin breeches decorate his thighs —
Next on his back the homespun coat he tries;
Round his broad breast he wraps the jerkin blue,
And sews a spacious soal on either shoe.
Thus, all prepared, the fond adoring swain
Cuts from his groves of pine a ponderous cane;
In thought a beau, a savage to the eye,
Forth, from his mighty bosom, heaves the sigh;
Tobacco is the present for his fair,
This he admires, and this best pleases her —
The bargain struck, — few cares his bosom move

* ANUBIS. — One of the tutelar deities of ancient Egypt. — *Freneau's note.*

¹ From the edition of 1809. First published, as far as I can discover, in 1795

How to maintain, or how to lodge his love;
Close at his hand the piny forest grows,
Thence for his hut a slender frame he hews,
With art, (not copied from Palladio's rules,)
A hammer and an axe, his only tools,
By Nature taught, a hasty hut he forms
Safe in the woods, to shelter from the storms; —
There sees the summer pass and winter come,
Nor envies Britain's king his loftier home.

EPISTLE ¹

To a Student of Dead Languages

I pity him, who, at no small expense,
Has studied sound instead of sense:
He, proud some antique gibberish to attain;
Of Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, vain,
Devours the husk, and leaves the grain.

In his own language Homer writ and read,
Nor spent his life in poring on the dead:
Why then your native language not pursue
In which all ancient sense (that's worth review)
Glows in translation, fresh and new?

He better plans, who things, not words, attends,
And turns his studious hours to active ends;
Who Art through every secret maze explores,
Invents, contrives—and Nature's hidden stores
From mirrours, to their object true,
Presents to man's obstructed view,
That dimly meets the light, and faintly soars: —

His strong capacious mind
By fetters unconfin'd

¹ Unique, as far as I can find, in the 1795 edition.

Of Latin lore and heathen Greek,
Takes Science in its way,
Pursues the kindling ray
'Till Reason's morn shall on him break!

TO A NOISY POLITICIAN¹

Since Shylock's Book has walk'd the circles here,
What numerous blessings to our country flow!
Whales on our shores have run aground,
Sturgeons are in our rivers found;
Nay, ships have on the Delaware sail'd,
A sight most new!
Wheat has been sown, harvests have grown,
And Shylock held strange dialogues with Sue.

On coaches, now, gay coats of arms are wore
By some, who hardly had a coat before:
Silk gowns instead of homespun, now, are seen,
And, sir, 'tis true ('twixt me and you)
That some have grown prodigious fat,
That were prodigious lean!

THE SEXTON'S SERMON²

At the Burial of a Deist

A few short years, at most, will bound our span;
("Wretched and few," the Hebrew patriarch said)

¹ Unique, as far as I can discover, in the edition of 1795.

² Freneau seems deliberately to have manufactured this poem for his edition of 1795 from fragments of his discarded poems, the *House of Night* and the *Jamaica Funeral*. It is made up as follows: *Jamaica Funeral*, stanzas 44-46; *House of Night* 73, 132-134, 139; *Jamaica Funeral* 47; *House of Night* 76, 77; an original stanza; *House of Night* 48, 34, 116, 30, 43; *Jamaica Funeral* 34, 35, 40, 48-51. Many of these stanzas are much changed. Text from the 1809 edition.

Live while you may, be jovial while you can;
Too soon our debt to Nature, must be paid.

When Nature fails, the man exists no more,
And death is nothing but an empty name,
Spleen's odious offspring, in some gloomy hour; —
The coward's tyrant, and the bad man's dream.

You ask me, where those numerous hosts have fled
That once existed on this changeful ball?
If aught remains, when mortal man is dead,*
Where ere their birth they were, they now are all.

Seek not for Paradise! — 'tis not for you
Where, high in heaven, its sweetest blossoms blow;
Nor even, where gliding to the Persian main,
Your waves, Euphrates, through the garden flow,

What is this Death, ye thoughtless mourners, say?
Death is no more than never-ceasing change:
New forms arise, while other forms decay,
Yet, all is life throughout creation's range.

The towering Alps, the haughty Appenine,
The Andes, wrapt in everlasting snow,
The Apalachian, and the Ararat,
Sooner or later, must to ruin go.

Hills sink to plains, and man returns to dust;
That dust supports a reptile or a flower;
Each changeful atom, by some other nursed,
Takes some new form, to perish in an hour.

When Nature bids thee from the world retire,
With joy thy lodging leave, a sated guest,
In sleep's blest state (our Dullman's fond desire)
Existing always — always to be blest.

* *Queris quo loco jaceant omnes mortui?*

———— *Ubi non nata jacent.*

Seneca Trag. — Frenchman's note.

Like insects busy in a summer's day,
We toil and squabble, to increase our pain:
Night comes at last, and weary of the fray,
To dust and silence all are sent again!

Beneath my hand what numerous crowds retire —
By the cold turf for ages, now, oppressed!
Millions have fallen—and millions must expire,
Doomed by the impartial Power to endless rest.

In vain with stars He decked yon' spangled skies,
And bade the mind to heaven's bright regions soar,
And brought so far to your admiring eyes
A glimpse of glories, that shall blaze no more!

What is there here, that man should wish to bear
A weight of years?—such rage to madness vext;
Wan, wasting, grief, and ever musing care,
Distressful pain, and poverty perplex?—

What is there here, but tombs and monuments—
Tyrants—who misery spread through every shore;
Wide wasting wars, the scourge of innocence;
Fevers and plagues, with all their noxious store?

Before we called this wrangling world our home,
In undisturbed abodes we sweetly slept:
But when dame Nature made that world our doom,
'Twas then our troubles came—and then we wept!

Though humbled now, disheartened, or distressed,
Yet, when returning to the peaceful ground,
With heroes, kings, and conquerors we shall rest;
Shall sleep as sweetly, and no doubt, as sound.

Ne'er shall we hope to see the day-light spring
Or from the up-lifted window lean to hear
(Fore-runner of the scarlet-mantled morn)
The early note of wakeful Chanticleer!

Oblivion there, expands her raven wing: —
We soon must go where all the dead are gone,
Trace the dull path, explore the gloomy road
To that dark country, where I see no dawn.

Then why these sobs, these useless floods of woe,
That vainly flow for the departed dead?
If doomed to wander on the coasts below,
What are to them these floods of grief you shed?

Since heaven in rapture doth their hours employ —
If empty sighs, or groans, could reach them there,
These funeral howls would damp their heaven of joy,
Would make them wretched, and renew their care.

The joys of wine, immortal as my theme,
To days of mirth the aspiring soul invite:
Life, void of this, a punishment I deem,
A Greenland winter, robbed of heat and light.

Ah! envy not, ye sages too precise,
The drop from life's gay tree, that kills our woe —
Noah himself, the wary and the wise,
A vineyard planted — and the vines did grow.

(Of social soul was he) — the grape he pressed,
And drank the juice, oblivious to his care:
Sorrow he banished from his place of rest,
And sighs, and sextons, had no business there,

Such bliss be our's through every changing scene:
The jovial face bespeaks the glowing heart;
If heaven be joy, wine is to heaven a-kin,
Since wine, on earth, can heavenly joys impart.

Mere glow-worms are we all — a moment shine! —
I, like the rest, in giddy circles run,
And grief shall say, when I this breath resign,
His glass is empty, and his sermon done!

ON A LEGISLATIVE ACT¹

Prohibiting the use of Spirituous Liquors to Prisoners in certain Jails of
the United States

Give to the wretched, drink that's strong,
(Said David's Son) but we, more wise,
With Cyder, from the hogshead, rough,
Molasses-Beer, and such dull stuff,
The miseries of the imprison'd host prolong.

“ Shut up in jail from day to day
(Methinks I hear a Debtor say)
“ Victims to public rage and private spite,
“ All that we had to keep our spirits up
“ Was glowing wine that fill'd the cheering cup,
“ This banish'd care, and check'd the rising sigh
“ Chac'd grief from every heart, gave joy to every eye.

“ And will ye not this only comfort leave,
“ Ye men that frame the public laws? —
“ Parted from children, friends, and wives,
“ How heavily the moments roll:
“ What comfort have we of our lives
“ If you deny this cordial of the soul?
“ 'Tis this that kills the tedious hour,
“ Puts misery out of fortune's power.
“ 'Tis this that to the dial's hand lends wings,
“ Gives to the beggar all the pride of kings,
“ Sheds joy throughout our gloomy cage
“ And bids us scorn the little tyrant's rage,

“ They that are unconfin'd drink what they will —
“ Who gave the right to limit men in jail?
“ Because misfortune sent us here
“ Must we for that be drench'd with ‘ table beer,’
“ Or, in its stead, with Adam's ale? —

¹ Unique in the 1795 edition.

“Relent — relent! contrive some other plan;
“Wine is the dearest, choicest friend of man —
“They that are out of jail, of all degrees,
“Can spend their leisure as they please,
“We, that are in, must pass it as we can.”

ADDRESSED¹

To a Political Shrimp, or, Fly upon the Wheel

The man that doth an Elephant pursue
Whose capture gains a mighty price,
Amidst the chace, heeds not the barking crew,
Or lesser game of rats and mice,

On ocean's waste who chace the royal flag
Stop not to take the privateer;
Who mean to seize the steed, neglect the nag;
No squirrel-hunter kills a deer.

Reptile! your venom ever spits in vain —
To honour's coat no drop adheres: —
To court! — return to Britain's tyrant reign,
White-wash her king, and scowr her peers.

Some scheming knaves, that strut in courtly guise,
May vile abuse, through you, impart —
But they that on no Treasury lean, despise
Your venal pen — your canker'd heart.

¹ The only trace I can find of this poem is in the 1795 edition. From the last stanza it is evident that it was aimed at Hamilton.

HERMIT'S VALLEY¹

With eastern² winds and flowing sail
To these sequestered haunts we came,
Where verdant trees and chrystal streams
Adorn the sloping, winding vale;
Where, from the breezy grove we claim,
Our heaven on earth — poetic dreams.

These simple scenes have pleasures more
Than all the busy town can show —
More pleasure here Philanthus took,
And more he prized this lonely shore,
His pen, his pencil, and his book,
Than all the groves Madeira bore:

Here still is seen a hermit's cell,
Who, fond the haunts of men to fly,
Enjoyed his heaven beneath this shade:
In mouldering caves so blest to dwell,
He sought not from the flowers that die,
A verdure, that would never fade.

To crowded courts and would-be kings,
Where fawning knaves are most caressed,
Who would, though oft' invited, go —
When here so many charming things
By Nature to perfection dressed,
To please the man of fancy, grow?

The native of this happy spot
No cares of vain ambition haunt:

¹ The earliest trace I can find of this is in the 1795 edition. Text from the 1809 edition. In the table of contents of the latter edition the title is given, "Hermit's Valley, a rural scene on the Schuylkill."

² "Western." — *Ed.* 1795.

Pleased with the partner of his nest,
Life flows — and when the dream is out,
The earth, which once supplied each want,
Receives him — fainting — to her breast.

TO MY BOOK¹

Unhappy Volume! — doom'd by fate
To meet with unrelenting hate
From those who can their venom spit,
Yet condescend to steal your wit:
While Shylock with malicious spirit,
Allows you not a grain of merit,
While he an idle pomp assumes,
Let him return his borrowed plumes,
And you will find the insect creeping,
With not a feather worth the keeping.

THE REPUBLICAN GENIUS OF EUROPE²

Emperors and kings! in vain you strive
Your torments to conceal —
The age is come that shakes your thrones,
Tramples in dust despotic crowns,
And bids the sceptre fail.

In western worlds the flame began:
From thence to France it flew —

¹ This appeared originally as a part of the "New Year's Verses" for 1783. See Volume II, page 199, *supra*. Text from the 1795 edition, which is the "unhappy volume" alluded to.

² Published in the *Jersey Chronicle*, May 23, 1795, from which the text is taken. It forms the basis of the poem "On the Royal Coalition Against Republican Liberty," in the 1815 edition, but the later form is so greatly inferior that I have not hesitated to reproduce the earlier version.

Through Europe, now, it takes its way,
Beams an insufferable day,
And lays all tyrants low.

Genius of France! pursue the chace
Till Reason's laws restore
Man to be Man, in every clime; —
That Being, active, great, sublime
Debas'd in dust no more.

In dreadful pomp he takes his way
O'er ruin'd crowns, demolish'd thrones —
Pale tyrants shrink before his blaze —
Round him terrific lightnings play —
With eyes of fire, he looks them through,
Crushes the vile despotic crew,
And Pride in ruin lays.

THE RIVAL SUITORS FOR AMERICA¹

Like some fair girl in beauty's bloom,
To court her, see what suitors come!
An heiress, she, to large estate,
What rivals for her favours wait!

All haste to clasp her in their arms,
Each sees in her a thousand charms —
The Gems that on her bosom glow
Attract where love was cold — 'till now.

Freed from a cruel parent's care,
This maid so wealthy and so fair
Of each that for possession sues
Can hardly tell which beau to choose.

¹ Published in the *Jersey Chronicle*, May 30, 1795, with the above text. The poem was greatly expanded and changed for the 1815 edition, where it bore the title, "The Political Rival Suitors."

Proud of his vast extended reign,
(His fancied empire o'er the main)
The Briton came, with haughty stride,
Preferr'd his suit—but was denied.

She thought his style, by much, too rude,
By ruffians she would not be woo'd;
From Man she wish'd to choose a mate,
But not in such a savage state.

A Dane, a Dutchman, and a Swede
All hop'd to enjoy the charming maid:
The Russian, bred in frost and snow,
Made love to her that said—no, no.

The Spaniard grave, with cloak and sword,
Some favour from the nymph implor'd—
Vain were his tears and coaxing art—
She could not bear a jealous heart.

The Turk himself, to engage her love,
From Asia's coasts began to move;
While faded lay his Tartar crown
He sigh'd to make this girl his own.

In vain they paid the fond address—
No Pope, no Sultan would she bless—
No monarch, tho' allur'd with art,
Could gain her wealth, or touch her heart.

The Frenchman comes—salutes the fair—
She likes his gallant, marshal air!—
With eager eye, around her waist
He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd:

Smit with his lofty, generous mien,
She admires the Gaul, as soon as seen,
Grants him her Commerce—yields her charms,
And takes a hero to her arms!

MR. JAY'S TREATY¹

Disclosed by Stephens Thomson Mason

When the Senate assembled had shut up their door,
And had left us no clew their designs to explore,
The people were anxious, and whispered their care,
But their voice was too weak for the dignified ear.

Ye are down, down, down, keep ye down.

At length the Sanhedrim were ready to rise,
And the crowd were distending their ears and their eyes;
But the rabble had nothing to hear or to view,
Says the twenty, the secret's too sacred for you,

Ye are down, down, down, keep ye down.

But Stephens T. Mason, a man we revere,
With his name bid the infamous treaty appear,
'Twas the act of a freeman, who join'd with the Ten,
To save us from tyranny, rank us with men,
Altho' down, down, and like to be down.

He gave his assistance, enlighten'd our eyes,
And a cloud from all quarters begins to arise,
Vox Dei, Vox Populi, truly but one,
Shall tell dark designers—our will shall be done
Till you're down, down, twenty times down.

¹ Published in the *Jersey Chronicle*, September 12, 1795, from which the text is taken. As far as I can find the poet never republished it.

Jay's treaty with England was laid before the Senate in June, 1795, and after two weeks of fierce discussion was ratified by a very small majority. The Senate, fearing popular criticism, forbade the publication of the treaty, a course which caused such widespread indignation that Mason on his own responsibility gave a perfect copy of the text to the Philadelphia *Aurora* for publication. The act was as much praised by one party as it was condemned by the other.

PARODY¹

On the attempt to force the British Treaty on the People
of the United States

Americans! behold the fruits,
The end of all your vain pursuits,
Whole years in blood and warfare spent
To save this injur'd continent. —
How must it mortify your pride
To take once more the British side;
How will your eyes contain their tears
When all the sad effect appears!

This Treaty in one page confines
The sad result of base designs;
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitors — who their country sold.
Here, in their proper shape and mien
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are seen.
And few, a chosen few, must know
The Mysteries that lurk below.

Go home, ye merchants, poor and lean,
And kiss the — *hand* — of Britain's queen.
I see you of your cargoes stript
Your vessels stolen, your seamen whipt,
I see them from their decks compell'd
To wander o'er the wat'ry field; —
In British ships, by force detain'd
I see the gallant sailor band
Engage the power that lent us aid
When Britain here her entry made —

¹ The poet never reprinted this poem from the *Jersey Chronicle*, where it first appeared, April 23, 1796. Great dissatisfaction with Jay's treaty with England is evident in almost every number of the *Chronicle*. Freneau himself was the author of the series of papers entitled "Features of Mr. Jay's Treaty."

I see them mix'd with George's sons,
I see them torn by gallic guns,
Disfigur'd, in the ocean cast
To find a resting place at last.

Philosophy! thou friend of man,
Teach me these strange events to scan;
Aid me to learn the secret cause
That alien seems from Nature's laws,
Why on this stage of human things
Man bows his neck to tyrant kings?
Say did the God, when life he gave,
Design his Image for a slave?—
Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race doth this way draw,
All prompted by the same desire
The vigorous youth, and aged sire —
Observe, the coward and the bold
Agree to have their freedom sold;
Physician, lawyer, and divine
All make oblation at this shrine.

Yet from this dismal state of things
In time a new creation springs;
From vile materials, fresh, shall rise
And fill the earth, and air, and skies;
In various forms appear again,
Popes, Presidents, and gentlemen:
So Jove pronounc'd among the Gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods!

ON THE INVASION OF ROME¹

In 1796

Lo! to the gates of long forgotten Rome
Active as flame, the gallic legions come,
While pale with fear to their despotic wastes
On shorten'd wing the Austrian army hastes.

Where, consecrated to the pagan god
The silent vestal graced his dark abode,
Where Cæsars, once, in awful grandeur reign'd,
Or, Vandals ruin'd what of Rome remain'd,
Or where, excrescence of a later age,
The mitred pontiff trod religion's stage,
There march the heroic bands that bring defeat,
Or bring reform on superstition's seat.

And may their march to honor's purpose tend,
May each new conquest all the past transcend,
Still may those hosts their first great plan pursue,
And honor, freedom, virtue keep in view.
Thus taught; and still propitious heaven their trust,
All past mis-rule shall crumble to the dust,
Nor will saint Peter, more, their cause regard,
Lost are his keys and every gate unbarr'd,

No sacred reliques from some saintly grave,
No saint Sebastian shall from ruin save:
All, all must yield; submissive to the dart
Of Gaul's firm legions led by Bonaparte,
Who, sent by heaven, to Rome's disastrous walls
Loud and more loud for his last victim calls;
While superstition's dark inveterate train
Turns pale, and sickens at their blasted reign,
And hosts reviving, round the standard throng,
Exult, and wonder how they slept so long.

¹ From the edition of 1815.

ON THE DEATH OF CATHARINE II¹

Empress of all the Russias

Confusion to that iron sway
Which bids the brute, not man, obey,
And dooms him to Siberian soil,
Chains, whips, and vassalage, and toil.

This female wolf, whom wolves did nurse,
So long of polar worlds the curse,
This Catharine, skill'd in royal arts,
To the dark world at last departs.

In style, the second of her name,
She to the crown by treason came;
To Peter, drowsy, royal drone,
She gave a prison for a throne.

She would have sent her Tartar bands
To waste and ravage gallic lands,
She would have sent her legions o'er,
Columbia! to invade your shore! —

But, even in conquest, she foresaw
Destruction to despotic law;
She fear'd, in hordes returning home,
That liberty would with them come.

She fear'd the savage from the den
Would see and learn the rights of men;
And hence, in time, destruction bring
To hell's vicegerents — queen and king.

No thanks to her! she fear'd her beasts,
Enslaved by kings, enslaved by priests,
Even if all freedom they o'er ran,
Would learn the dignity of man;

¹ From the edition of 1815. Catharine II died November 6, 1796.

And kept them home, and held them there,
Oppression's iron reign to bear;
And never meet a beam of light,
Involved in worse than Zembla's night.

Now she is dead, and Paul will rise
As fierce as she, but not as wise;
He may his barbarous millions send,
He may the fall of France intend;

But they who see with keener eye
Will see them faint, will see them fly;
With hostile step will see them come
To turn their backs, or meet their doom.

PREFATORY LINES¹

To a Periodical Publication

Wherever this volume² may chance to be read
For the feast of good humor a table I spread;
Here are dishes by dozens; whoever will eat
Will have no just cause to complain of the treat.

If the best of the market is not to be had
I'll help you to nothing that's seriously bad;³
To sense and to candor no place I refuse,
Pick here and pick there, and wherever you choose.⁴

If I give you a frolic I hope for no fray;
My style I adapt to the taste of the day,

¹ From the edition of 1815. This was Freneau's salutatory in the first number of the *Time-Piece*, March 13, 1797. Here it bore the title "Poetical Address" and differed in many respects from the final version. I have indicated in the following notes only the most significant revisions.

² "Our pages." — *Time-Piece*.

³ "We'll mend what is middling, and better the bad." — *Id.*

⁴ "And give the due substance and sum of the News." — *Id.*

The feast of amusement we draw from all climes,
The best we can give in a run of hard times.¹

The guest, whom the pepper of satire may bite
Is wrong, very wrong, if he shows us his spite;²
Should a fit of resentment be-ruffle his mind,
Sit still, I would tell him, be calm and resign'd.³

In the service of freedom forever prepared,
We have done⁴ our endeavor the goddess to guard;
This idol, whom reason should only adore,
And banish'd from Europe,⁵ to dwell on our shore.

In a country like this, exalted by fame,
The trade of an author⁶ importance may claim
Which monarchs would never permit them to find,
Whose views are to chain and be-darken the mind.

Ye sons of Columbia! our efforts befriend;
To you all the tyrants of Europe shall bend
Till reason at length shall illumine the ball⁷
And man from his state of debasement recall.

Republics of old, that are sunk in the dust,
Could once like our own, of their liberty boast;
Both virtue and wisdom in Athens appear'd,
Each eye saw their charms, and all bosoms revered.

But as virtue and morals fell into disgrace
Pride, splendor, and folly stept into their place;

¹ "Embark'd on this ocean, and wishing no fray,
We'll strive for a chance with the prints of the day;
The news of all nations import from all climes,
And carefully copy the cast of THE TIMES."—*Time-Piece*.

² "In political squib or poetical wit."—*Ib*.

³ "He's equally free to return it in kind."—*Ib*.

⁴ "We'll join."—*Ib*.

⁵ "Britain."—*Ib*.

⁶ "Of the PRESS."—*Ib*.

⁷ "'TIS THIS that will throw a new light on the ball."—*Ib*.

Where virtues domestic no longer were known,
Simplicity lost, and frugality flown.

Where the virtues, that always a republic adorn,
Were held in contempt, or were laugh'd into scorn,
There, tyrants and slaves were the speedy effect
Of virtue dishonor'd or fall'n to neglect:¹

Then tyrants and slaves, the worst plagues of this earth,
From the lapse of good manners² were hatch'd into birth;
And soon the base maxim all popular grew,
And allowed, that the many were made for the few.

From the fate of republics, or Athens, or Rome,
Tis time we should learn a sad lesson at home —
From their faults and their errors a warning receive,
And steer from the shoals where they both found a grave.

Columbians! forever may freedom remain,
And virtue forever that freedom maintain;
To these, all attracting, all views should submit
All labors of learning, all essays of wit.

Tis time a new system of things was embraced
To prevail on a planet so often debased;³
As here, with our freedom, that system began,
Here, at least keep it pure — for the honor of man.

ON THE WAR⁴

Projected with the Republic of France

The cause that rests on reason's ground,
Shall potent through the world be found,

¹ This stanza not in the *Time-Piece* version.

² "The change of old manners." — *Id.*

³ "To encircle a world that has long been debas'd." — *Id.*

⁴ From the edition of 1815. It appeared first in the *Time-Piece*, March 29, 1797, under the title "To the Americans."

Mankind must yield to that decree
Which humbles pride and tyranny.

O'er this wide globe what darkness broods,
What misery, murder, wars and feuds! —
Does man deserve the solar light
While he performs the deeds of night?

When to the gates of modern Rome
We see the gallic legions come,
Their triumphs should, in honor, be
To make them men, and make them free.

In these new wars new views we trace,
Not fetters for the human race,
And, France, where'er you dart your rays
Old superstition's reign decays.

But look again! — what myriads join
The vast reform to undermine!
What labor, bribes, and deep-laid schemes
To quench the sun, and reason's beams!

Shall these succeed? and will that sun
Continue, still, his race to run
O'er scenes that he must blush to see
Disorder, chains, and tyranny?

Must systems, still, of monstrous birth,
Enslave mankind, deform this earth?
No! — to the question answers fate,
These efforts come an age too late.

In such a system to combine,
Columbia, can the wish be thine!
Could such a thought assail your heart,
To take that base, ungrateful part.

From Britain's yoke so lately freed
 Would she her hosts, her legions lead
 To crush that power, which jointly gain'd
 And once her sinking cause sustain'd?

From all true hearts be banish'd far
 The thought of so profane a war —
 A curse would on her arms attend
 And all her well-earn'd honors end.

Fortune no more your toils would crown,
 Your flag would fall before her frown;
 No gallant men the foe would dare,
 No Greenes no Washingtons appear;

No chiefs, that check'd the pride of kings
 On Monmouth's plains — at Eutaw springs;
 But blundering hordes, not brave or warm,
 With broken heart, and nerveless arm,

Would sail, to attack your gallic foe,
 Would strive in vain a cause t'o'erthrow
 Which, sink or not, will live in fame,
 While Europe can one patriot claim.

TO MYRTALIS¹

On her Lightning Wires, or Conductors *

How bold this project, to defy
 The artillery of a summer sky:
 Round you, unmoved, the lightning plays,
 While others perish in the blaze.

* See Brydone's Letters from Sicily to Becksford, alderman of London. In one of these he seems, rather seriously, to argue, that any one, by being armed with a conductor, in a thunder squall, may probably be secure from danger of lightning. — It is said the plan has been carried into practice in Scotland. — *Frenau's Note.*

¹ Published in the *Time-Piece*, April 7, 1797. Text from the 1809 edition.

The fluid fire, in deafening peals,
Along the warm conductor steals;
And thence directed to the ground,
It glances off without a wound!

Thus guarded, while the heavens are bowed,
You, fearless, see the passing cloud;
And Jove's red bolts unheeded fall,
Near You, who slight, or scorn them all.

The beaver on your sacred scull,
(Secure as Salamander's wool)
Assists to keep from your rigg'd head
The flash that strikes us, wretches, dead.

But while the sulphur of the skies,
Disarmed, from this fair lady flies;
Or while the warm electric fire
In flashes darts along her spire,

She, not so merciful or kind,
(Or we, not guarded to her mind)
By Cupid's darts, procures our fall,
By Cupid's arrows kills us all.

TO MR. BLANCHARD¹

The celebrated Aeronaut, on his ascent in a Balloon, from the
jail-yard in Philadelphia, 1793

By Science taught, on silken wings
Beyond our grovelling race you rise,
And, soaring from terrestrial things,
Explore a passage to the skies —

¹ Published in the *Time-Piece and Literary Companion*, May 15, 1797, under the title "Stanzas Written Some Years Since on Mr. Blanchard's Forty-fifth Ascension from the Jail-Yard in Philadelphia, January 9, 1793." Text from the 1795 edition.

O, could I thus exalted sail,
And rise, with you, beyond the Jail!

Ah! when you rose, impell'd by fear
Each bosom heav'd a thousand sighs;
To you each female lent a tear,
And held the 'kerchief to her eyes:
All hearts still follow'd, as you flew,
All eyes admir'd a sight so new.

Whoe'er shall thus presume to fly,
While downward with disdain they look
Shall own this journey, through the sky,
The dearest jaunt they ever took;
And choose, next time, without reproach,
A humbler seat in Inskeep's coach.

The birds, that cleave the expanse of air,
Admiring, view your globe full-blown,
And, chattering round the painted car,
Complain your flight out-does their own:
Beyond their track you proudly swim,
Nor fear the loss of life or limb.

How vast the height, how grand the scene
That your enraptured eye surveys,
When, towering in your gay machine,
You leave the astonish'd world to gaze,
And, wandering in the ætherial blue,
Our eyes, in vain, your course pursue.

The Orb of Day, how dazzling bright!
In paler radiance gleams the Moon,
And Terra, whence you took your flight,
Appears to you — a meer balloon:
Its noisy crew no longer heard,
Towns, cities, forests, disappear'd.

Yet, travelling through the azure road,
 Soar not too high for human ken ;
 Reflect, our humble safe abode
 Is all that Nature meant for men :
 Take in your sails before you freeze,
 And sink again among the trees.

ON HEARING¹

A Political Oration, Superficially Composed on an Important Subject
 Sound without sense, and words devoid of force,
 Through which no art could find a clue,
 And mean and shackling was the whole discourse
 That kept me, Tully, long from you.

Heads of harangues, to heads less general, split,
 Seem'd like small laths, cleft from some heavy log ;
 I heard the inference, that no object hit —
 All congelation, vapor, smoke, or fog.

¹ From the 1815 edition. In the edition of 1809 it bore the title: "The American Demosthenes. Occasioned by a very weak and insipid discourse on a Fourth of July, indirectly reprobating the Democratic Representative System." This version consisted of the first, second, and last stanzas above, with the following after the second stanza :

" Grunts, and long groans, and periods of a mile,
 Were on the sleepy audience tumbled down ; —
 'Twas thus from forts, contrived in antique style,
 From Troy's high walls
 (Where flew no balls)
 The men who fought
 With reason thought,
 They had a right
 From that safe height,
 (By way of lessening their besiegers' number)
 To tumble on their heads
 Rocks, beams, or roofs of sheds,
 Cows' horns, bricks, rubbish, chamber pots, or lumber."

And what avail'd the argument unsound
That nothing proved, or on the expecting mind
Forced no conviction — just as well might sound
To the deaf ear with sentiments abound.

Long did we wait for application time
To find what sense or reason might apply : —
It came — attended with the false sublime,
And thread-bare truths, no mortal could deny.

Repeated thoughts, and periods of a mile,
Remarks devoid of dignity or power,
Exploded notions, dress'd in brilliant style,
Exhausted patience, and consumed the hour.

Thus when of old some town some folks besieged,
Before the walls the invader sat him down,
While those who mann'd them, at their foes enraged,
Threw many a load of ancient lumber down ;

And wore them out, with tumbling on their heads
Bricks, tiles, and paving-stones, huge logs of timber,
Pump-water, cold or boiling, shovels, spades, —
And more, by far, than you or I remember.

Ah, speaker ! with artillery like your own
Hard will it be one Federal to awake,
Trust me, although you scold, and chafe, and frown,
You may besiege, but are not like to take
Their three wall'd town.

MEGARA AND ALTAVOLA¹

To a Female Satirist (an English Actress) on receiving from her No. 1.
of a very Satirical and Biting Attack *

"In the rag, in the rag—wheugh!—

"O well-flown dart."—

Shakespeare's KING LEAR.

A Satire is arrived this day,
And it must be repelled this night:
Ye Powers! assist us what to say,
For, from ourselves, we nothing write.

We could have laughed at all you said,
But when you writ—it struck us dead!—
Megara!—do forbear to write,
Or rage with less malignant spite.

Leave it to men to snap and snarl—
Be you the sweet engaging girl—
Great in your smiles—weak in your arm—
All vengeance, with no power to harm.

I'll borrow from a scribbling set
A Raven's feather, black as jet,
And with the vengeance of the pen
Create confusion in your Den.

This, from an impulse all unknown,
Shall temper down your heart of stone,
Turn storms of hail to showers of rain,
And bring your happy smiles again.

But still, unwilling to resent
What folly for a Satire meant,

* Six copies only, of this little Poem were printed and sent to the satirist—
here the correspondence ended, 1797. — *Freneau's note.*

¹ I have found no trace of this outside of the 1809 edition.

Peruse a fable that may blast,
And your number one — make number last.

In ancient times, no matter when,
A lady, in some ancient reign
(Perhaps in Greece, perhaps in Rome,
Perhaps in countries nearer home.)

This lady, rather fond of Fun,
Had put a suit of armour on:
With bow and arrows, and her fan
She conquered many an honest man.

One day she met, in a desert waste
A wight unseemely to her taste;
His brow, she thought, had too much frown;
Thought she, "I'll fetch the fellow down."

And strait she bends her twanging bow,
And to his breast the arrows go!
They tore a passage through his vest,
But bounded from his solid chest.

Another dart she aimed, and missed,
Then boarded him, and bit his fist —
Her grinders left a trifling mark —
They were not grinders of a shark.

She scampered then, and, as she flew,
Another feeble arrow threw,
Which though intended for one spot,
It glanced aside, and touched him not.

Enraged, he threw his mantle off,
And said, She shall be plagued enough!
Then, swift as fate, her pace defied,
Out went her trot, and joined her side. —

Megara was in such a glow! —
When thus the ruffian hailed her, “Hoa! —
What, Madam, are your spirits low? —
Heave to! — you are my prisoner now!” —

Megara saw that all was gone! —
She saw, her teeth would now be drawn:
She saw her weapons were his prize,
She saw it, and with flowing eyes,
And with a feeble squeak or two,
She faintly bawled out, Who are you?

Altavola

“From whence I came, or what I am,
“Perhaps I may inform you, Ma'am:
“I come from lands of Pure Delight,
“Where female warriors do not Bite.

“You view me with an eye of scorn! —
“When I was old you were unborn:
“When I aspired on eagle's wings
“You were among unthought of things.

“And did you hope to escape my rage,
“You toy-shop on a strolling stage!
“You insect of a puny race,
“You baggage formed of gauze and lace!
“The proudest strength you can assume,
“Shakes not one feather from my plume.

“My lot is in the æther cast,
“I sail upon the northern blast;
“Am mostly seen when whirlwinds rise,
“And love the storm that rends the skies.

“When thunders roar and lightnings flash,
“Then is my time to cut a dash:

- “ The clouds of hell alarm me less
“ Than you, some sad old fashioned dress.
“ And, if to answer some great end,
“ I to this wrangling world descend,
“ With force unknown, and pinions strong,
“ I travel quick and stay not long.
“ My spear is like a weaver’s beam,
“ And pointed well at each extreme ;
“ It flies with a tremendous force,
“ And rivals lightning in its course.
“ Of all things that are seen or known,
“ I hate a Calm — and say, Begone
“ Stagnation from this rolling ball,
“ Or slumbers in this Dreadful All !
“ I rise upon the drift of snow —
“ In polar frosts my spirits glow —
“ In the torrid zone, I temperate keep,
“ And wake ! — when you, Megara, sleep.
“ I come from ghosts, that dreary brood,
“ Whose aspect would congeal your blood !
“ A people on the infernal coast,
“ Who know me well, and love me most.
“ I courted there, and found her kind,
“ A ghostess, suited to my mind ;
“ Her wedding gown was flounced with soot,
“ And near her nose hung snuff and smut :
“ She pointed to her father’s gate,
“ (A graveyard was his whole estate)
“ The bars were weak, the boards were thin,
“ She sung a psalm — and took me in.
“ Of shadowy stuff my parents were,
“ Composed of fogs, or framed of air :

“ He sold his brimstone to the skies,
“ While nitre kindled in Her eyes.
“ They feasted on the vapours blue,
“ Their glass of wine was evening dew ;
“ On Etna's top they made their bed,
“ And there was I, their devil, bred.
“ My prowess is almost adored,
“ I blunt the edge of Orion's sword ;
“ I seize Aquarius by the throat,
“ Nor care for Libra, or the Goat.
“ My word is, when I meet my foes,
“ Here's to the Lucky Wind that blows !
“ And, instant, all is sighs and groans,
“ And battered heads, and broken bones.
“ I now reward you for your spite —
“ I draw my weapon — see, how bright !
“ My last exploit in war I crown,
“ And thus — and thus — I throw you down !
“ Ah, miscreant ! why that scream of death ?
“ I only meant to — draw your teeth ! —
“ Oh no ! — I scorn to take your life —
“ Go, Madam, — be a prudent wife.
“ But, lady, I would have you know
“ You lose your arrows and your bow :
“ They are indeed of slender make,
“ And, in your hands might kill a rake :
“ So, to prevent such fatal harms,
“ I leave you destitute of arms —
“ I now must go ! ” — he, laughing, said,
And vanished to the Stygian shade.

This contest with Megara done,
Thou dear, defeated Amazon ! —

As happy, now, as man can be,
I hang my pen on yonder tree:
It only asks one day of rest,
It yields to every changing blast —
Yes — let it stay suspended there,
And strike My Colours — if you dare!

THE REPUBLICAN FESTIVAL¹

In Compliment to Colonel Munroe, on his return to America, 1797

As late at a feast that she gave to Munroe,
Her mark of attention to show,
Young liberty gave her libations to flow,
To honor where honor is due.

Return'd from the country that trampled on crowns
Where high in opinion he stood,
Dark malice attack'd him, with sneers, and with frowns,
But he met the applause of the good.

To the Knight of the Sceptre unwelcome he came
But freedom his merit confess'd —
He look'd at their malice, and saw it was fame,
And pity forgave them the rest.

Good humor, and pleasure, and friendship did join,
And reason the pleasure increased;
And the hero, who captured the British Burgoyne,
Presided and honor'd the feast.

¹ From the edition of 1815. Monroe was United States Minister to France from May, 1794, until August, 1796, when he was recalled for lack of sympathy with the administration. He did not arrive in America until the following year. He was loudly hailed by the Republican forces, and a dinner was arranged for him in Philadelphia over which General Gates presided and at which Jefferson, the Vice President, Dayton, the Speaker, McKean, the Chief Justice, and many others conspicuous in the government were present.

On a broomstick from hell, with a quill in his hand,
 Baal-Zephrou came riding the air;
 He look'd, and he saw that among the whole band
 Not a single apostate was there.

Disappointed, he sigh'd, but still hover'd about
 Till the toasts, with a vengeance, began —
 He met the first four; when the next they gave out *
 To his cavern he fled back again.

In liberty's temple, the petulant cur
 Could see not a man but he hates;
 With a curse on her cause, and a sneer, and a spur
 He fled from the frown of a Gates.

ODE¹

For July the Fourth, 1799

Once more, our annual debt to pay,
 We meet on this auspicious day
 That will, through every coming age,
 Columbia's patriot sons engage.

From this fair day we date the birth,
 Of freedom's reign, restored to earth,

* Public censure, arm'd with the spear of Ithuriel : may it discover the demons of tyranny, wherever they lurk, and pursue them to their native obscurity. — *Freneau's note.*

¹ From the edition of 1815. The title is manifestly wrong. The poem was first printed in a small pamphlet with the following title page :

" Means | for the | Preservation | of | Public Liberty. | An | Oration | delivered in the New Dutch Church, | on the | Fourth of July, 1797. | Being the twenty-first | Anniversary of our Independence. | By G. J. Warner. | [*Ten lines from Freneau*] | New York : | Printed at the Argus Office, | for | Thomas Greenleaf and Naphtali Judah. | 1797."

At the end of the pamphlet is the poem with the title : " Ode | (Composed for the Occasion, by P. Freneau.) | The Musick Performed | by the | Uranian Musical Society."

And millions learn, too long depraved,
How to be govern'd, not enslaved.¹

Thou source of every true delight
Fair peace, extend thy sway,
While to thy temple we invite
All nations on this day.²

O dire effects of tyrant power!
How have ye darken'd every hour,
And made those hours embitter'd flow
That nature meant for joys below.

With sceptred pride, and brow of awe
Oppression gave the world her law,
And man, who should such law disdain,
Resign'd to her malignant reign.

Here on our quiet native coast
No more we dread the warring host
That once alarm'd, when Britain rose,
And made Columbia's sons her foes.

Parent of every cruel art
That stains the soul, that steels the heart,
Fierce war, with all thy bleeding band,
Molest no more this rising land.

May thy loud din be changed for peace,
All human woe and warfare cease,
And nations sheath the sword again
To find a long, pacific reign.³

¹ This stanza in 1797 was :

“Red war will soon be chang'd for peace,
All human woe for human bliss,
And nations that embrace again
Enjoy a long pacific reign.”

² This stanza was the chorus to be repeated after every eight lines.

³ This stanza is not in the original version.

Soon may all tyrants disappear
 And man to man be less severe;
 The ties of love more firmly bind,
 Not fetters, that enchain mankind.

But virtue must her strength maintain,
 Or short, too short, is freedom's reign,
 And, if her precepts we despise,
 Tyrants and kings again will rise.¹

No more an angry, plundering race,
 May man in every clime embrace,
 And we on this remoter shore,
 Exult in bloody wars no more.

On this returning annual day
 May we to heaven our homage pay,
 Happy, that here the time's began
 That made mankind the friend of man! —

ADDRESS²

To the Republicans of America

Say — shall we pause, and here conclude our page,
 Or waft it onward to the coming age? —
 Just as You say, whose efforts shook his throne,
 And plucked the brightest gem from George's crown —
 Who, armed in Freedom's cause with hearts of steel,
 Have through these stormy times toiled for the common
 weal;
 Nor quit that standard thousands have deserted,
 By foreign arts, or gold, or titles re-converted.

¹ The chorus at this point was changed in the original edition to :

“O Virtue ! source of pure delight,
 Extend thy happy sway, etc.”

² First published in the *Time-Piece*, September 13, 1797. Freneau used this poem to end Volume I of his edition of 1809. I have followed the latter version.

If You, propitious to the press and pen,
Gave vigour to the cause that roused up men
When slavery's sons approached with Britain's fleet,
Still we demand your aid — for Britain hates you yet:
Not with the sword and gun she now contends
But wages silent war, and by corruption bends,
Foe to the system that enlightens man,
Here, thrones she would erect, and frustrate Freedom's
plan.

Here, on this virgin earth, the soil unstained,
Where yet no tyrant has his purpose gained,
Keep bright that flame which every bosom fired
When Hessian hirelings from these lands retired,
When, worn and wasted, all that murdering crew
And British squadrons from the Hudson flew;
When, leagued with France, you darts of vengeance
hurled,

And bade defiance to the despot world.

Ye heirs and owners of the future age
Who soon will shove old actors from the stage,
To you the care of liberty they trust
When Washington and Gates are laid in dust —
When Jefferson, with Greene, in long repose
Shall sleep, unconscious of your bliss or woes,
Seeming to say, Be wise, be free, my sons,
Nor let one tyrant trample on our bones.

TO PETER PORCUPINE.¹

From Penn's famous city what hosts have departed,
The streets and the houses are nearly deserted,
 But still there remain
 Two Vipers, that's plain,
Who soon, it is thought, yellow flag will display;
 Old Porcupine preaching,
 And Fenno beseeching
Some dung-cart to wheel him away.

Philadelphians, we're sorry you suffer by fevers,
Or suffer such scullions to be your deceivers;
 Will. Pitt's noisy whelp
 With his red foxy scalp
Whom the kennels of London spew'd out in a fright,
 Has skulk'd over here
 To snuffle and sneer,
Like a puppy to snap, or a bull dog to bite.

If cut from the gallows, or kick'd from the post,
Such fellows as these are of England the boast
 But Columbia's disgrace!
 Begone from that place

¹ Published in the *Time-Piece*, September 13, 1797, and never again reprinted by Freneau. The poem bore the following introduction:

"Among a despicable mess of scurrility in one of Porcupine's Gazettes of last week, he mentions that 'he was plagued with the Time-Piece for several months.' — It has also been a plague to some others of his brethren, and will go on to be so, till they are hustled into their native dog kennels. — At the commencement of the Time-Piece, by way of soliciting an exchange of papers, the Editor transmitted one copy to each printer of a newspaper in Philadelphia. The compliment was immediately returned by them all except Porcupine. The Editor of the Time-Piece was in no want of his dirty vehicle of ribaldry, for the purposes of compilation. The paper, however, continued to be sent for a few weeks, till finding the hoggishness of the fellow, in not consenting to an exchange, the transmission was discontinued."

That was dignified once by a Franklin and Penn,
But infested by you
And your damnable crew
Will soon be deserted by all honest men.

ON THE ATTEMPTED LAUNCH¹

Of a Frigate, designed for war against a Sister Republic. — 1798

Unless it be for mere defence
May shipwrights fail to launch you hence,
At best, the comrade of old Nick —
Some folks will smile to see you stick.

But now, suppose the matter done,
And her the element upon;
What cause have we mad wars to wage
Or join the quarrels of the age?

Remote from Europe's wrangling race,
Who show us no pacific face
Let's tread negociation's track
Before we venture to attack.

But to the seas if we must go,
'Tis clearly seen who is the foe,
Who hastens, at no distant date,
To repossess his lost estate.

I see them raise the storm of war,
To cloud the gay columbian star,
I see them, bloody, brave and base
Make us the object of their chase.

Their ships of such superior might
All we possess will put to flight,
Or bear them off, with all on board,
To make a meal for George the third.

¹ Text from the 1815 edition.

One frigate, only, will not do —
She must retreat while they pursue,
To make her drink affliction's cup,
And, heaven preserve us, eat her up.

A navy of stupendous strength
'Tis plain, must be our lot at length,
To sweep the seas, to guard the shore,
And crush their haughtiest seventy four.

Those puny ships that now we frame,
(The way that England plays her game)
Will to their bull-dogs fall a prey
The hour we get them under weigh. —

ON THE LAUNCHING OF THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION¹

The builders had the ship prepared,
And near her stood a triple guard,
For fear of secret foes.
Some, tiptoe stood to see her start,
And would have said, with all their heart,
In raptures, there she goes!

The stubborn ship, do what they could,
Convinced them, she was made of wood
Though plann'd with art supreme;
All art, all force the ship defy'd —
Nor brilliant day, nor top of tide
Could urge her to the stream.

Some, with their airs aristocratic,
And some with honors diplomatic,

¹ Text from 1815 edition.

Advanced to see the show :
 In vain the builder to her call'd —
 In vain the shipwrights pull'd and haul'd —
 She could not — would not go.

Each anti-federal, with a smile
 Observed the yet unfloating pile
 As if he meant to say,
 Builder, no doubt, you know your trade,
 A constitution you have made
 But should her ways have better laid.

Well now to heave the ship afloat,
 To move from this unlucky spot,
 Take our advice, and give them soon,
 What should have long ago been done,
 Amendments — You Know What.

ON THE FREE USE OF THE LANCET¹

In Yellow Fevers *

In former days your starch'd divines
 From notes of twenty thousand lines
 Held many a long dispute ;
 One argued this, one argued that,
 And reverend wigs, as umpires sat,
 All sophists to confute.

* A practice very prevalent at the time the above was written. — *Freneau's note.*

¹ From the edition of 1815. The yellow fever epidemic of 1797 created more than usual consternation. It was supposed to be of a more deadly type than that of 1793. The medical profession was divided as to the treatment of the disease. "Two hostile schools sprang up. At the head of one was William Currie. Benjamin Rush led the other. The Currie men declared the fever was imported and contagious. The Rush school maintained that it was not. Filthy streets, they held, and loathsome alleys had much to do with the sickness, and they urged the use of mercurial purges and the copious letting of blood." — *McMaster.*

They dwelt on things beyond their ken
And teased and puzzled simple men
 To hold them in the dark;
But their long season now is past,
The churchman's horn has blown its blast,
 Things take a different mark.

Physicians now to quiet pain
Stick lancet in the patient's vein
 That burns with feverish heat:
The next contend, they're wholly wrong,
That life will leak away ere long
 If thus the case they treat.

Meantime a practice gets about,
Perhaps to make some doctors pout:
Old Shelah, with her herbs and teas,
And scarce a shilling for her fees,
In many instances, at least,
When deaths and funerals increased,
 Did more to dispossess the fever,
 Did more from dying beds deliver
Than all the hippocratican host
Could by the lancet's virtue boast;
To which, I trow, full many a ghost
 Will have a grudge forever.

THE BOOK OF ODES¹

ODE I

“He that readeth not in the Book of Odes is like a man standing with his face against a wall; he can neither move a step forward, nor survey any object.” — *Han Kiou Chooan*.

Blest is the man who shuns the place
Where Demo's love to meet,
Who scorns to gnaw their bread and cheese,
And hates their small beer treat:

But in the glare of splendid halls
Doth place his whole delight,

¹ These odes first appeared in the *Time-Piece*, where they were published in rapid succession between October 16 and November 13, 1797. Three of them — the fourth, sixth, and eleventh — were republished, greatly revised, in the edition of 1809. The eighth, tenth, and thirteenth were used in revised form in the 1815 edition. The others are here republished for the first time.

The first ode, which is manifestly an adaptation of Dr. Watts' well-known hymn, seems to have been objected to in some quarters, for in the *Time-Piece* for December 22 appeared the following:

“Some serious animadversions appear in the Connecticut Courant on the first number of the *Book of Odes*, published in the *Time-Piece* of the 14th ult. being a profane parody, as the writer insinuates, on the first Psalm of David — where the *aristocrat* corresponds with the *saint* in the psalm, and the *democrat* with the *impenitent sinner*. These gentlemen writers ought to consider that the parody in question (as they choose to call it) was not meant to be sung through a deacon's nose, to the sound of the organ: nor yet to the timbrel of seven strings: it was merely intended to be *hurped upon out of doors*, for the benefit of all good democrats, and the utter astoundment and confusion of the *contrary character*. In the name of common sense how did the printers of the Connecticut Courant *dare* to act so *irreverently* as to place the parody before the psalm? Are they trampling on all sanctity; or what do they mean? Let them beware — serious times are coming on, gentlemen:

‘Your life is but a vapour, sure,
A mere old woman's qualm —
And good king David's lyric harp,
May close it — with a psalm.’”

And there by day eats force-meat balls,
And roasted hogs by night.

He, like some thrifty pumpkin vine,
Near Hartford that doth grow,
Shall creep, and spread, and twist, and twine,
And shade the weeds below.

Puff'd by all dunces far and near
He'll swell to station high,
While Democrats confus'd appear
As he rides rattling by.

Not so the man of vulgar birth,
And Democratic phiz;
Want, toil, and every plague on earth,
Shall certainly be his.

Poor as a snake, and ever vile
Shall his condition be,
Who to the men of royal style
Neglects to bend the knee.

He, with the herd of little note,
May starve on bread and cheese,
And soon shall be without a coat
Or sent to pay jail-fees.

ODE II¹

TO THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION

"A ship carpenter being once asked, what sort of ships are the *safest*, he answered, *those which are hauled up on dry land.*"

Madam! — Stay where you are,
'Tis better, sure, by far

¹ *Time-Piece*, October 18, 1797.

Than venturing on an element of danger,
Where heavy seas and stormy gales
May wreck your hulk and rend your sails,
Or Europe's black-guards treat you like a stranger,

When first you stuck upon your ways
(Where half New England came to gaze)
We antifederals thought it something odd
That where all art had been display'd,
And even the builder deem'd a little god,
He had your ways not better laid.

Omens, indeed, are now exploded,
But you have something dismal boded :
Say — must the navy-system go to rack,
And things advance at such a rate
That every wisely govern'd state
Will hold the author of the scheme a quack.

O frigate Constitution ! stay on shore :
Why would you meet old Ocean's roar?
Was man design'd
To be confin'd
In those fire-spitting hells a navy nam'd,
Where Vice herself, abash'd, asham'd,
Turns from the horrid scene of blood and bones,
And mangled carcasses of men ; and grunts and
groans.

Remaining on the stocks, in gloomy pride,
Without an anchor thou shalt safely ride ;
No pumping there,
To make men swear,
Waves you'll despise,
Tho' fierce they rise
To heaven when storms and tempests blow :

Steady as fate, unmov'd will you appear
 When other ships the foaming surges tear —
 No fear of broaching to.

Nor useless need you be, if right we deem,
 For harmless purposes you proper seem —
 Scorn to be made a bloody, murdering den;
 Let folks of sense
 At less expense
 Convert you into stores — to bring in rents;
 Stow pumpkins there — or anything but Men.

ODE III¹

TO DUNCAN DOOLITTLE
 A "half-starved" Democrat

"Lodge where you must, drink small-beer where you can,
 "But eat no roast pig, if no Federal man."

Duncan, with truth it may be said,
 Your mouth was made for rye or barley bread;
 What claim have you to halls of state,
 Whose business is to stand and wait,
 Subserviant to command?
 What right have you to white-bread, superfine,
 Who were by nature destin'd for "*a swine*" —
 As said good Edmund Burke,
 The drudge of Britain's dirty work,
 Whose mighty pamphlets rous'd the royal band!

When passing by a splendid dome of pride
 By speculation built (and built so vast
 That there a standing army might reside)
 Say, Duncan, stood you not aghast,

¹ The *Time-Piece*, October 20, 1797.

When gazing up (like fox that look'd for grapes)
You saw so many things in curious shapes,
Trees rang'd along the table,
And sugar-columns, far above the rabble,
With roses blooming in October,
And wisdom's figure — dull and sober.

Ah! how you smack'd your lips, and look'd so wishful
When pigs and poultry — many a lovely dish-full,
Imparted to your nose the savoury scent
For royal noses — not for Duncan's — meant.

For things like these you, caitiff, were not born —
A pewter spoon was for your chops intended;
Some shins of beef, and garlands made of thorn —
On things like these has Freedom's feast depended.
Though in the days of fight you musquet carried,
Or wandered up and down, a cannon-hauling,
Better you might in Jericho have tarried
And rebel-starving made your loyal calling.
Among our far-fam'd chieftains that are dead
(Like beer set by in mug without a lid,
And sure, a half-gill glass I'll put it all in)
I'll toast your health — yes, to the very brim
And to the little gaping world proclaim

You are a Hero fallen:

One of the wights who dar'd all death, or wound,
And warr'd for two and sixpence in the pound.

Of public virtue you're a rare example —

Go, mind your hoe, your pick-ax, or your spade;
A hut of six foot square shall be your "temple,"
And all your honour — strutting on parade.

But pray, beware of public good;

It will not always find you food,

And if your son should anything inherit,

Bequeath him not your public spirit,

But sixpence, to be train'd to sawing wood.

ODE IV¹

TO PEST-ELI-HALI

A Democratic Printer on the Western Banks of the Hudson

No easy task that press assumes
Which takes the lead in Freedom's band,
And scatters in nocturnal glooms
The blaze of Reason through our land :
Each empty bellows would, no doubt,
Rise, and aspire to put it out.

Blamed though you are, pursue your way ;
Night evermore precedes the sun ;
Whate'er some angry king's-men say,
You play a game that must be won :
The bliss of man — is the great prize
That yet at stake with tyrants lies.

When first a mean, designing few
Their poisonous dregs by Herald spread ;
An antidote, by such as you,
Was at the root of mischief laid ;
With a simple herb from Reason's plains
You kept all right in Freedom's veins.

Now hostile views, and low design
Are busy to annoy your page,
Controul its strength, its fires confine,
And war with sense and reason wage :
They hope, with fogs to quench the sun,
They hope your useful race is run.

¹ From the edition of 1809, the text of which I have followed in all but the title which is "To a Democratic Editor." This poem first appeared in the *Time-Piece*, October 23, 1797, with the following introduction : " ' He that first put a real mark upon the forehead of the BEAST was the inventor of Printing. This mark was impressed deeply, and becomes deeper from day to day.' — *Erasmus*."

But though some narrow hearts contrive
 To shove you from your mounted car;
 Right pleasantly we see you drive,
 And hardly heed their little war:
 Like insects, creeping in the dirt,
 They merely serve to make you sport.

Who looks at Kings, a court, a queen,
 With childish pomp, and borrowed fame,
 But wonders from what genius mean
 Their chaos of confusion came —
 Yet those on little things depend,
 And every reptile is their friend.

ODE V¹

TO PETER PORCUPINE

“That one may write — and write — and be a villain,
 “At least, I’m sure it may be so in — Denmark.” — *Hamlet*.

“While with the loss of blood and spirits some faint,
 “Others are seen to rise, triumphant,
 “O’er slaughter’d thousands sent to Pluto’s shores,
 “Where Stygian water in dull torrent roars —
 “What hosts, what myriads fell,
 “By lancet and by calomell,
 “All gone, in Philadelphia’s epidemic,
 “And sent the substance of mankind to mimic.”

¹ The *Time-Piece*, October 25, 1797. William Cobbett, an English adventurer, settled in Philadelphia in 1792. Under the signature “Peter Porcupine” he wrote many political pamphlets, and edited a paper called *Porcupine’s Gazette*. He left America in 1800 after having been convicted of libel. His works in twelve volumes, including many selections from the *Gazette*, were published in 1801, in London. He was an avowed enemy to the Democrats of America; he opposed the French interests, and abused roundly Dr. Priestly, Benjamin Franklin, and Dr. Rush.

So said that Man divine
Bold Peter Porcupine,
 Who through these climes his vast subscription
 spread,
 And rais'd four thousand ghosts; and struck with
 dread,
 All Democratic knaves,
 Disorganizing slaves —
 He with bold wit,
 And spirit and spit,
From Nova Scotia to the woods of Maine,
True federalism did maintain;
 And through those mighty thriving states,
 Distributed his dainty, blackguard bits.

Ah — Peter! — Thou, poor lousy numps
Who loadest little horses' rumps,
 And mak'st them trot and sweat,
 On sandy road
 Beneath the load
Of trash call'd *Peter Porcupine's Gazette*.
What have you done to claim Columbia's love
 That she — like some base —
 Should court a scoundrel from a foreign shore
And make him tool to — some apostate Jove,

Ah! now I see poor Carolina's horses,
 With pedlar's pack,
 Pil'd high on back,
Pursuing their mean, blackguard courses,
 Through solitary groves and woods of pine
 Transporting Goods, like thine,
 ————— Damned stuff!
Of which Columbia, sure, has had — enough —
There Pickens, Sumpter, Greene, for freedom fought,
And Liberty her wonders wrought.

What do I hear? And have we lent thee wings
 To waft thy poison into Eutaw Springs?
 Those, clearer than Castalia's waters, found,
 For many a hero, dead, who might have claim'd
 Life — but for brutish George,
 Who, having robb'd and plunder'd half the east,
 Came here to close his Vulture's feast.

Now, Peter! take advice from Doctor Rush;
 And — convert to the system you would crush;
 Pray, let him draw your blackguard blood;
 (And calomell might, also, do some good.)
 Four thousand drops exhausted from your veins
 Will save the future exercise of canes:
 And, tell him to be speedy with his lancet,
 For 'tis a truth; and many dare advance it,
 That howe'er in life well fed,
 No Doctor bleeds a man — when dead.

ODE VI¹

ADDRESS TO A LEARNED PIG

Of Particular Eminence, who, in a certain Great City, was visited by
 Persons of the First Taste and Distinction

O thou, marked out by Fate from vulgar swine,
 Among the learned of our age to shine,
 On whom 'squires, ladies, parsons, come to gaze,
 Bold, science-loving pig,
 Who, without gown or wig
 Can force your way through learning's thorny maze

¹ Text from the edition of 1809. Originally in the *Time-Piece*, October 27, 1797, with the following introduction:

"Let but a dancing bear arrive,
 A pig that counts you four or five,
 And Cato, with his moral strain,
 Shall strive to mend the town — in vain."

— How many high learned wights in days of old
(Whom Fame has with the great enrolled)
Starved by their wits — were banished, hanged, or sold ;
— While you, on better ages fallen, O lucky swine !
Can by your wit on pyes and sweetmeats dine —

When house and lands are gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent —
(So says a proverb through the world well known) —
You, that were pigged to grovel in a sty,
Have left your swill for science high : —
Without a rival of your race,
You hold a most distinguished place —
All that the heart can wish flows in to you,
Who real happiness pursue,
And are well fed, on whate'er hog sty thrown.

Now, if one had the chance to choose one's state
On this world's stage, and not controuled by Fate,
Who would not wish to have his little brains
 Lodged in the head of Learned Pig,
 Rather than be a man, and toil, and sweat, and dig
With all the sense the human scull contains.

With Us, we all are wise, we all things know,
But every pig — inferior is to you —
The rest are fools and simpletons — and so —
What, next, will be the science You attain?
Science! — to You, that opens all her store? —
Already have you in your sapient brain
More than most aldermen — and gumption more
Than some, who capers cut on Congress floor.

May we not hope, in this improving age
Of human things — to see on Terra's stage

Hogs take the lead of men, and from their styes
 To honours, riches, office, rise!
 Adepts in Latin, Commerce, Physick, Law? —
 From what is seen, such inference we draw —

ODE VII¹

ON THE FEDERAL CITY

" Thus Cain of old, poor Abel slain,
 " Departing from his native plain,
 " In land of Nod, beneath the heaven's frowns,
 " Built sky-topt towers and federal towns."

Enough of learned pigs,
 Pigg'd for immense designs,
 And shame our men of mighty wigs —
 Enough of Peter Porcupines,
 Whose quills, like pop-guns shooting at a fort,
 Be sure have done the Demos mighty hurt,
 A subject now of real weight inspires,
 That soon will kindle every muse's fires,
 No less than federal town,
 Immortal in renown,
 Which in her district — ten miles square
 The center fills, like spider in her web
 Catching all silly flies that venture near,
 And fattening on the folly of the tribe.

When fates decreed,
 Or nature said
 " This spot is destin'd for a future town,"
 Between them both they so contriv'd the matter
 (Altho' perhaps not wholly wrong the latter)

¹ From the *Time-Piece*, October 31, 1797.

That this should be a town of silent halls
And like Palmyra famous in the east,

Erect her columns huge and lofty walls —
Yet there in vain for men do travellers seek,
And hardly meet a townsman once a week!

Virginia's sons, as through this town they pass
Each cries, "Alas,

No sound of fiddle here,

All dull and drear,

No merry bells that jingle on the ear,

No glittering females, balls, or billiards dear —

No fighting cocks, no gallant steeds for racing:

Well-stap my vitals — is it not distressing?

No gallant ship with canvas swelling high

Engag'd in war or commerce passes by;

But corn-boats mean from Alleghany hills,

Or buck-wheat laden hulks from country mills!"

Amidst these huge hotels and regal domes

Frequent some townsman walks, as midst the tombs,

And cries, "The founders of this city blundered

In rearing up such piles for eighteen hundred:

Waiting for that must Congress absent stay? —

Ah! curse the Law's delay!

Rather than hold them there,

(Though, doubtless, it may sadly grieve her)

May Philadelphia twelve months every year

Be plagu'd and blooded for the yellow fever!"

ODE VIII¹

ON THE CITY ENCROACHMENTS ON THE RIVER HUDSON

Where Hudson, once, in all his pride
In surges burst upon the shore
They plant amidst his flowing tide
Moles, to defy his loudest roar;
And lofty mansions grow where late
Half Europe might discharge her freight.

From northern lakes and wastes of snow
The river takes a distant rise,
Now marches swift, now marches slow,
And now adown some rapid flies
Till join'd the Mohawk, in their course
They travel with united force.

But cease, nor with too daring aim
Encroach upon this giant flood;
No rights reserved by nature, claim,
Nor on his ancient bed intrude: —
The river may in rage awake
And time restore him all you take.

The eastern stream, his sister, raves
To see such moles her peace molest
A London built upon her waves,
The weight of mountains on her breast:
With quicken'd flow she seeks the main
As on her bed new fabrics gain.

¹ From the 1815 edition. The *Time-Piece* version, November 1, 1797, bore the title "To Thos. Swawgum, a Wharf Builder," with the following introduction:

"And Alexander built a solid mole from the coast, even unto the isle of Tyre, through the deep waters of the channel between: and people said it would be everlasting; and yet at this day it is overwhelmed, and few vestiges left thereof." — *Modern Travels*."

Bold streams! and may our verse demand
 Is there not coast for many a mile,
 And soils, as form'd by nature's hand
 That border all Manhattan's isle:
 Then why these mounds does avarice raise
 And build the haunts of pale disease.

Yet in your aim to clip their wing
 (It asks no wizard to descry,)
 That time the woful day will bring
 When Hudson's passion, swelling high,
 May in a foam his wrongs repay
 And sweep both house and wharf away.

ODE IX¹

ON THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION

"And in those days men settled themselves on the waters, and lived there, not because land was wanting, but that they wished to be slaves to such as were great and mighty on the land." — *Modern History*.

Thus launch'd at length upon the main
 And soon prepar'd the seas to roam,
 In your capacious breast ere long
 Will many an idler find a home
 That sells his freedom for a song,
 Quits fields and trees
 For boisterous seas,

¹ From the *Time-Piece*, October 31, 1797. The following account of the launch is given in the same issue:

"BOSTON, October 23, The Launch! On Saturday last at fifteen minutes P. M. the frigate CONSTITUTION was launched into the adjacent element, on which she now rides an elegant and superb specimen of American naval architecture, combining the unity of wisdom, strength, and beauty. On a signal being given from on board, her ordnance, on shore, announced to the neighboring Country, that the CONSTITUTION WAS SECURE."

To tread his native soil no more,
And see — but not possess the shore.

Well! let them go — can there be loss
In those who Nature's bounty slight,
From rural vales and freedom's shades
To this dull cage who take their flight,
The axe, the hoe,
The plough forego,
The buxom milk-maid's simple treat,
The bliss of country life forget,
For tumult here
And toil severe,
A gun their pillow when they sleep,
And when they wake, are wak'd to weep.

Dick Brothers said, "The time will come,
"When war no more shall prowl the sea,
"Nor men for pride or plunder roam,
"And my millenium brings them home,
"How'er dispers'd through each degree."
If Richard proves a prophet true,
Why may not we be quiet too,
And turn our bull-dogs into lambs,
Saw off the horns of battering rams
As well as Europe's sons?
Ye Quakers! see with pure delight,
The times approach when men of might,
And squadrons roving round the ball,
Shall fight each other not at all,
Or fight with wooden guns.

And yet that Being you address
Who shaped old Chaos into form,
May speak — and with a word suppress
The tryant and the storm.

ODE X¹

TO SANTONE SAMUEL

The Millennial Prophet, on his System of Universal Pacification
With aspect wild, in ranting strain
You bring the brilliant period near,
When monarchy will close her reign
And wars and warriors disappear;
The lion and the lamb will stray,
And, social, walk the woodland way.

I fear, with superficial view
You contemplate dame nature's plan:—
She various forms of being drew,
And made the common tryant—man:
She form'd them all with wise design,
Distinguish'd each, and drew the line.

Observe the lion's visage bold
His iron tooth, his murderous claw,
His aspect cast in anger's mould;
The strength of steel is in his paw:
Could he be meant with lambs to stray
Or feed along the woodland way?

Since first his race on earth began
War was his trade and war will be:
And when he quits that ancient plan
With milder natures to agree,
He will be changed to something new
And have some other part to do.

One system see through all this frame,
Apparent discord still prevails;
The forest yields to active flame,
The ocean swells with stormy gales;

¹ From the edition of 1815, with the exception of the title, which is, "The Millennium—To a Ranting Field Orator."

No season did the God decree
When leagued in friendship these should be.

And do you think that human kind
Can shun the all-pervading law —
That passion's slave we ever find —
Who discord from their nature draw :—
Ere discord can from man depart
He must assume a different heart.

Yet in the slow advance of things
A time may come our race may rise,
By reason's aid to stretch their wings,
And see the light with other eyes;
And when the ancient mist is pass'd;
To find their nature changed at last,

The sun himself, the powers ordain,
Should in no perfect circle stray;
He shuns the equatorial plane,
Prefers an odd serpentine way,
And lessens yearly, sophists prove,
His angle in the voids above.

When moving in his ancient line,
And no oblique ecliptic near,
With some new influence he may shine
But you and I will not be here
To see the lion shed his teeth
Or kings forget the trade of death.

ODE XI¹

TO THE PHILADELPHIA DOCTORS

“And the Angel Michael disputed with the Devil about the body of Moses.” — *Ancient History*.

“To bleed or not to bleed — that is the question!
Whether 'tis better in our beds to suffer
The slights and snufflings of outrageous doctors,
Or by the Lancet — quit them.”

In ancient days divines, in dismal humour,
With disputation kept the presses going;
Wrangled about some wonderous mighty things
The difference “'twixt a shadow and a shade,”
And scribbled much of “way of man with maid.”

At length, as fades the crown
Their bludgeons they lay down;
And you, wise doctors, take the wrangle up,
Each cursing all who will not drink his cup.

Ah, Philadelphians! still to knaves a prey,
Take your old philosophic way;
When from the native spring you seiz'd your draught,
Health bloom'd on every face, and all was gay —
Dejection was remote — and Nature laugh'd.
A question now, of mighty weight is put,
Whether, to bleed a man is best, or not,
When scarce three drops (or not one drop) remains
In the poor devil's veins! —

Well! you decide, who are in Galen read —
Take Boorhaave's, if you please — whatever system —
(Why are men such that doctors can enlist 'em?)

¹ From the *Time-Piece*, November 13, 1797.

Whether your methods be the right or wrong,
 And man's existence shorten or prolong,
 We feverish fellows, must be — put to bed.

The secret has leak'd out — be cautious doctors
 (The whole shall be disclos'd in room with lock'd doors)
 Old women, with their simple herbs and teas
 (And asking hardly two-pence for their fees)
 Disarm this dreadful epidemic fever;
 Make it as tame and innocent,
 (Whether home-bred or from West Indies sent)
 As Continental soldier, turn'd to Weaver.

ODE XII¹

THE CROWS AND THE CARRION

A Medical Story

If Ephraim on his bed complains
 Of feverish pulse and boiling veins,
 And throbs and pulses in his brains,

Then round him flock a ghastly crew
 Of doctors old and doctors new,
 And doctors, some — the Lord knows who.

Hoping the men had learned their trade,
 Poor Ephraim begs them for their aid,
 And promises they shall be paid.

Each quotes some book, by way of sham,
 Or reads some text from Sydenham,
 Which some approve, and some condemn.

¹ Text from the edition of 1809. The title of the newspaper version was "To the Philadelphia Doctors," with the following motto: "And he said unto him, Physician Heal Thyself."

At once he hears a barbarous noise,
Like that from herds of butchers' boys,
That ever hope of life destroys.

He promises all bills to pay,
But they proceed in angry fray —
Poor Ephraim frets — and well he may.

Each looks at each with vengeful eyes,
As if contending for a prize
He wants his share — when Ephraim dies.

One talks of cure by Calomel;
But his wise brother, Sydrophele,
Swears, 'tis the readiest way to hell.

While one the lancet recommends,
Another for a blister sends,
And each his every cure defends.

Weary of all they have to say,
At last the patient faints away:
Poor Ephraim swoons — and well he may.

In Fancy's dreams, he thinks he roams
In realms where doctor Satan foams,
With Sydropheles and Curry-combs.

Revived at length, he begs release,
And whines, "Do let your quarrels cease,
Do, doctors, let me die in peace.

"Oh! had I sent for doctress Nan,
Or anything but cruel man,
To put me on my legs again:

"She, with her cooling tamarind tea,
At least would not have murdered me —
Come! if you love me, do agree.

"She would have held my dizzy head —
She would have something to me read —
Or would have somewhat cheering said.

"Good heavens! you cannot all be right —
O do not scratch! — O do not bite! —
Good doctors, do not, do not fight!" —

Here they began a louder fray —
Oh! Ephraim's dead! — to them all play —
Poor Ephraim dies! — and well he may.

ODE XIII¹

A Soldier should be made of Sterner Stuff

ON DEBORAH GANNET

The American heroine, who on Tuesday last presented a petition to Congress for a pension, in consideration of services rendered during the whole of the late war, in the character of a common follower in the regular armies of America

Ye congress men and men of weight,
 Who fill the public chairs,
 And many a favor have conferr'd
 On some, unknown to Mars;
 And ye, who hold the post of fame,
 The helmsmen of our great affairs,
 Afford a calm, attentive ear
 To her who handled sword and spear,
 A heroine in a bold career,
 Assist a war-worn dame.

¹ Published in the *Time-Piece*, December 4, 1797, and reprinted in the edition of 1815, the text of which I have used, though I have retained the title of the newspaper version. In the 1815 edition the title is "The Heroine of the Revolution. *To the men in power*," with the note "On December 23, 1797, Deborah Gannet presented a petition to congress for a pension, in consideration of services rendered during the whole of the American Revolutionary war, in the rank of a common soldier in the regular armies of the United States. The above lines were written on this occasion, at the request of the heroine. It is needless to say, she had a competency bestowed on her during her natural life." Freneau's daughter has thus recounted the circumstances under which the affair became known to the poet :

"While editor of the *Time-Piece* his office was thronged with visitors mostly wanting favors of one kind or another. One day he came into dinner and told Mrs. Freneau that there had been rather an eccentric character in the office that morning, telling him that she had served through the Revolutionary War in man's attire and had received several wounds and showed the scars. All he could do for her was to send her to Washington with a petition, which he did. Her name was Deborah Gannet. She went to Congress, presented her petition, and received her pension. Though he put not his name to it, it was immediately known, as many of the members were his correspondents, also Thomas Jefferson, the President."

With the same vigorous soul inspired
As Joan of Arc, of old,
With zeal against the Briton fired,
Her spirit warm and bold,
She march'd to face her country's foes
Disguised in male attire :
Where'er they prowld through field or town
With steady step she follow'd on ;
Resolved the conflict to sustain,
She met them on the hill, the plain,
And hostile to the English reign,
She hurl'd the blasting fire.

Now for such generous toils endured,
Her day of warfare done,
In life's decline at length reward
This faithful amazon :
She asks no thousands at your hands,
Though mark'd with many a scar ;
She asks no share of indian lands,
Though lands you have to spare :

But something in the wane of days
To make her snug, and keep her warm,
A cottage, and the cheery blaze,
To shield her from the storm ;
And something to the pocket too,
Your bounty might afford,
Of her, who did our foes pursue
With bayonet, gun, and sword.

Reflect how many tender ties
A female must forego
Ere to the martial camp she flies
To meet the invading foe :
How many bars has nature placed,

And custom many more,
Lest slighted woman should be graced
With trophies gain'd in war.
All these she nobly overcame,
And scorn'd a censuring age,
Join'd in the ranks, her road to fame,
Despis'd the Briton's rage;
And men, who, with contracted mind,
All arrogant, condemn
And make disgrace in womankind
What honor is in them.

ON THE FEDERAL CITY¹

1797

All human things must have their rise,
And Rome advanced from little size
Till future ages saw her grown
The mistress of the world, then known.

So, bounding on Potowmac's flood,
Where ancient oaks so lately stood
An infant city grows apace
Intended for a ruling race.

¹ From the 1815 edition. A young Englishman, Thomas Twining, who visited Washington in 1796, describes it as follows: "Having crossed an extensive tract of level country somewhat resembling an English heath, I entered a large wood through which a very imperfect road had been made, principally by removing the trees or the upper parts of them in the usual manner. After some time this indistinct way assumed more the appearance of a regular avenue, the trees having been cut down in a straight line although no habitation of any kind was visible. I had no doubt but I was now riding along one of the streets of the metropolitan city. I continued in this spacious avenue for half a mile and then came out upon a large spot cleared of wood, in the center of which I saw two unfinished buildings and men at work on one of them. Advancing and speaking to these workmen, they informed me that I was in the center of the city and that the building was the Capitol. Looking from where I stood I saw on every side a thick wood pierced with avenues in a more or less perfect state."

Here capitols of awful height —
Already burst upon the sight,
And buildings, meant for embryo kings
Display their fronts and spread their wings.

This city bodes no common fate —
All other towns, as books relate,
With huts at first were thinly spread,
With hovels mean, or humble shed.

But matters here are quite reversed,
Here, palaces are built the first,
And late will common rustics come
In such abodes to find a home.

Meantime, it will be fair and just
(Nor will our congress fret, we trust)
If while the poor at distance lurk —
Themselves do their own dirty work.

Rome's earliest citizens were thieves,
So history tells, and man believes,
May matters be again reversed,
May they who here inhabit first
Instruct the late historians pen
To write — that they were honest men.

THE ROYAL COCKNEYS IN AMERICA¹

1797

Why travel so far from your insular home,
Ye cockneys of London, and all in a foam,
To talk, and to talk, with coxcombical phiz,
And tell what a nuisance democracy is:

¹ From the edition of 1815.

Tw'as a lesson we learn'd
When you were concern'd
In wishing success to the vast preparations
To conquer and pillage the royal-plantations.

We Americans far from your king-ridden isle
Do humbly beseech you, all democrat haters,
For fear that your bodies or souls you defile,
Would fairly go off, with your lies and your satires:
The monarch you worship requests your assistance,
And how can you help him at such a long distance?

Tis an Englishman's creed,
And they all have agreed
That, out of old England, there's nothing, they swear,
That can with old England — dear England — compare;
So, away to old England, or we'll send you there.

A swarm is arrived from the hives of the east,
Determined to sap the republic's foundation;
And who is their leader, their scribe, and their priest?

Why, Porcupine Peter,
The democrat-eater,
Transported by Pitt, at the charge of the nation,
To preach to the demos a new revelation.

His patrons in England, and some who are here,
Consented to join in his sink of scurrility,
And gave him, tis certain, four thousand a year
To print a damn'd libel, to please our nobility:
Where I — is the hero of all that is said
I — Corporal Cobbett* — a man of the blade!

If his countrymen thought
That for nothing we fought
And they mean to regain, by the aid of his press,
A country they lost, to their shame and disgrace,

* Alluding to the egotistical style of his writings. — *Freneau's note.*

Let them fairly engage

In some liberal page :

We can give them an answer, not relish'd by some,
Who will see their friend Peter go, whimpering, home.

TO THE SCRIBE OF SCRIBES¹

By the gods of the poets, Apollo and Jove,
By the muse who directs me, the spirits that move,
I counsel you, Peter, once more, to retire
Or satire shall pierce, with her arrows of fire.

Be careful to stop in your noisy career,
Or homeward retreat, for your danger is near :
The clouds are collecting to burst on your head,
Their sulphur to dart, or their torrents to shed.

Along with the tears, I foresee you will weep,
In the cave of oblivion I put you to sleep ; —
This dealer in scandal, this bladder of gall,
This sprig of Parnassus must go to the wall.

From a star of renown in the reign of night
He has dwindled away to a little rush-light :
Then snuff it, and snuff it, while yet it remains
And Peter will leave you the snuff for your pains. —

¹ From the edition of 1815.

TO THE
AMERICANS OF THE UNITED STATES¹

First published November, 1797

Men of this passing age! — whose noble deeds
Honour will bear above the scum of Time:
Ere this eventful century expire,
Once more we greet you with our humble rhyme:
Pleased, if we meet your smiles, but — if denied,
Yet, with Your sentence, we are satisfied.

Catching our subjects from the varying scene
Of human things; a mingled work we draw,
Chequered with fancies odd, and figures strange,
Such, as no courtly poet ever saw;
Who writ, beneath some Great Man's ceiling placed;
Travelled no lands, nor roved the watery waste.

To seize some features from the faithless past;
Be this our care — before the century close:
The colours strong! — for, if we deem aright,
The coming age will be an age of prose:
When sordid cares will break the muses' dream,
And Common Sense be ranked in seat supreme.

Go, now, dear book; once more expand your wings:
Still in the cause of Man severely true:
Untaught to flatter pride, or fawn on kings; —
Trojan, or Tyrian,* — give them both their due. —
When they are right, the cause of both we plead,
And both will please us well, — if both will read.

* Tros, Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur. — Virg. — *Freneau's note.*

¹ This was used as the introductory poem to Volume II of the 1809 edition.

TO A NIGHT-FLY¹

Approaching a Candle

Attracted by the taper's rays,
How carelessly you come to gaze
On what absorbs you in its blaze!

O Fly! I bid you have a care:
You do not heed the danger near;
This light, to you a blazing star.

Already you have scorch'd your wings:
What courage, or what folly brings
You, hovering near such blazing things?

Ah me! you touch this little sun —
One circuit more and all is done! —
Now to the furnace you are gone! —

Thus folly with ambition join'd,
Attracts the insects of mankind,
And sways the superficial mind:

Thus, power has charms which all admire,
But dangerous is that central fire —
If you are wise in time retire. —

THE INDIAN CONVERT²

An Indian, who lived at Muskingum, remote,
Was teased by a parson to join his dear flock,
To throw off his blanket and put on a coat,
And of grace and religion to lay in a stock.

¹ First published in the *Time-Piece*, December 8, 1797. Text from the edition of 1815.

² First published in the *Time-Piece*, December 11, 1797, under the title, "Thomas Swagum, an Oneida Indian and a Missionary Parson." Text from the 1809 edition.

The Indian long slighted an offer so fair,
Preferring to preaching his fishing and fowling ;
A sermon to him was a heart full of care,
And singing but little superior to howling.

At last by persuasion and constant harassing
Our Indian was brought to consent to be good ;
He saw that the malice of Satan was pressing,
And the means to repel him not yet understood.

Of heaven, one day, when the parson was speaking,
And painting the beautiful things of the place,
The convert, who something substantial was seeking,
Rose up, and confessed he had doubts in the case. —

Said he, Master Minister, this place that you talk of,
Of things for the stomach, pray what has it got ;
Has it liquors in plenty ? — If so I'll soon walk off
And put myself down in the heavenly spot.

You fool (said the preacher) no liquors are there !
The place I'm describing is most like our meeting,
Good people, all singing, with preaching and prayer ;
They live upon these without eating or drinking.

But the doors are all locked against folks that are wicked ;
And you, I am fearful, will never get there : —
A life of Repentance must purchase the ticket,
And few of you, Indians, can buy it, I fear.

Farewell (said the Indian) I'm none of your mess ;
On victuals, so airy, I faintish should feel,
I cannot consent to be lodged in a place
Where's there's nothing to eat and but little to steal.

THE PETTIFOGGER,¹

or Fee Simple, Esquire

In a town I could mention, a lawyer resided
As cunning as Satan, and fond of disputes;
In wrangles and quarrels he ever confided,
To keep on his docquet a long string of suits.

Of little importance, nay, paltry and mean,
The matter contested, a pig or a hen;
But one thing he stuck to, he ever was seen
To have for his pleading just one pound ten.

With pleasure he saw that the quarrels increased,
Each day he had business from wranglesome men,
But all to the 'squire was a holiday feast
While he got his dear Fee, the one pound ten.

A parchment, Caveto, hung up in his hall
Which cautioned the reader to read and attend,
That for one pound ten he would quibble and brawl,
Twist, lie, and do all things a cause to defend.

Sometimes when the limits of lots were disputed
He would put all to rights in the turn of a straw;
From the tenth of an inch he his pocket recruited
Till he made the two parties curse lawyer and law.

Thus matters went on, and the lawyer grown rich
Fed high, and swilled wine 'till the dropsy began
To bloat up his guts to so monstrous a pitch,
You would hardly have known him to be the same man.
At last he departed, and when he had died,
His worship arriving at Beelzebub's den;

¹ First published in the *Time-Piece*, December 13, 1797. Text from the 1809 edition.

How much is the entrance (demanded the guide?—)
Old Devil made answer, 'Tis One Pound Ten.

ON A CELEBRATED PERFORMER ON THE
VIOLIN¹

Who, as it was said, went out, in the year 1797, to excite discontents
and insurrections in the western country, particularly, in Ohio,
Kentucky, and Tennessee

Musician of the west! whose vast design
Schemes our new states with England to combine;
How vain the hope, with violin and bow,
Such feeble arms, to work internal wo!
How weak the attempt our union to divide
With not a sword or pistol at your side!
Not even a drum your engineer employs:—
He's right—a drum would blast the plot, by noise:
All must be done in midnight silence, all
Your plans must ripen or your projects fall.
Unknown, unseen, till in the destined hour
Descends the stroke of trans-atlantic power!

By music's note to sway the western wild
Indeed is new;—we heard it and we smiled.
In cold December's iron-hearted reign
Would you with blushing blossoms deck the plain;
Would you with sound immure the Thirteen Stars,
Or plant a garland on the front of Mars?
To sound, not sense, once brutes, they say, advanced,
When Orpheus whistled, fauns and satyrs danced—
You are no Orpheus—and it may be true
He play'd some tunes that are unknown to you.
Hopes, such as yours, on cat-gut who would place;
On tenor, treble, counter, or the bass:

¹ From the edition of 1815.

Who arm'd with horse-hair, hopes a world to win
Who gains dominion from a violin?
Such if there was, in times, the lord knows when,
He must have been at least the first of men —
But now — the world would have not much to prize
In such a warfare where no soldier dies:
Thus would it say — by sad experience taught,
'Oh! may we never fight as these have fought!
'These to the charge with Thespian arms advanced,
'And when they should have fought, the soldiers danced;
'They had no drums, they felt no martial flame,
'But, cold as Christmas, to the conflict came!'

My dreams present you thrumming on your string
Playing at proper stands, God save the king!
I see you march, a pedlar with his pack,
And that poor fiddle swung athwart your back,
(Like Reynard from some hen-roost hurrying home
With plunder'd poultry for the feast to come)
Trudging the wilds, on bold adventures bent,
The woods at once your coverlet and tent,
To fierce rebellions our back-woods to call —
The attempt how mighty! and the means how small.

Amphion once, the classic stories say,
When on his organ he began to play,
So soft, so sweet, so melting, were his tunes
That even the savage rocks danced rigadoons,
The trees, themselves, with frantic passions fired
Leap'd from their roots and every note admired:
Quitting the spot, where many a year they grew
Quick to the music sprung the enchanted crew,
Form'd o'er his head a sun-repelling power
And bow'd their shadowy heads to music's power.
If what, this moment, some relate be true
Still greater wonders are reserved for you.

Your music, far, all Amphion's art exceeds,
 Not trees and rocks, but provinces it leads.
 All Alleghany capers to the sound,
 And southward moves to meet the iberian bound ;
 Kentucky hears the soul-enlivening notes
 And on the artist and his music doats ;
 Remote Sanduskie spreads her eager wings,
 And wild Miami with the concert rings ;
 Tiptoe, for flight, stands every hill and tree
 From Huron's shores to savage Tennessee ;
 Arthur St. Clair might soon its influence feel ;
 But Arthur knows no music — but of steel :
 Arthur St. Clair attends, with listening ears,
 And when the purpose of your march appears,
 Such music only will excite his rage,
 He'll come, and drive you from your dancing stage ;
 Cut every string, the bridge, and sound-board seize,
 By your own cat-gut hang you to the trees,
 And bid you know, too late, It is no jest
 To play rebellion's music to the west.

NEW YEAR'S VERSES¹

The Carrier of the Time-Piece, presents the following Address to His
 Patrons, with the Compliments of the Season

Fellow Citizens:

The glass has run — see ninety-seven has fled,
 And ninety-eight comes on with equal speed ;
 While safe from harm, beneath their spreading vine,
 Columbia's sons in virtuous actions shine :
 Their generous contributions feed the poor,
 And sends them smiling from their patron's door ;

¹ This was published as a broadside, and distributed with the paper. As far
 as I can discover Freneau never reprinted it.

Sweet Peace and Plenty crowns the festive board,
Where man reveres no domineering lord;
But free from scenes of desolating war,
Where kingdoms clash and mighty empires jar,
He lives secure from all the dread alarms
Of fell invaders and the din of arms: —
Such scenes now past have once defil'd our shore
And drench'd Columbia in her children's gore,
Let man exult, the raging storm is o'er.

To you, my customers, I bring the news
Of feuds domestic and of foreign woes;
Of Liberty extending her domain,
And Truth triumphant in her glorious reign.

Consider, patrons through the storm and snow
With constant care I am oblig'd to go;
Shivering and cold, I want the lively cup
To cheer my heart and keep my spirits up:
To stern winter's gloom can joy inspire;
Now social circles grace the Hickory fire;
And on your board, for friends and neighbors spread,
The turkey smokes the industrious peasant fed:
But not to me these blessings are dispos'd,
Fortune's capricious hand to me is clos'd;
I am condemn'd to labour long and hard,
Unknown my troubles, scanty my reward.

Such is the humble German's life of toil,
Who now solicits your approving smile;
My grateful heart still let your bounty share,
And Peace and Freedom reign from year to year.

New-York, January 1, 1798.

PART V

THE FINAL PERIOD OF WANDERING

1798-1809

THE FINAL PERIOD OF WANDERING

1798-1809¹

ON ARRIVING IN SOUTH CAROLINA, 1798²

A happy gale presents, once more,
The gay and ever verdant shore,
Which every pleasure will restore
 To those who come again:
You, Carolina, from the seas
Emerging, claim all power to please,
Emerge with elegance and ease
 From Neptune's briny main.

¹ This period comprises the time between the poet's abandonment of the *Time-Piece* in New York in 1798, and his final farewell to the sea, which was, in reality, in 1807. During this time Freneau lived in retirement at Mount Pleasant, making now and then voyages along the southern coast and to the Madeira Islands. The poems of the period dwell largely on the dangers of monarchy. He became more and more philosophical as he grew older. He delighted in his leisure hours to translate from the old Latin writers, and to make moralizing verses of a somewhat tedious nature. I have omitted all of the translations of this period and most of the moralizings.

² Freneau sailed as passenger to Charleston, January 3, 1798, and arrived on February 3, after a rough voyage. He sailed back from Charleston in the ship *Maria*, March 7, arriving in New York one week later. Text from the 1815 edition.

To find in you a happier home,
Retirement for the days to come,
From northern coasts you saw me roam,
 By flattering fancy moved :
I came, and in your fragrant woods,
Your magic isles and gay abodes,
In rural haunts and passing floods
 Review'd the scenes I loved,

When sailing oft, from year to year
And leaving all I counted dear,
I found the happy country here
 Where manly hearts abound ;
Where friendship's kind extended hand,
All social, leads a generous band ;
Where heroes, who redeem'd the land
 Still live to be renown'd :

Who live to fill the trump of fame,
Or, dying, left the honor'd name
Which Athens had been proud to claim
 From her historian's page —
These with invading thousands strove,
These bade the foe their prowess prove,
And from their old dominions drove
 The tyrants of the age.

Long, long may every good be thine,
Sweet country, named from Caroline,
Once seen in Britain's court to shine
 The fairest of the fair :
Still may the wanderer find a home
Where'er thy varied forests bloom,
And peace and pleasure with him come
 To take their station here.

Here Ashley, with his brother stream,
By Charleston gliding, all, may claim,
That ever graced a poet's dream

Or sooth'd a statesman's cares;
She, seated near her forests blue,
Which winter's rigor never knew,
With half an ocean in her view
Her shining turrets rears.

Here stately oaks of living green
Along the extended coast are seen,
That rise beneath a heaven serene,
Unfading through the year —
In groves the tall Palmetto grows,
In shades inviting to repose,
The fairest, loveliest, scenes disclose —
All nature charms us here.

Dark wilds are thine, the yellow field,
And rivers by no frost congeal'd,
And, Ceres, all that you can yield
To deck the festive board;
The snow white fleece, from pods that grows,
And every seed that Flora sows —
The orange and the fig-tree shows
A paradise restored.

There rural love to bless the swains
In the bright eye of beauty reigns,
And brings a heaven upon the plains
From some dear Emma's charms;
Some Laura fair who haunts the mead,
Some Helen, whom the graces lead,
Whose charms the charms of her exceed
That set the world in arms.

And distant from the sullen roar
Of ocean, bursting on the shore,
A region rises, valued more

Than all the shores possess :
There lofty hills their range display,
Placed in a climate ever gay,
From wars and commerce far away,
Sweet nature's wilderness.

There all that art has taught to bloom,
The streams that from the mountain foam,
And thine, Eutaw, that distant roam,
Impart supreme delight :
The prospect to the western glade,
The ancient forest, undecay'd —
All these the wildest scenes have made
That ever awed the sight.

There Congaree his torrent pours,
Saluda, through the forest roars,
And black Catawba laves his shores
With waters from afar,
Till mingled with the proud Santee,
Their strength, united, finds the sea,
Through many a plain, by many a tree,
Then rush across the bar.

But, where all nature's fancies join,
Were but a single acre mine,
Blest with the cypress and the pine,
I would request no more ;
And leaving all that once could please,
The northern groves and stormy seas —
I would not change such scenes as these
For all that men adore.

ODE TO THE AMERICANS¹

That the progress of liberty and reason in the world is slow and gradual ; but, considering the present state of things, and the light of science universally spreading, that it cannot be long impeded, or its complete establishment prevented, — 1798

They who survey the human stage,
In reason's view ; through time's past age,
Will find, whatever nature plann'd
Came, first, imperfect from her hand,
Or what ourselves imperfect call ;
In nature's eye, though perfect all —

To man she gave to improve, adorn ;
But let him halt — and all things turn
To assume their wild primeval cast,
The growth of a neglected waste.

Yond' stately trees, so fresh and fair,
That now such golden burthens bear,
Were once mean shrubs that, far from view,
In desert woods, unthrifty grew.

Man saw the seeds of something good
In these rude children of the wood ;
Apply'd the knife, and pruned with care,
Till art has made them what they are.

With curious eye, search history's page,
And Man observe, through every age ;
At first a mere barbarian, he
Bore nothing good, (like that wild tree).

¹ From the 1815 edition.

At length by thought and reason's aid,
Reflection piercing night's dark shade,
Improvements gain'd, by slow advance
Direction, not the work of chance.

Forsaking, first, the savage den
And fellow-beasts less fierce than men,
New plans they form'd for war or power,
And sunk the ditch and raised the tower.

In course of years the human mind,
Advancing slow proved more refined,
Less brutal in external show,
But native mischief lurk'd below.

Despots and kings begun their part,
And millions fell by rules of art;
Or malice, rankling all the while,
Lay hid beneath the treacherous smile.

Religion brought her potent aid
To kings, their subjects to degrade —
Religion! — to profane your name
The hag of superstition came,

And seized your place, the world to ensnare,
A bitter harvest doom'd to bear!
And priests, or history much deceives,
Turn'd aide-de-camps to sceptred thieves.

At last that Cherub from the skies,
(Our nature meant to humanize)
And sway, without a king or crown,
Philosophy, from heaven came down.

Adorn'd with all her native charms
She clasp'd her offspring in her arms,
In hope the mists of night to chase
And hold them in her fond embrace.

She, only she, for virtue warm
Dissolved the spell and broke the charm,
That bade mankind their hands imbue
In blood, to please the scheming few.

Arm'd with a dart of fire and love
She left the seats and courts above,
And her celestial power display'd
Not to compel, but to persuade.

The moment she had whirl'd her sling
Each trembling war-hawk droop'd his wing:
They saw that reason's game was won,
They saw the trade of tyrants done:

And all was calm — she saw, well pleased,
The havoc done, the tumult ceased,
She saw her throne was now adored,
She saw the reign of peace restored,

And said, 'I leave you — pray, be wise!
'I'm on a visit to the skies,
'Let incense on my altars burn
'And you'll be blest till I return.'

But sad reverse! — when out of sight
The fiends of darkness watch'd her flight —
What she had built, they soon displaced,
Her temples burn'd, her tracks effaced.

Their force they join'd, to quench her flame,
A thousand ghastly legions came
To blast the blossom in the bud
And retrograde to chains and blood.

The people — to be bought and sold,
Were still the prize they wish'd to hold; —
All peasants, soldiers, sailors, slaves,
The common sink of rogues and knaves.

Yet, nature must her circle run —
Can they arrest the rising sun?
Prevent his warm reviving ray,
Or shade the influence of the day?

If Europe to the yoke returns,
Columbia at the idea spurns —
Let Britain wield barbarian rage
We meet her here, through every stage.

In vain her navy spreads its sails,
The strength of mind at last prevails;
And reason! thy prodigious power
Has brought it to its closing hour.

Appeal to arms henceforth should cease,
And man might learn to live in peace;
No kings with iron hearts should reign,
To seize old ocean's free domain.

Americans! would you conspire
To extinguish this increasing fire?
Would you, so late from fetters freed,
Join party in so base a deed?

Would you dear freedom sacrifice,
Bid navies on the ocean rise,
Be bound by military laws,
And all, to aid a tyrant's cause?

Oh, no! but should all shame forsake,
And gratitude her exit make,
Could you, as thousands say you can,
Desert the common cause of man?

A curse would on your efforts wait
Old british sway to reinstate;
No hireling hosts could force a crown
Nor keep the bold republic down:

The rising race, combined once more,
Would honor to our cause restore,
And in your doom and downfall seal
Such woes as wicked kings shall feel.

O liberty! seraphic name,
With whom from heaven fair virtue came,
For whom, through years of misery toss'd,
One hundred thousand lives were lost;

Still shall all grateful hearts to thee
Incline the head and bend the knee;
For thee this dream of life forego
And quit the world when thou dost go.

ON THE WAR PATRONS, 1798¹

Weary of peace, and warm for war,
Who first will mount the iron car?
Who first appear, to shield the Stars,
Who foremost, take the field of Mars?
For death and blood, with bold design,
Who bids a hundred legions join?

To see invasions in the air
From France, the moon, or heaven knows where;
In freedom's mouth to fix the gag,

¹ Text from the 1815 edition. During the early part of the year 1798 America was full of rumors of a French invasion. Talleyrand was scattering obscure hints that an invading army was preparing; that France well knew that America was divided; that only the Federalists would support the administration. The Federalists, supported by President Adams and by Washington, took active measures at once. In July they formally abrogated the treaty between the two countries and authorized the President to grant letters to shipmen empowering them to seize French vessels. The army was put into readiness, and financial legislation was enacted to procure means for carrying on the war. All believed that war with France was inevitable.

And aid afford t' a wither'd hag ;
This is the purpose of a few ;
But this we see will scarcely do.
Who bears the brunt, or pays the bill?
The friends of war alone can tell :
Observe, six thousand heroes stand
With not three privates to command ;
No matter for the nation's debt
If some can wear the epaulette.

If reason no attention finds,
What magic shall unite all minds?
If war a patronage ensures
That fifty thousand men procures,
Is such a force to humble France?
Will these against her arms advance?
To fight her legions, near the Rhine,
Or England's force in Holland join?

In dreams, that on the brain intrude,
When nature takes her sleepy mood,
And when she frolics through the mind,
By sovereign reason unconfined,
When her main spring is all uncoil'd
And fancy acts in whimsy wild —
I saw a chieftain, cap-a-pee,
Arm'd for the battle, — who but he? —
I saw him draw his rusty sword,
A present from a London lord :
The point was blunt, the edge too dull
I deem'd to cleave a dutchman's scull ;
And with this sword he made advance,
And with this sword he struck at France —
This sword return'd without its sheath,
Too weak to cause a single death ;
And there he found his work complete,

And then he made a safe retreat,
Where folly finds the camp of rest
And patience learns to do her best.

What next, will policy contrive
To bid the days of war arrive:
Is there no way to pick a quarrel,
And deck the martial brow with laurel?
Is there no way to coax a fight
And gratify some men of might?

To some, who sit at helm of state,
State-business is no killing weight,
They sign their names, inquire the news,
Look wise, — take care to get their dues;
At levees, note down who attends —
And there the mighty business ends:
To some that deal in state affairs
The world comes easy, with its cares;
To some who wish for crown and king,
A quarrel is a charming thing:
They, seated at the fountain head
Quaff bowls of nectar, and are fed
With all the dainties of the land
That cash, or market may command:
But others doom'd to station low,
Their choicest draughts are but — so, so.
Hard knocks are theirs, and blood, and wounds,
Ten thousand thumps for twenty pounds:
Their youth they sell for paltry pay
For sixpence, and six kicks a day,
A pound of pork and rotten bread,
A coat lapell'd, with badge of red;
A life of din from year to year,
And thus concludes the mad career.

Ye rising race, consider well
 What has been read, or what we tell.
 From wars all regal mischiefs flow,
 And kings make wars a raree-show,
 A business to their post assign'd
 To torture, damn, enslave mankind.
 For this, of old, did priests anoint 'em,
 Be ours the task to disappoint 'em.

But when a foe your soil invades,
 A soldier is the first of trades;
 Then, every step a soldier takes,
 Reflection in his breast awakes,
 That duty calls him to the field
 Till all invaders are expell'd;
 That honor sends him to the fight,
 That he is acting what is right,
 To guard the soil, and all that's dear;
 From such as would be tyrants here.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC COUNTRY EDITORS¹

On a Charge of Bribery

You, Journalists, are bribed — that's clear,
 And paid French millions by the year;
 We see it in the coats you wear;

Such damning, such convincing proof
 Of such a charge, is strong enough —
 Your suits are made of costly stuff.

¹ Found only in the edition of 1809. The anti-federal press opposed the administration of Adams, and the whole affair of the threatened French war.

Dear boys! you lodge in mansions grand —
 In time you'll own six feet of land,
 Where now the sexton has command.

Your lodging is in garret high;
 But where your best possessions lie,
 Yourselves know best — and Him on high.

And have you had a foreign bribe? —
 Then, why so lean? — shall we describe
 The leanness of your honest tribe?

Why did you not with Tories join
 To hold the British king divine —
 And all his mandates very fine?

Then had your faces shined with fat —
 Then had you worn the gold-laced hat —
 And — said your lessons — very pat. —

Your lives are, now, continual trial,
 Existence, constant self-denial,
 To keep down some, who would be royal.

For public good you wear out types,
 For public good you get dry wipes —
 For public good you may get — stripes.

One half your time in Federal court,
 On libel charge — you're made a sport —
 You pay your fees — nor dare retort. —

All pleasure you are sworn to shun;
 Are always cloistered, like a nun,
 And glad to hide from Ragman's dun. —

All night you sit by glare of lamp,
 Like Will o' Wisp in vapoury swamp,
 To write of armies and the camp. —

You write — compile — compile and write,
'Till you have nearly lost your sight —
Then off to jail; and so, good night.

Turned out as poor as Christ-church rat,
Once more the trade you would be at
Which never yet made lean man fat.

You send your journals far and wide,
And though undone, and though belied;
You choose to take the patriot side.

Your works are in Kentucky found;
And there your politics go round —
And there you trust them many a pound. —

At home, to folks residing near,
You grant a credit, half a year;
And pine, mean while, on cakes and beer.

The time elapsed when friends should pay,
You urge your dun from day to day;
And so you must — and so you may.

One customer begins to fret,
And tells the dunner in a pet,
“ Plague take the Printer and his debt:

“ Ungrateful man — go hang — go burn —
“ I read his paper night and morn,
“ And now experience this return!

“ Sir! was I not among the first
“ Who did my name on paper trust,
“ To help this Journalist accursed?

“ Thus am I used for having signed:
“ But I have spirit, he shall find —
“ Ah me! the baseness of mankind!”

Thus, on you strive with constant pain,
The kindest tell you, call again! —
And you their humble dupe remain.

Who aims to prosper — should be sold —
If bribes are offered, take the gold,
Nor live to be forever fooled.

SALEM.

THE SERIOUS MENACE¹

Or Botany Bay and Nootka Sound: In answer to the Communica-
tions of a Persecuting Royalist

Last week we heard a king's man say,
Do tell me where is Botany Bay?
There are, quoth he, a meddling few,
That shall go there — and we know who.

This Botany Bay is in an isle
Removed from us twelve thousand mile,
There rogues are banish'd, to atone
For roguish things in England done.

Ye vultures, here on sufferance fed,
Who curse the hand that gives you bread,
Recall your threats, or, by the way,
You'll find us act a serious play.

The haughty prince that England owns,
To make more room for royal sons,
Has given the hint, I would suspect —
And are you one of his Elect?

Ye busy tribe, of harpy face,
In search of power, in search of place,
Ye rancorous hearts, who build your all
On royal wrongs and freedom's fall,

¹ Text from the 1815 edition.

This have we seen, and well we know,
Each son of freedom is your foe,
And these you would, unheard, convey
To places worse than Botany Bay.

Be cautious how you talk so loud —
Above your heads there hangs a cloud,
That, bursting with explosion vast,
May scatter vengeance in its blast;
And send you all, on th' devil's dray,
A longer road than — Botany Bay.

Another threat alarm'd us much —
(Indeed, we hourly meet with such) —
A cockney said, but spoke it low,
For fear the street his mind should know:
“And is there no sedition act?
(“’Tis almost time to doubt the fact,)
“By which this gabbling crew are bound
“The nearest way to Nootka Sound?”
Can you but smile! — who would have thought
That they who writ, who march'd, who fought
For many a year, and little got
But liberty, and dearly bought
 Must now away
 With half their pay,
And seek on ocean's utmost bound
Their chance to starve at Nootka Sound!

This Nootka Sound, so far remote,
Would make us sing a serious note,
If it be true what travellers tell
That there a race of natives dwell
Who, when they would their brethren treat
And give them a regale of meat
Unchain their prisoners from the den,
And scrape the bones of bearded men.

God save us from so hard a fate!
As to be spitted, soon or late;
It is a lot that few admire—
So let us for a while retire;
And live to see some traitors drown'd
I' the deepest swash of Nootka Sound.

REFLECTIONS¹

On the Mutability of Things—1798

The time is approaching, deny it who may,
The days are not very remote,
When the pageant that glitter'd for many a day,
On the stream of oblivion will float.

The times are advancing when matters will turn,
And some, who are now in the shade,
And pelted by malice, or treated with scorn,
Will pay, in the coin that was paid:

The time it will be, when the people aroused,
For better arrangements prepare,
And firm to the cause, that of old they espoused,
Their steady attachment declare:

When tyrants will shrink from the face of the day,
Or, if they presume to remain,
To the tune of peccavi, a solo will play,
And lower the royalty strain:

When government favors to flattery's press
Will halt on their way from afar,
And people will laugh at the comical dress
Of the knights of the garter and star:

¹ Text from the 1815 edition.

When a monarch, new fangled, with lawyer and scribe,
In junto will cease to convene,
Or take from old England a pitiful bribe,
To pamper his "highness serene ;"

When virtue and merit will have a fair chance
The loaves and the fishes to share,
And Jefferson, you to your station advance,
The man for the president's chair :

When honesty, honor, experience, approved,
No more in disgrace will retire ;
When fops from the places of trust are removed
And the leaders of faction retire.

THE POLITICAL WEATHER-COCK¹

'Tis strange that things upon the ground
Are commonly most steady found
While those in station proud
Are turned and twirled, or twist about,
Now here and there, now in or out,
Mere play things to a cloud.

See yonder influential man,
So late the stern Republican
While interest bore him up ;
See him recant, abjure the cause,
See him support tyrannic laws,
The dregs of slavery's cup !

Thus, on yon' steeple towering high,
Where clouds and storms distracted fly,
The weather-cock is placed ;

¹ From the 1809 edition.

Which only while the storm does blow
Is to one point of compass true,
Then veers with every blast.

But things are so appointed here
That weather-cocks on high appear,
On pinnacle displayed,
While Sense, and Worth, and reasoning wights,
And they who plead for Human Rights,
Sit humble in the shade.

REFLECTIONS¹

On the Gradual Progress of Nations from Democratical States to
Despotic Empires

Mantua vae miseræ nimium vicina Cremonae! — VIRGIL.

Oh fatal day! when to the Atlantic shore,
European despots sent the doctrine o'er,
That man's vast race was born to lick the dust;
Feed on the winds, or toil through life accurst;
Poor and despised, that rulers might be great
And swell to monarchs, to devour the state.

Whence came these ills, or from what causes grew
This vortex vast, that only spares the few,
Despotic sway, where every plague combined,
Distracts, degrades, and swallows up mankind;
Takes from the intellectual sun its light,
And shrouds the world in universal night?

Accuse not nature for the dreary scene,
That glooms her stage or hides her heaven serene,
She, equal still in all her varied ways,

¹ From the 1815 edition.

An equal blessing to the world displays.
The suns that now on northern climates glow,
Will soon retire to melt Antarctic snow,
The seas she robb'd to form her clouds and rain,
Return in rivers to that source again;
But man, wrong'd man, borne down, deceived and vex'd,
Groans on through life, bewilder'd and perplex'd;
No suns on him but suns of misery shine,
Now march'd to war, now grovelling in the mine.
Chain'd, fetter'd, prostrate, sent from earth a slave,
To seek rewards in worlds beyond the grave.

If in her general system, just to all,
We nature an impartial parent call,
Why did she not on man's whole race bestow,
Those fine sensations angels only know;
Who, sway'd by reason, with superior mind
In nature's state all nature's blessings find,
Which shed through all, does all their race pervade,
In streams not niggard by a despot made?

Leave this a secret in great nature's breast,
Confess that all her works tend to the best,
Or own that man's neglected culture here
Breeds all the mischiefs that we feel or fear.
In all, except the skill to rule her race,
Man, wise and skilful, gives each part its place:
Each nice machine he plans, to reason true,
Adapting all things to the end in view,
But taught in this, the art himself to rule
His sense is folly, and himself a fool.

Where social strength resides, there rests, 'tis plain,
The power, mankind to govern and restrain:
This strength is not but in the social plan
Controlling all, the common good of man,

That power concentred by the general voice,
In honest men, an honest people's choice,
With frequent change, to keep the patriot pure,
And from vain views of power the heart secure:
Here lies the secret, hid from Rome or Greece,
That holds a state in awe, yet holds in peace.

See through the world, in ages now retired,
Man foe to man, as policy required:
At some proud tyrant's nod what millions rose,
To extend their sway, and make a world their foes.
View Asia ravaged, Europe drench'd with blood,
In feuds whose cause no nation understood.
The cause we fear, of so much misery sown,
Known at the helm of state, and there alone.

Left to himself, wherever man is found,
In peace he aims to walk life's little round;
In peace to sail, in peace to till the soil,
Nor force false grandeur from a brother's toil.
All but the base, designing, scheming, few,
Who seize on nations with a robber's view,
With crowns and sceptres awe his dazzled eye,
And priests that hold the artillery of the sky;
These, these, with armies, navies, potent grown,
Impoverish man and bid the nations groan.
These with pretended balances of states
Keep worlds at variance, breed eternal hates,
Make man the poor base slave of low design,
Degrade his nature to its last decline,
Shed hell's worse blots on his exalted race,
And make them poor and mean, to make them base.

Shall views like these assail our happy land,
Where embryo monarchs thirst for wide command,
Shall a whole nation's strength and fair renown
Be sacrificed, to prop a tottering throne,

That, ages past, the world's great curse has stood,
Has throve on plunder, and been fed on blood. —
Americans! will you control such views?
Speak — for you must — you have no hour to lose.

COMMERCE¹

That internal commerce only, promotes the morals of a country situated
like America, and prevents its growth of luxury,
and its consequent vices

To every clime, through every sea
The bold adventurer steers;
In bounding barque, through each degree
His country's produce bears. —
How far more blest to stay at home
Than thus on Neptune's wastes to roam,
Where fervors melt, or frosts congeal —
Ah ye! with toils and hardships worn,
Condemn'd to face the briny foam;
Ah! from such fatal projects turn
The wave-dividing keel.

The product of the furrow'd plain —
Transferr'd to foreign shores,
To pamper pride and please the vain
The reign of kings restores:
Hence, every vice the sail imports,
The glare of crowns, the pomp of courts,
And War, with all his crimson train!
Thus man design'd to till the ground,
A stranger to himself is found —
Is sent to toil on yonder wave,
Is made the dreary ocean's sport,
Since commerce first to avarice gave
To sail the ocean round.

¹ From the edition of 1815.

How far more wise the grave Chinese,
Who ne'er remotely stray,
But bid the world surmount the seas
And hard-earn'd tribute pay.
Hence, treasure to their country flows
Freed from the danger, and the woes
Of distant seas and dreary shores.
There commerce breeds no foreign war;
At home they find their wants supplied,
And ask, why nations come so far
To seek superfluous stores?

Americans! why half neglect
The culture of your soil?
From distant traffic why expect
The harvest of your toil?
At home a surer harvest springs
From mutual interchange of things,
Domestic duties to fulfil. —
Vast lakes within your realm abound
Where commerce now expands her sail,
Where hostile navies are not found
To bend you to their will.

ON FALSE SYSTEMS¹

Of Government, and the Generally Debased Condition of Mankind
Does there exist, or will there come
An age with wisdom to assume,
The Rights by heaven designed;
The Rights which man was born to claim,
From Nature's God which freely came,
To aid and bless mankind. —

¹ Unique, as far as I can find, in the edition of 1809.

No monarch lives, nor do I deem
There will exist one crown supreme
 The world in peace to sway;
Whose first great view will be to place
On their true scale the human race,
 And discord's rage allay.

Republics! must the task be your's
To frame the code which life secures,
 And Right from man to man—
Are you, in Time's declining age,
Found only fit to tread the stage
 Where tyranny began?

How can we call those systems just
Which bid the few, the proud, the first
 Possess all earthly good;
While millions robbed of all that's dear
In silence shed the ceaseless tear,
 And leeches suck their blood.

Great orb, that on our planet shines,
Whose power both light and heat combines,
 You should the model be;
To man, the pattern how to reign
With equal sway, and how maintain
 True human dignity.

Impartially to all below
The solar beams unstinted flow,
 On all is poured the Ray,
Which cheers, which warms, which clothes the ground
In robes of green, or breathes around
 Life;—to enjoy the day.

But crowns not so;— with selfish views
They partially their bliss diffuse

Their minions feel them kind;—
And, still opposed to human right,
Their plans, their views in this unite,
To embroil and curse mankind.

Ye tyrants, false to Him, who gave
Life, and the virtues of the brave,
All worth we own, or know:—
Who made you great, the lords of man,
To waste with wars, with blood to stain
The Maker's works below?

You have no iron race to sway —
Illume them well with Reason's ray;
Inform our active race;
True honour, to the mind impart,
With virtue's precepts tame the heart,
Not urge it to be base;

Let laws revive, by heaven designed,
To tame the tiger in the mind
And drive from human hearts
That love of wealth, that love of sway
Which leads the world too much astray,
Which points envenomed darts:

And men will rise from what they are;
Sublimed, and superior, far,
Than Solon guessed, or Plato saw;
All will be just, all will be good —
That harmony, "not understood,"
Will reign the general law.

For, in our race, deranged, bereft,
The parting god some vestige left
Of worth before possessed;
Which full, which fair, which perfect shone
When love and peace, in concord sown,
Ruled, and inspired each breast.

Hence, the small Good which yet we find,
Is shades of that prevailing mind

Which sways the worlds around :—
Let these depart, once disappear,
And earth would all the horrors wear
In hell's dominions found.

Just, as yon' tree, which, bending, grows
To chance, not fate, its fortune owes ;
So man from some rude shock,
Some slighted power, some hostile hand,
Has missed the state by Nature planned,
Has split on passion's rock.

Yet shall that tree, when hewed away
(As human woes have had their day)
A new creation find :
The infant shoot in time will swell,
(Sublime and great from that which fell,)
To all that heaven designed.

What is this earth, that sun, these skies ;
If all we see, on man must rise,
Forsaken and oppressed —
Why blazes round the eternal beam,
Why, Reason, art thou called supreme,
Where nations find no rest. —

What are the splendours of this ball —
When life is closed, what are they all ?
When dust to dust returns
Does power, or wealth, attend the dead ;
Are captives from the contest led —
Is homage paid to urns ?

What are the ends of Nature's laws ;
What folly prompts, what madness draws

Mankind in chains, too strong: —
Nature, to us, confused appears,
On little things she wastes her cares,
The great seem sometimes wrong.

ON THE PROPOSED SYSTEM¹

Of State Consolidation, &c., about 1799

In thoughtless hour some much misguided men,
And more, who held a prostituted pen,
From monstrous creeds a monstrous system drew,
That every State into one kettle threw,
And boil'd them up until the goodly mass
Might for a kingdom, or a something, pass.
In the gay circle of saint James's placed,
From thence, no doubt, this modest plan they traced,
Suit with the splendor that surrounds a king,
Too many sigh'd, and wish'd to be that thing.
Thence came a book (where came it but from thence?)
Made up of all things but a grain of sense.
Lawyers and counsellors echo'd back the note
And lying journals praised the trash they wrote.

Though British armies could not long prevail,
Yet British politics may turn the scale:
In ten short years, of freedom weary grown,
The state, republic, sickens for a throne;
Senates and sycophants a pattern bring
A mere disguise for parliament and king.
A pensioned army! Whence a plan so base? —
A despot's safety, liberty's disgrace.
What saved these states from Britain's wasting hand,
Who but the generous rustics of the land,

¹ From the 1815 edition.

A free-born race, inured to every toil,
Who clear the forest and subdue the soil?
They tyrants banish'd from this injured shore,
And home-bred traitors may expel once more.

Ye, who have propp'd the venerated cause,
Who freedom honor'd, and sustain'd her laws!
When thirteen states are moulded into one,
Your rights are vanish'd and your glory gone;
The form of freedom will alone remain —
Rome had her senate when she hugg'd her chain.
Sent to revise our system, — not to change,
What madness that whole system to derange,
Amendments, only, was the plan in view,
You scorn amendments, and destroy it too.
How much deceived! would heroes of renown
Scheme for themselves, and pull the fabric down,
Bid in its place Columbia's column rise
Inscribed with these sad words, — Here freedom lies!

ON A PROPOSED NEGOTIATION¹

With the French Republic, and Political Reformation — 1799

Thus to the verge of battle brought
Reflection leads a happy thought,
Agrees, half way, the Gaul to meet,
Prepared to fight him or to treat.

Fatigued with long oppression's reign,
Tis time to break oppression's chain;
One gem we ravish'd from one crest
And time, perhaps, will take the rest.

¹ From the 1815 edition. An embassy, headed by Chief Justice Ellsworth, had been appointed by Adams early in 1799 for the purpose of negotiating a treaty with France, but owing to diplomatic tangles it did not depart until late in the year.

The revolutions of this age
(To swell the late historian's page)
Are but old prospects drawing near,
The outset of a new career.

What Plato saw, in ages fled,
What Solon to the Athenians said,
What fired the British Sydney's page,
The Solon of a modern age,

Is now unfolding to our view ;
A system liberal, great, and new,
Which from a long experience springs
And bodes a better course of things.

And will these States, whose beam ascends,
On whose resolve so much depends ;
Will these, whose Washington, or Greene,
Gave motion to the vast machine ;

Will these be torpid, careless found
To help the mighty wheel go round ;
These, who began the immortal strife,
And liberty preferr'd to life.

If not the cause of France we aid
Yet never should the word be said
That we, to royal patrons prone,
Made not the cause of man our own.

Could Britain here renew her sway,
And we a servile homage pay,
The coming age, too proud to yield,
Would drive her myriads from the field.

Time will mature the mighty scheme,
We build on no platonic dream ;
The light of truth shall shine again,
And save the democratic reign.

STANZAS TO AN ALIEN¹

Who after a Series of Persecutions emigrated to the Southwestern
Country. — 1799

Remote, beneath a sultry star,
Where Mississippi flows afar,
I see you rambling, God knows where.

Sometimes, beneath a cypress bough,
When met in dreams, with spirits low,
I long to tell you what I know.

How matters go, in this our day,
When monarchy renews her sway,
And royalty begins her play.

I thought you wrong to come so far
Till you had seen our western star
Above the mists ascended clear.

I thought you right, to speed your sails
If you were fond of loathsome jails,
And justice with uneven scales.

And so you came and spoke too free
And soon they made you bend the knee,
And lodged you under lock and key.

Discharged at last, you made your peace
With all you had, and left the place
With empty purse and meagre face.—

You sped your way to other climes
And left me here to teaze with rhymes
The worst of men in worst of times.

Where you are gone the soil is free
And freedom sings from every tree,
“Come quit the crowd and live with me!”

¹ From the 1815 edition.

Where I must stay, no joys are found;
Excisemen haunt the hateful ground,
And chains are forged for all around.

The scheming men, with brazen throat,
Would set a murdering tribe afloat
To hang you for the lines you wrote.

If you are safe beyond their rage
Thank heaven, and not our ruling sage,
Who shops us up in jail and cage.

Perdition seize that odious race
Who, aiming at distinguish'd place,
Would life and liberty efface;

With iron rod would rule the ball
And, at their shrine, debase us all,
Bid devils rise and angels fall.

Oh wish them ill, and wish them long
To be as usual in the wrong
In scheming for a chain too strong.

So will the happy time arrive
When coming home, if then alive,
You'll see them to the devil drive.

STANZAS¹

Written in Blackbeard's, the Pirate's, Castle, near the Town of St.
Thomas, in the West Indies. — 1799

The ancient knave, who raised these walls,
Now to oblivion half resign'd —
His fortress to the mind recalls
The nerve that stimulates mankind;

¹ Text from the 1815 edition.

When savage force exerts its part
And ruffian blood commands the heart.

This pirate, known to former days,
The scourge of these unhappy climes,
In this strong fabric thought to raise
A monument to future times:
To guard himself and guard his gold,
Or shelter robbers, uncontrol'd.

A standard on these walls he rear'd,
And here he swore the oath profane,
That by his god, and by his beard,
Sole, independent, he would reign;
And do his best to crush the sway
Of legal right and honesty.

Within these walls, and in these vaults,
Of princely power and wealth possess'd,
Dominion hung on all his thoughts,
And here he hoped an age of rest;
The wealth of princes flowing in
That from the Spaniards he did win.

He many a chief and captain awed,
Or chain'd with fetters, foot and hand;
Uncheck'd, his fleets he sent abroad,
Commission gave, conferr'd command;
And if his sailors skulk'd or fled,
He made them shorter — by a head.

Half Europe's flags he bade retire
From ponderous guns he hurl'd the ball —
He fill'd his glass with liquid fire
And drank damnation to them all:
For many a year he held the sway
And thousands at his mercy lay.

Confiding in his castle's strength
Mann'd by a fierce, heroic crew,
He blunder'd on till they at length,
The model of a city drew,
Where he might reign and be obey'd,
And be the tyrant of all trade.

Vain hope! his fort neglected stands
And, crumbling, hastens to decay; —
Where, once, he train'd his daring bands
The stranger scarcely finds his way:
The bushes in the castle grow
Where once he menaced friend and foe.

In this mysterious scene of things
There must be laws or who could live?
There must be laws to aid the wings
Of those who on the ocean strive
To earn by commerce, bold and free,
The honest gains of industry.

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA¹

No pleasure on earth can afford such delights,
As the heavenly view of these tropical nights:
The glow of the stars, and the breeze of the sea,
Are heaven — if heaven on ocean can be. —

The star of old Cancer is right overhead,
And the sun in the water has travelled to bed;
He is gone, as some say, to recline at his ease,
And not, like ourselves, to be pestered with fleas.

What pity that here is no insular spot,
Where quarrels, and murder, and malice are not:

¹ Unique in the edition of 1809.

Where a stranger might land, to recruit his worn crew,
Replenish the casks, and the water renew.

On this Empire of waves, this expanse of the main,
In the track we are sailing, no island is seen:
The glow of the stars, and the breath of the wind
Are lost! — for they bring not the scent of the land!

Huge porpoises swim, where there should be an isle,
Where an Eden might bloom, or a Cyprus might smile —
From Palma,* thus far, with a tedious delay,
Salt water and æther is all we survey!

Like an artist that's busy in melting his lead,
At random it falls, and is carelessly spread,
So Nature, though wisely the globe she has planned,
Left the surface to chance — to be sea, or be land.

STANZAS¹

To the memory of General WASHINGTON, who died December 14, 1799

Terra tegit, populus mare, calum habet!

Departing with the closing age
To virtue, worth, and freedom true,
The chief, the patriot, and the sage
To Vernon bids his last adieu:
To reap in some exalted sphere
The just rewards of virtue here.

Thou, Washington, by heaven design'd
To act a part in human things
That few have known among mankind,
And far beyond the task of kings;
We hail you now to heaven received,
Your mighty task on earth achieved.

* The most north-westerly of the Canary Islands. — *Freneau's note*

¹ From the 1815 edition.

While sculpture and her sister arts,
For thee their choicest wreaths prepare,
Fond gratitude her share imparts
And begs thy bones for burial there;
Where, near Virginia's northern bound
Swell the vast pile on federal ground.
To call from their obscure abodes
The Grecian chief, the Roman sage,
The kings, the heroes, and the gods
Who flourish'd in time's earlier age,
Would be to class them not with you, —
Superior far, in every view.

Those ancients of ferocious mould,
Blood their delight, and war their trade,
Their oaths profaned, their countries sold,
And fetter'd nations prostrate laid;
Could these, like you, assert their claim
To honor and immortal fame?

Those monarchs, proud of pillaged spoils,
With nations shackled in their train,
Returning from their desperate toils
With trophies, — and their thousands slain;
In all they did no traits are known
Like those that honor'd Washington.

Who now will save our shores from harms,
The task to him so long assign'd?

Who now will rouse our youth to arms
Should war approach to curse mankind?
Alas! no more the word you give,
But in your precepts you survive.

Ah, gone! and none your place supply,
Nor will your equal soon appear;
But that great name can only die
When memory dwells no longer here,
When man and all his systems must
Dissolve, like you, and turn to dust.

STANZAS¹

Upon the Same Subject with the Preceding

The chief who freed these suffering lands
From Britain's bold besieging bands,
The hero, through all countries known, —
The guardian genius of his own,

Is gone to that celestial bourne
From whence no traveller can return,
Where Scipio and where Trajan went;
And heaven reclaims the soul it lent.

Each heart with secret wo congeals;
Down the pale cheek moist sorrow steals,
And all the nobler passions join
To mourn, remember, and resign.

O ye, who carve the marble bust
To celebrate poor human dust,
And from the silent shades of death
Retrieve the form but not the breath,

Vain is the attempt by force of art
To impress his image on the heart:
It lives, it glows, in every breast,
And tears of millions paint it best.

Indebted to his guardian care,
And great alike in peace and war,
The loss they feel these States deplore, —
Their friend — their father — is no more.

What will they do to avow their grief?
No sighs, no tears, afford relief:
Dark mourning weeds but ill express
The poignant wo that all confess;

¹ From the 1815 edition.

Nor will the monumental stone
Assuage one tear — relieve one groan.

O Washington! thy honor'd dust
To parent nature we entrust;
Convinced that your exalted mind
Still lives, but soars beyond mankind,
Still acts in virtue's sacred cause,
Nor asks from man his vain applause.

In raptures with a theme so great,
While thy famed actions they relate,
Each future age from thee shall know
All that is good and great below;
Shall glow with pride to hand thee down
To latest time, to long renown,
The brightest name on freedom's page,
And the first honor of our age.

STANZAS¹

Occasioned by certain absurd, extravagant, and even blasphemous
panegyrics and encomiums on the character of the late Gen.

Washington, that appeared in several pamphlets, journals,
and other periodical publications, in January, 1800

No tongue can tell, no pen describe
The phrenzy of a numerous tribe,
Who, by distemper'd fancy led,
Insult the memory of the dead.

Of old, there were in every age
Who stuff'd with gods the historian's page,
And raised beyond the human sphere
Some who, we know, were mortal here.

¹ From the 1815 edition.

Such was the case, we know full well,
When darkness spread her pagan spell;
Mere insects, born for tombs and graves,
They changed into celestial knaves;
Made some, condemn'd to tombs and shrouds,
Lieutenant generals in the clouds.

In journals, meant to spread the news,
From state to state — and we know whose —
We read a thousand idle things
That madness pens, or folly sings.

Was, Washington, your conquering sword
Condemn'd to such a base reward?
Was trash, like that we now review,
The tribute to your valor due?

One holds you more than mortal kind,
One holds you all ethereal mind,
This puts you in your saviour's seat,
That makes you dreadful in retreat.

One says you are become a star,
One makes you more resplendent, far;
One sings, that, when to death you bow'd,
Old mother nature shriek'd aloud.

We grieve to see such pens profane
The first of chiefs, the first of men. —
To Washington — a man — who died,
As *abba father* well applied?

Absurdly, in a frantic strain,
Why ask him not for sun and rain? —
We sicken at the vile applause
That bids him give the ocean laws.

Ye patrons of the ranting strain,
What temples have been rent in twain?

What fiery chariots have been sent
To dignify the sad event? —

O, ye profane, irreverent few,
Who reason's medium never knew :
On you she never glanced her beams ;
You carry all things to extremes.

Shall they, who spring from parent earth,
Pretend to more than mortal birth?
Or, to the omnipotent allied,
Control his heaven, or join his side?

O, is there not some chosen curse,
Some vengeance due, with lightning's force
That far and wide destruction spreads,
To burst on such irreverent heads!

Had they, in life, be-praised him so,
What would have been the event, I know
He would have spurn'd them, with disdain,
Or rush'd upon them, with his cane.

He was no god, ye flattering knaves,
He own'd no world, he ruled no waves ;
But — and exalt it, if you can,
He was the upright, Honest Man.

This was his glory, this outshone
Those attributes you doat upon :
On this strong ground he took his stand,
Such virtue saved a sinking land.

TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD
RUTLEDGE, ESQ.¹

Late Governor of South Carolina

Removed from life's uncertain stage,
In virtue firm, in honor clear, —
One of the worthies of our age,
Rutledge! resigns his station here.

Alike in arts of war and peace,
And form'd by nature to excel,
From early Rome and ancient Greece,
He modell'd all his actions well.

When Britons came with chains to bind,
Or ravage these devoted lands,
He our firm league of freedom sign'd
And counsell'd how to break their bands.

To the great cause of honor true,
He took his part with manly pride,
His spirit o'er these regions flew,
The patriots' and the soldiers' guide.

In arts of peace, in war's bold schemes
Amongst our brightest stars he moved,
The Lees, the Moultries, Sumpters, Greenes —
By all admired, by all beloved.

A patriot of superior mould,
He dared all foreign foes oppose,
Till, from a tyrant's ashes cold,
The mighty pile of freedom rose.

¹ From the 1815 edition. Edward Rutledge was a member of the Continental Congress from South Carolina and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was a conspicuous figure during the whole war. He was elected governor of South Carolina in 1798, but died January 23, 1800, before completing his term.

In process of succeeding days
When peace resumed her joyous reign,
With laurel wreaths and twining bays
He sought less active life again.

There, warm to plead the orphan's cause
From misery's eye to dry the tear,
He stood where justice guards the laws
At once humane, at once severe.

'Twas not his firm enlighten'd mind,
So ardent in affairs of state;
'Twas not that he in armies shined
That made him so completely great:

Persuasion dwelt upon his tongue,
He spoke — all hush'd, and all were awed; —
From all he said conviction sprung,
And crowds were eager to applaud.

Thus long esteem'd, thus early loved,
The tender husband, friend sincere;
The parent, patriot, sage, approved,
Had now survived his fiftieth year —

Had now the highest honors met
That Carolina could bestow;
Presiding o'er that potent state
Where streams of wealth and plenty flow.

Where labor spreads her rural reign
To western regions bold and free;
And commerce on the Atlantic main
Wafts her rich stores of industry:

Then left this stage of human things
To shine in a sublimer sphere
Where time to one assemblage brings
All virtuous minds, all hearts sincere.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF PETER PORCUPINE¹

For England

A bird of night attends the sail
That now towards us turns her tail
With Porcupine, escaped from jail.

O may the sharks enjoy their bait :
He came such mischief to create
We wish him not a better fate.

This hero of the pension'd pen
Has left our shores, and left his den
To write at home for English men.

Five thousand dollars,² we may guess,
Have made his pension something less —
So, Peter left us, — in distress.

He writ, and writ, and writ so long *
That sheriff came, with writ more strong,
And he went off, and all went wrong.

May southern gales that vex the main,
Or Boreas, with his whistling train
Make Peter howl and howl again.

I hear him screech, I hear him shout ! —
The storm has put his Rush light † out —
I see him famish'd with sour crout.

* For several years he published newspapers and other periodical works in Philadelphia which had a vast circulation ; the whole scope and tendency of which was, as is well remembered, to render the republican institutions of this country contemptible, as well as odious to the people ; and by discontenting them with their government, to open the way for the introduction of a monarchical system. He was thought to be a pensioner of the English government ; but whether such or not is uncertain. — *Freneau's note.*

† A weekly pamphlet publication, in which the political as well as private character of Dr. Rush, and other persons of celebrity, was vilified to the lowest degree of scurrility, malignancy and falsehood. — *Id.*

¹ From the 1815 edition. William Cobbett sailed for England in June, 1800.

² Cobbett was sued by Dr. Rush for libel, was found guilty, and compelled to pay a fine of \$5,000.

May on the groaning vessel's side
All Neptune's ruffian strength be try'd
Till every seam is gaping wide.

And while the waves about him swell
May not one triton blow the shell
(A sign at sea of doing well):

But should he reach the british shore,
(The land that englishmen adore)
One trouble will he find and more:

His pen will run at such a rate,
His malice so provoke the great,
They soon will drive him out of date.

With broken heart and blunted pen
He'll sink among the little men
Or scribble in some Newgate den.

Alack, alack! he might have stay'd
And followed here the scribbling trade,
And lived without the royal aid.

But democratic laws he hated,
Our government he so be-rated
That his own projects he defeated.

He took his leave from Sandy-Hook,
And parted with a surly look,
That all observed and few mistook.

THE NAUTICAL RENDEZVOUS¹

Written at a house in Guadaloupe, in 1800, where they were collecting
Recruits for a Privateer

The ship preparing for the main
Enlists a wild, but gallant train,
Who in a moving jail would roam
Disgusted with the world at home.

They quit the fields and quit the trees
To seek their bread on stormy seas;
Perhaps to see the land no more,
Or see, but not enjoy the shore.

There must be some as this world goes
Who every joy and pleasure lose,
And round the world at random stray
To gain their bread the shortest way.

They hate the ax, they hate the hoe
And execrate the rural plough,
The mossy bank, the sylvan shade
Where once they wrought, where once they play'd:

Prefer a boisterous, mad career,
A broken leg, and wounds severe,
To all the joys that can be found
On mountain top or furrow'd ground.

A hammock holds them when they sleep;
A tomb, when dying, in the deep,
A crowded deck, a cann of beer
These sons of Amphitrite prefer
To all the verdure of the fields
Or all a quiet pillow yields.

¹ From the 1815 edition.

There must be such a nervous race,
 Who venture all, and no disgrace;
 Who will support through every blast,
 The shatter'd ship, the falling mast —
 Who will support through every sea
 The sacred cause of liberty,
 And every foe to ruin drag
 Who aims to strike the gallic flag.

TO THE MEMORY¹

Of the Late Ædanus Burke, Esq., of South-Carolina

*Quiesco — ubi sæva indignatio,
 Ulterius cor lacerare nequit!*

A land enslaved, his generous heart disdain'd
 Which tyrants fetter'd, and where tyrants reign'd:
 Disgusted there, he left the hibernian shore
 The laws that bound him, and the isle that bore.

Bold, open, free, he call'd the world his own,
 Preferr'd our new republics to a throne;
 And lent his aid their insults to repay,
 Repel the britons and to win the day.

In every art of subtlety untaught,
 He spoke no more, than "just the thing he ought;"
 For justice warm, he spurn'd, with just disdain,
 The mean evasion, and the law's chicane.

Burke! to thy shade we pay this last address,
 And only say what all, who knew, confess:

¹ From the edition of 1815. Ædanus Burke, a native of Ireland, died in Charleston, S. C., March 30, 1802. He was a soldier of the Revolution, a judge of the State Supreme Court, and a member of the first Federal Congress. He was a man of the purest patriotism, and his influence was wide and potent.

Your virtues were not of the milder kind,
 But rugged independence ruled your mind,
 And, stern, in all that binds to honor's cause,
 No interest sway'd you to desert her laws.

Then rest in peace, the portion of the just,
 Where Carolina guards your honor'd dust:
 Beneath a tree, remote, obscure, you sleep,
 But all the sister virtues, round you, weep;
 Your native worth, no tongue, no time arraigns,
 That last memorial, and the best remains!

TO THE
 REV. SAMUEL STANHOPE SMITH, D.D.¹

And president of Nassau-hall, at Princeton, New-Jersey, on the
 rebuilding of that noble edifice, which had been
 destroyed by fire

This honor'd pile, so late in ashes laid,
 Once more emerges, by your generous aid;
 Your aid, and their's, who through our vast domain,
 Befriend the muses, and their cause sustain.

¹ The text is from the edition of 1815. The interior of Nassau Hall was destroyed by fire March 6, 1802. The damage was promptly repaired by generous contributions from the alumni and friends of the institution. President Smith took an active part in the work of rebuilding and it was in no small measure due to his efforts that the edifice was so quickly restored.

Nassau Hall, the oldest and because of its historical associations the most interesting of the Princeton buildings, was erected in 1756 from plans drawn by Robert Smith and Dr. Shippen of Philadelphia. It was for many years the handsomest and most commodious academic structure in the colonies and as such attracted no little attention. During the Revolution it served repeatedly as barracks and hospital for both armies and suffered considerable damage. From the 26th of June until the 4th of November, 1783, it was the national capitol. Within its walls the Congress of the nation found a safe retreat and for more than four months held quiet session in the spacious library-room remote from the mutinous troops at Philadelphia. Here the Minister from the States General of Holland, the first ambassador accredited to America after the declaration of peace was received, and here the grateful acknowledgments of Congress were tendered Washington for his services in establishing the freedom and independence of the United States.

In flames involved, that stately fabric fell,
Where, long presiding, you deserved so well;
But to the dust when you beheld it fall,
The honor'd, famed, majestic, Nassau-Hall,
Not then repining in that darkened hour
Your native genius show'd its native power,
And plann'd the means to bid a structure rise
Pride of the arts, and favorite of the wise.
For this we saw you trace the unwearied mile
And saw the friends of Nassau on you smile;
They to your efforts lent their generous aid,
And every honor to your genius paid,
To the firm patron of the arts they gave
What Alfred lavish'd, and what arts should have.

For this we saw you rove the southern waste
In our Columbia's milder climates placed,
Those happier shores, where Carolina proves
The friend of Princeton's academic groves,
Where Georgia owns the wreath to science due
And honor'd science, genius, art, and you:
And Charleston every generous wish return'd,
Sigh'd for the loss, and for her favorite mourn'd,
Proud of her sons, who by your cares are seen
Lights of the world, and pride of social man.
There Ramsay met you, esculapian sage,
The famed historian of a warring age,
His word gave vigor to your vast design,
And his strong efforts equall'd all but thine.

Nassau revived, from thence in time proceed
Chiefs, who shall empire sway, or legions lead,
Who, warm'd with all that philosophic glow
Which Greece, or Rome, or reasoning powers bestow,
Shall to mankind the friends and guardians be
Shall make them virtuous, and preserve them free.

From that lost pile, which, now to ashes turn'd;
The sage regretted and the muses mourn'd,
Sprung, once, a race who firm to freedom's cause,
Repell'd oppression and despotic laws,
Unscepter'd kings, or one at least dismiss'd,
With half the lords and prefects on his list:
Such, early, here imbibed the sacred flame
That glanced from heaven, or from true science came;
With these enroll'd, be every honor done
To our firm statesman, patriot, Madison,
Form'd to the purpose of a reasoning age,
To raise its genius, and direct its rage.

This tribute from a friendly heart receive,
O Smith! which must your kind indulgence crave,
If half a stranger to the poet's lay,
It fails your just, your due reward to pay.

STANZAS

PUBLISHED AT THE PROCESSION TO THE TOMB OF
THE PATRIOTS

In the Vicinity of the Former Stations of the Prison Ships, at New-York.¹

Beneath these banks, along this shore,
And underneath the waters, more
Forgotten corpses rest;
More bones by cruelty consigned
To death, than shall be told mankind
To chill the feeling breast:
More bones of those who, dying here
In floating dungeons, anchored near,
A prey to fierce disease,
Than fame in her recording page
Will tell some late enquiring age,
When telling things like these.

¹ From the edition of 1809.

Ah me! what ills, what sighs, what groans,
What spectre forms, what moving moans,
What woes on woes were found;
When here oppressed, insulted, crossed,
The vigour of the soul was lost
In miseries thickening round.

The youths of firm undaunted mind,
To climate nor to coast confined,
All misery taught to bear —
I saw them, as the sail they spread,
I saw them by misfortune led
To capture, and to care.

Though night and storms were round them cast,
They climbed the well-supported mast,
And reefed the fluttering sail;
Though thunders roared and lightnings glared,
They toil, nor death, nor danger feared,
They braved the loudest gale. —

Great Cause, that brought them all their woe:
Thou, Freedom! — bade their spirits glow;
But forced, at last, to yield,
Died in despair each sickening crew:
They vanished from the world — but you,
Columbia, kept the field.

They sunk, unpitied, in their bloom, —
They scarcely found a shallow tomb
To hide the naked bones:
For, feeble was the nervous hand
That once could toil, or once command
The force of Neptune's sons.

In aid of that immortal cause
Which spurned at England's tyrant laws,

These passed the troubled main ;
They dared the seas she called her own,
To meet the ruffians of a throne,
And honour's purpose gain.

All generous — while that power was proved,
To war the brave adventurers moved,
And caught the seaman's art,
Met on their own domain, the crew
Of foreign slaves, that never knew
The independent heart.

Thou, Independence, vast design ;
The efforts of the brave were thine,
When doubtful all, and dark ;
It was a chaos to explore ;
It seemed all sea, without a shore,
Nor on that sea an ark.

For You, the young, the firm, the brave,
Too often met an early grave,
Unnoticed and unknown :
On naked shores were seen to lie,
In scorching heats were doomed to die
With agonizing groan.

By strength, or chance, if some survived
Disease, which hosts of life deprived,
That life they should devote,
To venture all in Freedom's cause,
To combat tyrants, and their laws,
So felt near this sad spot.

Yes — and the spirit which began,
(We swear by all that's great in man)
That spirit shall go on,
To brighten and illume the mind,
'Till tyrants vanish from mankind
And Tyranny is Done.

THE TOMB OF THE PATRIOTS¹ *

Quae Tiberine, videbis

Funera, cum, tumulum praeter labore recentum ! *Virg.*

When Philip's son possess'd his native lands
 And train'd on grecian fields his grecian bands,
 In Thebes subdued, or Athens near her fall,
 He saw no honor, or despised it all.
 To be reduced to universal sway
 The world's vast prospect in perspective lay ; —
 While yet restricted to Larissa's plain
 He cursed his fortune for a lot so mean,
 On all his steps the gloom of sadness hung,
 And fierce resentment all his bosom stung
 That fortune's whim restrain'd to such a floor,
 Had done so little, and might do no more.
 Mercantile Tyre his laboring mind oppress'd,
 The persian throne deprived his soul of rest —
 The world his stage, he meant to play his part,
 And unsubjected India gall'd his heart !

Look to the east where Tamerlane display'd
 His crescent † moons and nations prostrate laid,
 March where he would, the world before him bow'd
 In conquest mighty, as of conquest proud —
 What was the event ? let tragic story tell
 While sad sensations in the bosom swell —

¹ From the edition of 1815.* Occasioned by the general procession of many thousands of the citizens of New York on the 26th of May, 1808, to inter the bones and skeletons of american prisoners who perished in the old Jersey, and other prison ships, during the revolutionary war ; and which were now first discovered by the wasting of the shores and banks on Long Island, where they had been left. — *Freneau's note.*† The three crescent moons in the turkish military standard, which had their origin, it is said, from the asiatic Tartars. Timurbeck (or Tamerlane) was of tartarian extraction. — *Freneau's note.*

What were the effects? in every step we trace
The wasteful havoc of a royal race,
Once fertile fields a howling desert made
The town in ashes, or the town decay'd,
Degraded man to native wildness turn'd,
His prospects clouded and his commerce spurn'd —
If such the outset of this mad career
What will the last disgusting scene appear,
Of all he conquer'd, when no more remains
Than vagrant subjects, or unpeopled plains!

Thus, when ambition prompts the ardent mind,
The soul, eccentric, frantic, unconfined,
To peace a stranger, soars to heights unknown,
And, slighting reason, yields the will to none;
Mere passion rules, degrading powers prevail,
And cool reflection quits the unbalanced scale.
It leaves the haunts of happiness and rest
To float on winds, disorder'd and unblest,
Quits all the calm that nature meant for man
To find some prize, or form the aspiring plan;
That plan ungain'd, the object cheats the view,
Or, if attain'd, they other marks pursue;
Till all is closed in disappointment's shade
And folly wonders at the flight she made:
Ambition's self finds every prospect vain,
The visions vanish, and the glooms remain.

And such the vice, with nations as with man,
Such the great failing since the world began:
To power exalted, as to power they rose
By honest toils, and humbling all their foes;
That zenith gain'd, they covet vast domains
And all, that pride from vast possession gains,
Till glittering visions bring the uneasy sigh
And uncontrol'd dominion blasts the eye.

Britain! we cite you to our bar, once more;
What but ambition urged you to our shore? —
To abridge our native rights, seven years you strove;
Seven years were ours your arm of death to prove,
To find, that conquest was your sovereign view;
Your aims, to fetter, humble, and subdue,
To seize a soil which not your labor till'd
When the rude native scarcely we repell'd,
When, with unbounded rage, their nations swore
To hurl the out-law'd stranger from their shore,
Or swell the torrent with their thousands slain
No more to approach them, or molest their reign. —

What did we ask? — what right but reason owns?
Yet even the mild petition met your frowns.
Submission, only, to a monarch's will
Could calm your rage, or bid your storm be still,

Before our eyes the angry shades appear
Of those, whose relics we this day inter:
They live, they speak, reproach you, and complain
Their lives were shorten'd by your galling chain:
They aim their shafts, directed to your breast, —
Let rage, and fierce resentment tell the rest.

These coffins, tokens of our last regard,
These mouldering bones your vengeance might have
spared. —

If once, in life, they met you on the main,
If to your arms they yielded on the plain, —
Man, once a captive, all respect should claim
That Britain gave, before her days of shame.
How changed their lot! in floating dungeons thrown,
They sigh'd unpitied, and relieved by none:
In want of all that nature's wants demand,
They met destruction from some traitor's hand,

Who treated all with death or poison here,
Or the last groan, with ridicule severe.

A sickening languor to the soul returns
And kindling passion at the motive spurns:
The murders here, did we at length display
Would more than paint an indian tyrant's sway:
Then hush the theme, and to the dust restore
These, once so wretched near Manhattan's shore,
When tyrants ruled, whose hearts no mercy felt:
In blood they wallow'd as in death they dealt.

Thou who shalt come, by sad reflection taught,
To seek on Nassau's isle this lonely vault;
Think, when surveying this too gloomy scene,
Think what, had heaven decreed, you might have been.
When, with the rest, you pass'd the weary hour
Chain'd or subjected to some ruffian's power,
Think, as you see the sad procession pass'd,
Think what these are, and you must be at last. —

Learn, as you hope to find your heart's applause,
To love your country and respect her laws;
Revere the sages, who your rights explain'd,
Revere the patriots, who your cause sustain'd.
Your country's Hero, rising to your view,
Attend his precepts, and with care pursue,
He first to shield you, rais'd his powerful arm,
To honor steady as for freedom warm;
When she relumed her half-extinguish'd fire,
Then, not till then, did Washington retire,
And left a light, a radiance to display,
And mark his efforts, when he led the way.
When war's long waste your independence crown'd
And Hudson heard th' invigorating sound!
His was the task; to him the part assign'd
To paralyze the vultures of mankind.

Admit no tyrants, to debase your minds;
Some selfish motive to all tyrants binds;
If robed in ermine or in scarlet clad,
The worst of idiots is a king run mad:
And Rome's worst prince accomplish'd by a word
No more, than by his councils, George the third!

How oft has rugged nature charged my pen
With gall, to shed it on that worst of men,
Who, dumb to all that reason might decide,
Mankind, their reason, and their prayers defy'd:
Who, firm to all that phrenzy could pursue,
Explored the ancient world, to chain the new;
And tired the despot, search'd each dark recess,
And ransack'd hell, to find the hireling hesse: —
Could he be here, a witness to this day,
With calm delight he would this scene survey,
Would see unmoved, with apathy of mind,
The gaping vault, this havoc of mankind!
Without a tear, these mouldering bones review,
That fell by ruffian hands — employ'd by you.

His phrenzy, rampant with the right divine,
Inspired a nation with a black design,
To blast with poison, like a wizard's spell,
And plant on man the characters of hell! —

Thou, who shalt come, of feeling mind possest,
And, heaven's first gift, the patriotic breast,
On this bleak coast, to tread the island plain,
Think, what revenge disgraced a monarch's reign!
Who, not content with wealth and power we gave,
Forgot the subject, to enthrall the slave:
Such was his hope; —that hope to realize
He sent his myriads to demand the prize;
What were the splendid trophies he acquired?
Were these bleach'd bones the trophies he admired?

While passion fires, or kindred sorrows fall,
Ask not, if this sequester'd cell is all,
Is all that honors these collected bones? —
Enough is done to stigmatize all thrones:
Ask not, while passion with resentment fires,
Why to the skies no monument aspires? —
Enough is done to rouse the patriot glow
And bid the rising race your feelings know.

ON THE PEAK OF PICO

ONE OF THE AZORES, OR WESTWARD ISLANDS¹

Attracted to this airy steep
Above the subject hills,
Ocean, from his surrounding deep
The urn of Pico fills.
Thence gushing streams, unstinted, stray
To glad the mountain's side;
Or, winding through the vallies, gay,
Through fields, and groves, and vineyards glide.
To him the plains their verdure owe
Confessing what your smiles bestow,
Thou Peak of the Azores.

From day to day the unwearied sail
Surveys your towering cone,
And when th' adjacent prospects fail,
And neighboring isles no more they hail,
You meet the eye alone.
Twice forty miles the exploring eye
Discerns you o'er the waste,

¹ From the edition of 1815. Freneau sailed for the Madeira Islands May 12, 1803, arriving there on June 23. He was back in Charleston on August 16 following.

Now, a blue turret in the sky
When not by mists embraced.
Long may you stand, the friendly mark,
To those who sail afar,
A spot that guides the wandering barque,
A second polar star.

A BACCHANALIAN DIALOGUE

Written 1803¹

Arrived at Madeira, the island of vines,
Where mountains and vallies abound,
Where the sun the wild juice of the cluster refines,
To gladden the magical ground :

As pensive I stray'd in her elegant shade,
Now halting and now on the move,
Old Bacchus I met, with a crown on his head,
In the darkest recess of a grove.

I met him with awe, but no symptom of fear
As I roved by his mountains and springs,
When he said with a sneer, "how dare you come here,
You hater of despots and kings?—

Do you know that a prince, and a regent renown'd
Presides in this island of wine?
Whose fame on the earth has encircled it round
And spreads from the pole to the line?

Haste away with your barque: on the foam of the main
To Charleston I bid you repair:
There drink your Jamaica, that maddens the brain;
You shall have no Madeira—I swear."

¹ From edition of 1815.

“Dear Bacchus,” (I answered) for Bacchus it was
That spoke in this menacing tone:
I knew by the smirk and the flush on his face
It was Bacchus, and Bacchus alone —

“Dear Bacchus, (I answered) ah, why so severe? —
Since your nectar abundantly flows,
Allow me one cargo — without it I fear
Some people will soon come to blows:

I left them in wrangles, disorder, and strife,
Political feuds were so high,
I was sick of their quarrels, and sick of my life,
And almost requested to die.”

The deity smiling, replied, “I relent: —
For the sake of your coming so far,
Here, taste of my choicest — go, tell them repent,
And cease their political war.

With the cargo I send, you may say, I intend
To hush them to peace and repose;
With this present of mine, on the wings of the wind
You shall travel, and tell them, here goes

A health to old Bacchus! who sends them the best
Of the nectar his island affords,
The soul of the feast and the joy of the guest,
Too good for your monarchs and lords.

No rivals have I in this insular waste,
Alone will I govern the isle
With a king at my feet, and a court to my taste,
And all in the popular style.

But a spirit there is in the order of things,
To me it is perfectly plain,
That will strike at the scepters of despots and kings,
And only king Bacchus remain.”

STANZAS WRITTEN AT THE ISLAND OF
MADEIRA¹

On the fatal and unprecedented torrents of water which collected from the mountains on the ninth of October, 1803, and destroyed a considerable part of the city of Funchal, drowned a vast number of people, and damaged, to a great amount, several plantations and villages in that neighborhood.

The rude attack, if none will tell,
On Bacchus, in his favorite isle;
If none in verse describe it well,
If none assume a poet's style
These devastations to display; —
Attend me, and perhaps I may.

To those who own the feeling heart
This tragic scene I would present,
No fiction, or the work of art,
Nor merely for the fancy meant:
Twas all a shade, a darken'd scene,
Old Noah's deluge come again!

From hills beyond the clouds that soar,
The vaults of heaven, the torrents run,
And rushing with resistless power,
Assail'd the island of the sun:
Fond nature saw the blasted vine,
And seem'd to sicken and repine.

As skyward stream'd the electric fire
The heavens emblazed, or wrapt in gloom;
The clouds appear, the clouds retire
And terror said, "the time is come
When all the groves, and hill, and plain
Will sink to ocean's bed again."

¹ From the edition of 1815. Freneau sailed from Charleston January 25, 1804, and on March 7 he arrived at Madeira. On April 15 he was at Santa Cruz, and on May 11 he sailed for home.

The cheery god, who loves to smile
And gladness to the heart bestows,
Almost resolved to quit his isle,
And in unwonted passion rose;
He sought his caves in wild dismay
And left the heavens to have their way.

The whistling winds had ceased to blow;
Not one, of all the aerial train—
No gale to aid that night of wo
Disturb'd the slumbers of the main;
In distant woods they silent slept;
Or, in the clouds, the tempest kept.

The bursting rains in seas descend,
Machico* heard the distant roar,
And lightnings, while the heavens they rend,
Show'd ruin marching to the shore:
Egyptian darkness brought her gloom
And fear foreboded nature's doom.

The heavens on fire, an ocean's force
Seized forests, vineyards, herds, and men,
And swelling streams from every source
Bade ancient chaos come again:
Through Fonchal's† road their courses held
And ocean saw his waves repell'd.

Ill fated town! — what works of pride
In one short hour were swept away!
Huge piles that time had long defy'd,
In ruthless ruin scatter'd lay:
Some buried in the opening deep—
With crowds dismiss'd to endless sleep,

* A distant village on the island. — *Freneau's note.*

† The capital town of the island. — *Ibid.*

From her fond arms the daughter torn,
The mother saw destruction near;
Both on the whirling surge were borne,
Forgetful of the farewell tear:
At distance torn, with feeble cries,
Far from her arms the infant dies.

Her dear delight, her darling boy
In morn of days and dawning bloom,
This opening bud of promised joy
Too early found a watery tomb,
Or floated on the briny waste;
No more beloved, no more embraced.

From heights immense, with force unknown,
Enormous rocks and mangled trees
Were headlong hurl'd and hurrying down,
Fix'd their foundation in the seas!
Or, rushing with a mountain's weight,
Hurl'd to the deeps their domes of state.

On heaven intent the affrighted priest
Where church was left, to churches ran,
With suppliant voice the skies address,
And wail'd the wickedness of man:
For which he thought, this scourge was meant,
And, weeping, said, repent, repent!

But Santa Clara's lofty walls,
Where pines through life the pious nun,
Whose prison to the mind recalls
What superstition's power has done:
No conquest there the floods essay'd,
Religion guarded man and maid.

What seem'd beyond the cannon's power,
The walls of rock, were torn away;
To ruin sunk the church and tower,

And no respect the flood would pay
 To silver saints, or saints of wood,
 The bishop's cap, the friar's hood.

Hard was their fate! more happy thou
 The lady of the mountain tall; *
 When desolation raged below
 She stood secure, and scorn'd it all,
 Where Gordon, † for retirement, chose
 His groves, his gardens, and the muse.

Who on this valley's drowning bed
 Would plan a street, or build again,
 Unthinking as the Brazen head ‡
 For wretches builds a source of pain,
 A church, a street, that soon or late
 May share the same, or a worse fate.

Let some vast bridge assume their place
 Like those the romans raised of old,
 With arches, firm as nature's base,
 Of architecture grand and bold;
 So will the existing race engage
 The thanks of a succeeding age.

Pontinia § long must wear the marks
 Of this wide-wasting scene of wo,

* Nossa Senyora da Montana, a fine church on a high eminence in the mountains. — *Freneau's note*.

† A respectable gentleman of the island. — *Ibid*.

‡ A rocky promontory a few miles eastward of the capital. — *Ibid*.

§ The western quarter, near the Loo fort, where is the only eligible place of landing. — *Ibid*.

GENERAL NOTE.

From the best accounts that could be procured at Madeira, there perished in and near the city of Funchal, five hundred and fifty persons. The ravages were chiefly confined to the eastern parts of the town where the loss was immense in bridges, houses, streets and other property, public as well as private — there was one magnificent church totally destroyed, standing near the sea, and called in the

Where near the Loo, the tar embarks
When prosperous winds, to waft him, blow :
These ravages may time repair,
But he and I will not be there.

ON THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE

1804¹

No mean, no human artist laid
The base of this prodigious pile,
The towering peak — but nature said
Let this adorn Tenaria's isle ;
And be my work for ages found
The polar star to islands round.

The conic-point that meets the skies
Indebted to volcanic fire,
First from the ocean bid to rise,
To heaven was suffer'd to aspire ;
But man, ambitious, did not dare
To plant one habitation there :

portuguese tongue, Nossa Senyora du Caillou (lady of the beach) besides this, there were five handsome chapels carried away. Five very considerable streets with their immense stone buildings have entirely disappeared, or but some insignificant parts remaining. The water rose in a short space of time from 14 to 16 feet in the adjacent parts of the city, and bursting into the buildings, where it did not much injure the latter, it greatly damaged the merchantile property lodged therein. There were about two hundred persons supposed to be lost in other parts of the island, particularly in the villages, and small towns. The following circumstance it was asserted, added not a little to the devastations occasioned by the accumulation of water in the vallies. The governor, with several other considerable landholders in the mountains, had, for several years back, been in the practice of erecting stone dams across the vast and spacious valley above the city, at different intervals of distance for the purpose of watering the adjacent grounds, or leading off streams in a variety of directions — when the immense body of rain fell in October last, all this gave way, and carried death and destruction therewith. — *Freneau's note.*

¹ From the edition of 1815.

For torrents from the mountain came ;
What molten floods were seen to glow !
Expanded sheets of vivid flame,
To inundate the world below !
These, older than the historian's page
Once bellow'd forth vext nature's rage.

In ages past, as may again,
Such lavas from those ridges run.
And hastening to the astonish'd main
Exposed earth's entrails to the sun ;
These, barren, once, neglected, dead,
Are now with groves and pastures spread.

Upon the verdant, scented lawn
The flowers a thousand sweets disperse,
And pictures, there, by nature drawn,
Inspire some island poet's verse,
While streams through every valley rove
To bless the garden, grace the grove.

To blast a scene above all praise
Should fate, at last, be so severe,
May this not hap' in Julia's * days, —
While Barrey * dwells all honor'd, here :
While Little * lives, of generous mind,
Or Armstrong, * social as refined. —

* A lady, and gentlemen of the first respectability, then residing at Santa Cruz, san Christoval de Laguna, and Port Oratava in the island of Teneriffe, — *Freneau's note.*

ANSWER TO A CARD OF INVITATION

To visit a nunnery at Garrichica, on the north side of Teneriffe¹

It came to hand, your friendly card,
No doubt, a token of regard;
But time is short, and I must leave
Your pensive town of Oratave,
And, soon departing, well you know,
Have many a weary mile to go.

Then stay and sip Canary wines,
While I return to oaks and pines,
To rail at kings, or court the muse,
To smoke a pipe, or turn recluse,
To think upon adventures past
To think of what must come at last —
To drive the quill — and — to be brief,
To think no more of Teneriffe. —

How happy you who once a week,
Can storm a fort at Garrichique,
Or talk, familiar with the nuns
Secluded there with Levi's sons;
To see them smile, or hear them prate,
Or chant, and chat behind the grate!
All this is heaven, I half suspect,
And who would such a heaven neglect?
All I can say is what I mean,
May you embrace each Iphigene,
And hug and kiss them all the while,
These fair Calypsoes of the isle:
Then if what Sappho said, be true,
Blest as the immortal gods are you.

¹ From the edition of 1815.

For me, not favor'd so by fate,
I venture not behind the grate :
There dragons guard the golden fleece,
And nymphs immured find no release :
Forbidden fruit you weekly see,
Forbidden fruit on every tree,
When he who tastes, may look for strife,
Where he who touches ventures life.
The jealous priests, with threatening eye
Look hard at all approaching nigh :
The monks have charge of brittle ware,
The friar bids you have a care ;
That they alone the fruit may eat
That fills religion's last retreat :
The mother abbess looks as sour'd
As if you had the fruit devour'd,
And bids the stranger haste away, —
Not rich enough for fruit to pay.

How much unlike, our western fair,
Who breathe the sweets of freedom's air ;
Go where they please, do what they will,
Themselves are their own guardians still : —
Then come, and on our distant shore
Some blooming rural nymph adore ;
And do not make the day remote,
For time advances, quick as thought,
When thus some grave rebuke will say
When you approach the maiden gay :
' You should have courted in your prime,
' Our Anastasia's, at that time
' When blood ran quick, and Hymen said,
' Colin ! my laws must be obey'd.'

Your card to slight, I'm much distrest,
Your card has robb'd me of my rest :

Should I attempt the nuns to accost
The priests might growl, and all be lost :
My cash might fail me when to pay ;
No chance, perhaps, to run away ; —
So, I decline the needless task
Return to Charleston, with the cask
Of wine, you send from Teneriffe,
To glad some hearts, and dry up grief :

I add, some dangerous neighbors here
May disappoint my hopes I fear ;
The breakers near the vessel roll ;
The lee-ward shore, the rocky shoal !
The whitening seas that constant lave
The craggy strand of Oratave ;
The expected gale, the adjacent rock
Each moment threatens all our stock,
And Neptune, in his giant cup
Stands lurking near, to gulp it up.
But here's a health to Neptune's sons
Who man the yard — nor dream of nuns.

ON SENIORA JULIA

Leaving a Dance, under Pretence of Drowsiness¹

She, at the soul enlivening, ball,
And in the lamp illumined hall
But small amusement found ;
She shunn'd the cards' bewitching play,
She shunn'd the noisy and the gay,
Nor cared for music's sound.

No nymph discover'd so much spleen,
Was so reserved as Julia, seen

¹ From the edition of 1815.

On that enchanting night :
 And yet she had her part to say
 When young Almagro shared the play,
 Then cards were her delight.

But he retired, amid the dance ;
 He heard, he said, of news from France,
 And of a serious cast :
 He wish'd to know beyond all doubt,
 What Bonaparte was now about,
 How long his sway would last.

Then, Julia made a good retreat,
 But left the assembly incomplete ;
 She was with sleep oppress'd. —
 Who shall the midnight dance prolong
 Who lead the minuet, raise the song
 Where Julia is no guest?

Yet, love declared her judgment right,
 And whisper'd, when she bade good night
 And feign'd an aching head,
 " While some retreat and some advance,
 Let them enjoy the festive dance,
 You, Julia, go to bed."

LINES ON SENIORA JULIA

of Port Oratave¹

Adorn'd with every charm that beauty gives,
 That nature lends, or female kind receives,
 Good sense and virtue on each feature shine ;
 She is — she is not — yes, she is divine.
 She speaks, she moves with all attracting grace,
 And smiles display the angel on the face ;

¹ From the edition of 1815.

Her aspect all, what female would not share?
 What youth but worship, with a mind so fair?

In this famed isle, the cloud-capp'd Teneriffe,
 Where health abounds and languor finds relief;
 In this bright isle, where Julia treads the plain,
 What rapture fires the bosom of the swain!
 At her approach, the breast untaught to glow,
 Like the vast peak, retains eternal snow.
 Feels not the first, best ardors of the mind;
 Respect and awe, to love and friendship join'd.

When to Laguna's * heights she deigns to stray,
 To myrtle bowers, and gardens ever gay,
 Where spring eternal on the fragrant grove
 Breathes the bright scenes of harmony and love;
 All eyes, attracted, by her graceful mein
 View her, the unrivall'd favorite of the green,
 And when, too soon, she would the garden leave,
 See Paradise forsaken by its Eve.

Return bright nymph, attractive as admired,
 And be what Plato from your sex required;
 Mild as your clime, that rarely knows a storm,
 The angelic nature in a female form.
 Canary's † towns their splendid halls prepare,
 But all is dark, when Julia is not there.
 Not Oratava, on the sea-beat shore,
 In her gay circles finds one Julia more,
 Not high Lavelia ‡ boasts so sweet a face;
 Not Garrachica could yourself replace;
 Not old Laguna can supply your loss,
 Nor yet the city of the holy-cross. §

* An ancient town once the capital. Four miles from the sea. — *Freeman's note.*

† Canary, a large island south eastward of Teneriffe. — *Ibid.*

‡ An old city in the mountains. — *Ibid.*

§ Santa Cruz, the Capital; on the southeast quarter of the island. — *Ibid.*

Where love and passion, from the world conceal'd :
Devotion's winter has to frost congeal'd ;
Yet beauty, there, adorns the brilliant dome,
Invites her loves, and bids her votaries come ;
Fair Santa-Cruz her beauty, too, commands,
And, was but Julia there, unrivall'd stands.

Flush'd with the blessings of the generous vine,
The island bards, to honor you, combine ;
The stranger guest, all tongues, when you appear,
Confess you, lovely, charming, all things dear ;
Among the rest, accept my homely lay :
The last respect I can to Julia pay :
A different subject soon my verse awaits,
Contending powers, or disunited states ;
Yet shall remembrance renovate the past,
And, when you die, your name unfading last :
Though mists obscure, or oceans round me swell,
To the deep seas I go, the world to tell
That Julia, foremost, does this isle engage,
And moves the first, bright Venus of my page.

ON A RURAL NYMPH

Descending from one of the Madeira mountains, with a bundle of fuel
wood, on her head¹

Six miles, and more, with nimble foot
She came from some sequestered spot,
A handsome, swarthy, rustic maid
With furze and fern, upon her head :
The burthen hid a bonnet blue,
The only hat, perhaps, she knew,
No slippers on her feet were seen ;
Yet every step display'd a mein

From the edition of 1815.

As if she might in courts appear,
Though placed by wayward fortune here.

An english man, who saw her, said,
Your burthen is too heavy laid,
Dear girl your lot is rather hard,
And, after all, a poor reward:
This is not labor suiting you,
Come with me home to England go,
And you shall have a coach and four,
A silken gown — and something more.

‘Disturb me not (the girl replied)
‘I choose to walk — let others ride:
‘I would not leave yond’ rugged hill
‘To have your London at my will —
‘You are too great for such as I: —’
When thus the briton made reply:

‘Had I but thirty years to spare,
‘And you precisely what you are,
‘Had seen you thirty years ago
‘In style of living, high or low,
‘You should have been a lady gay,
‘And dizzen’d out as fine as May:
‘Why stay you here, to face the sun,
‘And drudging till the day is done,
‘While little to the purse it brings
‘But little store of little things?’

She said, ‘before the sun was up
‘I finish’d with my chocolate cup:
‘A hank of yarn I fairly spun,
‘And, when the hank of yarn was done,
‘To have a fire, and cook our mess
‘I travell’d yonder wilderness;

‘ I climb’d a mountain very tall,
‘ Unwearied, and without a fall,
‘ And gather’d up this little pack
‘ Which now you see me carrying back ; —
‘ Your northern girls at this might laugh,
‘ But such a jaunt would kill them half —
‘ Disturb me not, I must go on ;
‘ Ten minutes, while I talk, are gone.’ —

 If she grew rich by hanks of yarn,
Is more than we shall ever learn ;
If thrive she did by climbing hills,
No history or tradition tells ;
But this we know, and this we say,
That where a despot holds the sway,
To pay the tax of king and queen
The common herd are poor and mean.
The slaves of lords the slaves of priests,
And nearly saddled, like the beasts. —
Where liberty erects her reign
Dulcina would have had her swain,
With horse and cow — which she had not,
Nor ever to possess them thought :
She would have had, to save her feet,
A pair of shoes and suit complete.
A decent dress, and not of rags,
A state above the rank of hags ;
A language if not over fine,
At least above the beggar’s whine.
Yet such attend on fortune’s frowns,
And such support the pride of crowns.

ON GENERAL MIRANDA'S EXPEDITION

Towards the Caraccas, Spanish Provinces in South America,
February—1805¹

To execute a vast design,
The soul, Miranda, was not thine:
With you the fates did not combine
To make an empire free.
We saw you spread Leander's sail,
We saw the adverse winds prevail,
Sad omen that the cause would fail
That led you to the sea.

By feeble winds the sail was fill'd
By feebler hands the helm was held —
We saw you from the port repell'd *
You might have made your own.
We saw you leave a manly crew
To the base spaniard, to imbrue
His hands in blood — and not a few
Were on his mercy thrown:

In dungeons vile they pass'd the day,
Far from their country, far away
From pitying friends, from liberty!
That years could scarce retrieve!
Twas thus Miranda play'd his game;
But who with him should share the blame?
Perhaps if we the men did name,
Credulity would not believe!

¹ From the edition of 1815. Miranda was a Spanish-American revolutionist, who devoted his life to the emancipation of Venezuela from Spanish rule. His first expedition was a failure.

* Porto Cavallo, or Cabello, a seaport town of Terra Firma, in South America, on the coast of the Caraccas, and the Caribbean Sea; said to have been the first object of Miranda's expedition. — *Frenau's note.*

ON THE ABUSE OF HUMAN POWER

As exercised over opinion¹

What human power shall dare to bind
The mere opinions of the mind?
Must man at that tribunal bow
Which will no range to thought allow,
But his best powers would sway or sink,
And idly tells him what to Think?

Yes! there are such, and such are taught
To fetter every power of thought;
To chain the mind, or bend it down
To some mean system of their own,
And make religion's sacred cause
Amenable to human laws.

Has human power the simplest claim
Our hearts to sway, our thoughts to tame;
Shall she the rights of heaven assert,
Can she to falsehood truth convert,
Or truth again to falsehood turn,
And at the test of reason spurn?

All human sense, all craft must fail
And all its strength will nought avail,
When it attempts with efforts blind
To sway the independent mind,
Its spring to break, its pride to awe,
Or give to private judgment, law.

Oh impotent! and vile as vain,
They, who would native thought restrain!
As soon might they arrest the storm
Or take from fire the power to warm,

¹ From the edition of 1815.

As man compel, by dint of might,
Old darkness to prefer to light.

No! leave the mind unchain'd and free,
And what they ought, mankind will be,
No hypocrite, no lurking fiend,
No artist to some evil end,
But good and great, benign and just,
As God and nature made them first.

OCTOBER'S ADDRESS¹

October came the thirtieth day :
And thus I heard October say ;

“The lengthening nights and shortening days
Have brought the year towards a close,
The oak a leafless bough displays
And all is hastening to repose ;
To make the most of what remains
Is now to take the greater pains.

“An orange hue the grove assumes,
The indian-summer-days appear ;
When that deceitful summer comes
Be sure to hail the winter near :
If autumn wears a mourning coat
Be sure, to keep the mind afloat.

“The flowers have dropt, their blooms are gone,
The herbage is no longer green ;
The birds are to their haunts withdrawn,
The leaves are scatter'd through the plain ;
The sun approaches Capricorn,
And man and creature looks forlorn.

¹ From the edition of 1815.

“ Amidst a scene of such a cast,
The driving sleet, or falling snow,
The sullen cloud, the northern blast,
What have you left for comfort now,
When all is dead, or seems to die
That cheer'd the heart or charm'd the eye?

“ To meet the scene, and it arrives,
(A scene that will in time retire)
Enjoy the pine — while that remains
You need not want the winter fire.
It rose unask'd for, from the plain,
And when consumed, will rise again.

“ Enjoy the glass, enjoy the board,
Nor discontent with fate betray,
Enjoy what reason will afford,
Nor disregard what females say;
Their chat will pass away the time,
When out of cash or out of rhyme.

“ The cottage warm and cheerful heart
Will cheat the stormy winter night,
Will bid the glooms of care depart
And to December give delight.” —
Thus spoke October — rather gay,
Then seized his staff, and walk'd away.

TO A CATY-DID *¹

In a branch of willow hid
Sings the evening Caty-did:
From the lofty locust bough
Feeding on a drop of dew,
In her suit of green array'd
Hear her singing in the shade
Caty-did, Caty-did, Caty-did!

While upon a leaf you tread,
Or repose your little head,
On your sheet of shadows laid,
All the day you nothing said:
Half the night your cheery tongue
Revell'd out its little song,
Nothing else but Caty-did.

From your lodgings on the leaf
Did you utter joy or grief—?
Did you only mean to say,
I have had my summer's day,
And am passing, soon, away
To the grave of Caty-did:—
Poor, unhappy Caty-did!

But you would have utter'd more
Had you known of nature's power—
From the world when you retreat,
And a leaf's your winding sheet,
Long before your spirit fled,
Who can tell but nature said,

* A well-known insect, when full grown, about two inches in length, and of the exact color of a green leaf. It is of the genus cicada, or grasshopper kind, inhabiting the green foliage of trees and singing such a song as Caty-did in the evening, towards autumn. — *Freneau's note.*

¹ From the edition of 1815.

Live again, my Caty-did!

Live, and chatter Caty-did.

Tell me, what did Caty do?

Did she mean to trouble you? —

Why was Caty not forbid

To trouble little Caty-did? —

Wrong, indeed at you to fling,

Hurting no one while you sing

Caty-did! Caty-did! Caty-did!

Why continue to complain?

Caty tells me, she again

Will not give you plague or pain: —

Caty says you may be hid

Caty will not go to bed

While you sing us Caty-did.

Caty-did! Caty-did! Caty-did!

But, while singing, you forgot

To tell us what did Caty not:

Caty-did not think of cold,

Flocks retiring to the fold,

Winter, with his wrinkles old,

Winter, that yourself foretold

When you gave us Caty-did.

Stay securely in your nest;

Caty now, will do her best,

All she can, to make you blest;

But, you want no human aid —

Nature, when she form'd you, said,

“Independent you are made,

My dear little Caty-did:

Soon yourself must disappear

With the verdure of the year,” —

And to go, we know not where,

With your song of Caty-did.

ON PASSING BY AN OLD CHURCHYARD¹

Pensive, on this green turf I cast my eye,
And almost feel inclined to muse and sigh:
Such tokens of mortality so nigh.

But hold, — who knows if these who soundly sleep,
Would not, alive, have made some orphan weep,
Or plunged some slumbering victim in the deep.

There may be here, who once were virtue's foes,
A curse through life, the cause of many woes,
Who wrong'd the widow, and disturb'd repose.

There may be here, who with malicious aim
Did all they could to wound another's fame,
Steal character, and filch away good name.

Perhaps yond' solitary turf invests
Some who, when living, were the social pests,
Patrons of ribands, titles, crowns and crests.

Can we on such a kindred tear bestow?
They, who, in life, were every just man's foe,
A plague to all about them! — oh, no, no.

What though sepultured with the funeral whine;
Why, sorrowing on such tombs should we recline,
Where truth, perhaps, has hardly penn'd a line.

— Yet, what if here some honest man is laid
Whom nature of her best materials made,
Who all respect to sacred honor paid.

Gentle, humane, benevolent, and just,
(Though now forgot and mingled with the dust,
There may be such, and such there are we trust.)

¹ From the edition of 1815.

Yes — for the sake of that one honest man
We would on knaves themselves bestow a tear,
Think nature form'd them on some crooked plan,
And say, peace rest on all that slumber here.

STANZAS OCCASIONED BY A MELANCHOLY
SURVEY OF AN OLD ENGLISH TOBACCO BOX INSCRIBED 1708¹

Written in a dearth of tobacco, by Hezekiah Salem.

Had I but what this box contained
Since good Queen Anne in Britain reigned,
My happiness would be increased
To more, perhaps, than she possessed.

This box, in many a pocket worn
(And to be used by some unborn)
Has been unfilled a week or more,
And curses the tobacco store,

Which now has had its turn to fail;
The door shut up, the man in jail
Who late behind the counter stood
And vended what was pretty good.

(“ And are you here?— the turnkey said,
“ I rather would have seen you dead !”—
— Yes! I am here — the man replied —
And better so than to have died !)

This box again, in spite of that,
Shall be repackt with — I know what —
Again I'll fill its empty chest
With old Virginia's very best.

The fragrance of that mild perfume
Again shall cheer the reading room,
Again delight your men of wit
Who have the taste to relish it.

¹ From the edition of 1809.

This box I deem a small estate
 Where all my prospects are complete,
 Whose oval round, and clasp, confines
 The riches of Potosi's mines.

My best ideas here are sown,
 (And best expressed when most alone)
 Here, every muse can find a place
 Yet take no atom of its space.

Tobacco! what to thee we owe,
 Is what alone true smokers know:
 To thee they owe the lively thought,
 And joys without repentance bought.

To thee they owe the moral song,
 The night that never seems too long,
 The pleasant dream, refreshing sleep,
 And sense that all should strive to keep.

It cures the pride of self-debate,
 And pensive care, and deadly hate;
 And love itself would nearer bring,
 Did females love this coaxing thing. —

But they, the slaves of custom's rule,
 Are ever to the smoker cool,
 And hate the plant, whose gentle sway
 Bids us their noisy tongues obey.

The happy days I would recall
 When Jane to me was all in all!
 The firm we to the town did show
 Was, Salem, Jane, Segar, and Co.

The sanded box was near us placed
 Which held the dregs we chose to waste;
 Thus pleased to pass the winter's eve,
 And thus the lingering hours deceive.

No wrangling was permitted there —
'Twas friendship all, and love sincere ;
And they received affronts enough
Who entered with the Cloven Hoof.

The social whiff went cheerly on ! —
But Jane is to that people gone
Where dear tobacco ! — strong and sound —
Is not upon their invoice found ! —

It sheds a magic on my pen
To deaden all despotic men,
A charm that can the soul command,
Nor kings, nor courtiers shall withstand :

Such, vested with imperial sway,
O'er bodies reign, dull, stupid, blind ;
But us the nobler powers obey,
We reign, despotic, o'er the mind !

It aids us in the tuneful art
To catch the ear, or move the heart ;
An hour with Nancy can beguile,
But meets not her approving smile.

Of northern pine her floors were made,
A carpet on the boards was spread ;
And who shall dare this floor prophane,
Which Nancy keeps without a stain ?

The watchful demon in her eye
The smallest speck can there espy ;
And he shall curse his natal hour
Who spits upon this velvet floor :

I saw her anger waxing hot,
I heard her threaten, Do it not,
Or, instant, quit these doors of mine,
And be converted into swine. —

This powerful plant, if fortune frown,
Can make the bitter draught go down;
It keeps me warm in Greenland's frost,
And gives me more than all I lost.

The joys of wine, without its bane,
That kindles frenzy in the brain;
All these are here—and more than these
In this tobacco box I'll squeeze.

It holds a part of all I prize
Within this world that bounded lies;
And when the ashes only shows,
The spirit into aether goes.

Dismissed to that Serene Abode,
Where no tobacco is allowed! ——
The comfort is, that free from care,
We neither wish, nor want it There.

ON THE DEATH OF A MASTER BUILDER

Or Free Mason of High Rank¹

(Written by Request.)

Assembled this day on occasion of grief,
We mourn the occasion, the loss of our chief;
A Mason, our master, that built up a pile
By the compass and square in the masonic style.

At the word of the Builder, who built All at first,
Turned chaos to order, and darkness dispersed,
Our architect leaves us, that mason so skilled,
The fabric of virtue and freedom to build.

As far as this nature, called human, can go,
A pattern he was of perfection below;

¹From the edition of 1809.

By the line and the plummet he built up a wall,
As firm as old time, and, we trust, not to fall.

By science enlightened, a friend to mankind,
He came, for the purpose exactly designed;
Like the Baptist of old, in the annals of fate,
Precursor of all that is noble and great.

He thought it an honour the trowel to hold,
And to be with the craft, as a brother enrolled:
To the practice of virtue he knew they were bound
Wherever a lodge or a mason is found.

Designed as he was, to excel and transcend,
Yet he courted the titles of brother and friend,
And these in the fabric of masons are more
Than monarchs can give,—and which tyrants abhor.

With a patron like this, we are proud to prepare
The stone and the mortar, our building to rear,
And copy, from Him, who can make it endure,
Who raised the first building, and keeps all secure.

In such a grand master all masons were blessed;
The world and all masons his merits confessed;
But now he is gone in new orbits to move
And join the first builder of all things above.

ON THE DEATH OF A MASONIC GRAND SACHEM¹

This day we unite
And all Brethren invite
To honour a man of our nation;
Who, honest as brave,
Is gone to his grave
And takes an unchangeable station.

¹From the edition of 1809.

In our subject we view
 (To Liberty true)
 The officer firm in all danger ;
 Who stood to his post
 At the head of a host
 His country to save, and avenge her.

By compass and square
 This artisan rare
 Defeated all foreign invasion,
 Then returned to his farm
 When no longer alarm
 Distracted the mind of the nation.

In all that he did,
 In all that he said
 The bliss of mankind was intended ; —
 He rose for their good,
 To support them he stood,
 And Liberty ever defended.

The foundation he laid,
 And the fabric he made
 No mason but he could pretend to ;
 It will stand, we foresee,
 'Till that era shall be
 When the globe of the world there's an end to.

So, fame to the man
 Who the building began,
 Whose model all nations will take
 When kingdoms are fled,
 Standing armies are dead,
 And monarchs — no longer awake.

ON A HONEY BEE

Drinking from a Glass of Wine and Drowned Therein¹

(By Hezekiah Salem.)

Thou, born to sip the lake or spring,
Or quaff the waters of the stream,
Why hither come on vagrant wing?—
Does Bacchus tempting seem —
Did he, for you, this glass prepare?—
Will I admit you to a share?

Did storms harass or foes perplex,
Did wasps or king-birds bring dismay —
Did wars distress, or labours vex,
Or did you miss your way?—
A better seat you could not take
Than on the margin of this lake.

Welcome!— I hail you to my glass:
All welcome, here, you find;
Here, let the cloud of trouble pass,
Here, be all care resigned.—
This fluid never fails to please,
And drown the griefs of men or bees.

What forced you here, we cannot know,
And you will scarcely tell —
But cheery we would have you go
And bid a glad farewell:
On lighter wings we bid you fly,
Your dart will now all foes defy.

Yet take not, oh! too deep a drink,
And in this ocean die;
Here bigger bees than you might sink,

¹ From the edition of 1809.

Even bees full six feet high.
 Like Pharoah, then, you would be said
 To perish in a sea of red.
 Do as you please, your will is mine;
 Enjoy it without fear—
 And your grave will be this glass of wine,
 Your epitaph—a tear—
 Go, take your seat in Charon's boat,
 We'll tell the hive, you died afloat.

ON THE FALL OF AN ANCIENT OAK TREE¹

While onward moves each circling year
 Thy mandates, Nature, all obey,
 As with this moving, changeful sphere
 The seasons change and never stay;
 Old Oak, I to your place return,
 Where late you stood, and viewing mourn,
 For the great loss my heart sustained
 When you declined, long will I sigh,
 That hour when you no more remained
 To cheer the summer, passing by;
 No longer blessed my eager view,
 But like some dying friend withdrew.
 Though frequent, by that nipping frost,
 The blast which cold November sends,
 I saw your leafy honours lost;
 Hope, for such losses, made amends:
 The spring again beheld them grow,
 And we were pleased, and so was you.
 Since I your fatal fall survive,
 Remembrance long shall hold you dear,

¹ From the edition of 1809.

And bid some young successor live ;
By sad Amyntor planted here ;
Its buds to swell, its leaves to spread,
And shade the place when he is dead.

A prince among your towering race,
What more your vanished form endears
Is that your presence in this place
Had been at least one hundred years ;
And men that long in dust have laid,
When boys, beneath your shadow played.

You had your time to feel the sun,
To wanton in his cheering ray ; —
That time is past, your race is run,
And we have nothing more to say,
Than, may your oaken spirit go
Among Elysian oaks below.

STANZAS ON THE DECEASE OF THOMAS PAINE

Who died at New-York, on the 8th of June, 1809¹

Princes and kings decay and die
And, instant, rise again :
But this is not the case, trust me,
With men like Thomas Paine.

In vain the democratic host
His equal would attain :
For years to come they will not boast
A second Thomas Paine.

Though many may his name assume ;
Assumption is in vain ;
For every man has not his plume —
Whose name is Thomas Paine.

¹ From the edition of 1815.

Though heaven bestow'd on all its sons
Their proper share of brain,
It gives to few, ye simple ones,
The mind of Thomas Paine.

To tyrants and the tyrant crew,
Indeed, he was the bane ;
He writ, and gave them all their due,
And signed it, — Thomas Paine.

Oh ! how we loved to see him write
And curb the race of Cain !
They hope and wish that Thomas P——
May never rise again.

What idle hopes ! — yes — such a man
May yet appear again. —
When they are dead, they die for aye :
— Not so with Thomas Paine.

PART VI
THE WAR OF 1812
1809-1815

THE WAR OF 1812

1809-1815

ON THE SYMPTOMS OF HOSTILITIES.¹

1809

But will they once more be engaged in a war,
Be fated to discord again?

A peace to the nations will nothing restore
But the challenge of death and a deluge of gore!

A modern crusade
Is undoubtedly made: —

With treaties rejected, and treaties renew'd,
A permanent treaty they never conclude.

And who is to blame? we submissively ask —
Did nature predestine this curse to mankind;
Or is it the cruel detestable task

That tyrants impose, with their minions combined?
We are anxious to know
The source of our wo

In a world where the blessings of nature abound
Why discord, the bane of her blessings, is found.

Must our freedom, our labors, our commerce, our all
Be tamely surrender'd, to tyrants convey'd;
Must the flag of the country disgracefully fall,
To be torn by the dogs of the slaughtering trade?
Does no one reply,
With a tear in his eye,

It must be the case, if we do not resent
What monarchs have menaced and tyranny meant.

¹ The poems in this section are all from the edition of 1815.

Not a ship, or a barque, that departs from the shore
But her cargo is plunder'd, her sailors are slain,
Or arriving in England, we see them no more,
Condemn'd in the court of deceit and chicane,
Where their wicked decrees
And their costs and their fees
Have ruin'd the merchant — mechanics half fed,
And sailors uncaptured are begging their bread.

To reason with tyrants is surely absurd;
To argue with them is to preach to the deaf:
They argue alone by the length of the sword;
Their honor the same as the word of a thief.
In such to confide
When a cause they decide,
Is the wolf and the lamb (if the tale we recall)
Where the weakest and meekest must go to the wall.

But an englishman's throat is expanded so wide
Not the ocean itself is a mess for his maw:
And missions there are, and a scoundrel employ'd
To divide, and to rule by the florentine law*:
New-England must join
In the knavish design,
As some have predicted to those who believe 'em;
— The event is at hand — may the devil deceive 'em.

With an empire at sea and an empire on land,
And the system projected, monopolization,
The western republic no longer will stand
Than answers the views of a desperate nation,
Who have shackled the east,
Made the native a beast,
And are scheming to give us — the matter is clear —
A man of their own for the president's chair,

* Nicholas Machiavel's maxim, *divide et impera*; divide and govern. He was a native of Florence, in Italy. — *Freneau's note.*

Then arouse from your slumbers, ye men of the west,
Already the indian his hatchet displays;
Ohio's frontier, and Kentucky distrest;
The village, and cottage, are both in a blaze: —
Then indian and english
No longer distinguish,
They bribe, and are bribed, for a warfare accurst;
Of the two, we can hardly describe which is worst.
In the court of king Hog was a council convened,
In which they agreed we are growing too strong:
They snuffled and grunted, and loudly complained
The sceptre would fall, if they suffer'd it long;
To cut up our trade
Was an object, they said,
The nearest and dearest of all in their view;
Not a fish should be caught if old England said, No!
Then arouse from your slumbers, ye men of the west,
A war is approaching, there's room to suppose;
The rust on your guns we abhor and detest,
So brighten them up — we are coming to blows
With the queen of the ocean
The prop of devotion,
The bulwark of all that is truly divine;
A motto she often has put on her sign.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. JEFFERSON,

On his retirement from the Presidency of the United States. — 1809.

Praesenti tibi maturos largimur honores — Hor.

To you, great sir, our heartfelt praise we give,
And your ripe honors yield you — while you live.

At length the year, which marks his course, expires,
And Jefferson from public life retires;
That year, the close of years, which own his claim,
And give him all his honors, all his fame.

Far in the heaven of fame I see him fly,
Safe in the realms of immortality :
On Equal Worth his honor'd mantle falls,
Him, whom Columbia her true patriot calls ;
Him, whom we saw her codes of freedom plan,
To none inferior in the ranks of man.

When to the helm of state your country call'd
No danger awed you and no fear appall'd ;
Each bosom, faithful to its country's claim,
Hail'd Jefferson, that long applauded name ;
All, then, was dark, and wrongs on wrongs accrued
Our treasures wasted, and our strength subdued ;
What seven long years of war and blood had gain'd,
Was lost, abandon'd, squander'd, or restrain'd :
Britania's tools had schemed their easier way,
To conquer, ruin, pillage, or betray ;
Domestic traitors, with exotic, join'd,
To shackle this last refuge of mankind ;
Wars were provoked, and France was made our foe,
That George's race might govern all below,
O'er this wide world, uncheck'd, unbounded, reign,
Seize every clime, and subjugate the main.

All this was seen — and rising in your might,
By genius aided, you reclaim'd our right,
That Right, which conquest, arms, and valor gave
To this young nation — not to live a slave.

And what but toil has your long service seen ?
Dark tempests gathering over a sky serene —
For wearied years no mines of wealth can pay,
No fame, nor all the plaudits of that day,
Which now returns you to your rural shade,
The sage's heaven, for contemplation made,
Who, like the Roman, in their country's cause
Exert their valor, or enforce its laws,

And late retiring, every wrong redress'd,
Give their last days to solitude and rest.

This great reward a generous nation yields —
Regret attends you to your native fields;
Their grateful thanks for every service done,
And hope, your thorny race of care is run.

From your sage counsels what effects arise!
The vengeful briton from our waters flies;
His thundering ships no more our coasts assail,
But seize the advantage of the western gale.
Though bold and bloody, warlike, proud, and fierce,
They shun your vengeance for a Murdered Pearce,
And starved, dejected, on some meagre shore,
Sigh for the country they shall rule no more.

Long in the councils of your native land,
We saw you cool, unchanged, intrepid, stand:
When the firm Congress, still too firm to yield,
Stay'd masters of the long contested field,
Your wisdom aided, what their counsels framed —
By you the murdering savages were tamed —
That Independence we had sworn to gain,
By you asserted (nor Declared in vain)
We seized, triumphant, from a tyrant's throne,
And Britain totter'd when the work was done.

You, when an angry faction vex'd the age,
Rose to your place at once, and check'd their rage;
The envenom'd shafts of malice you defied,
And turn'd all projects of revolt aside: —
We saw you libell'd by the worst of men,
While hell's red lamp hung quivering o'er his pen,
And fiends congenial every effort try
To blast that merit which shall never die —

These had their hour, and traitors wing'd their flight,
To aid the screechings of distracted night.

Vain were their hopes — the poison'd darts of hell,
Glanced from your flinty shield, and harmless fell.

All this you bore — beyond it all you rose,
Nor ask'd despotic laws to crush your foes.
Mild was your language, temperate though severe;
And not less potent than Ithuriel's spear
To touch the infernals in their loathsome guise,
Confound their slanders and detect their lies.

All this you braved — and, now, what task remains,
But silent walks on solitary plains:
To bid the vast luxuriant harvest grow,
The slave be happy and secured from wo —
To illume the statesmen of the times to come
With the bold spirit of primeval Rome;
To taste the joys your long tried service brings,
And look, with pity, on the cares of kings:—
Whether, with Newton, you the heavens explore,
And trace through nature the creating power,
Or, if with mortals you reform the age,
(Alike, in all, the patriot and the sage)
May peace and soft repose, attend you, still,
In the lone vale, or on the cloud-capp'd hill,
While smiling plenty decks the abundant plain,
And hails Astrea to the world again.

ON THE PROSPECT OF WAR,

AND AMERICAN WRONGS.

Americans! rouse at the rumors of war,
Which now are distracting the hearts of the nation,
A flame blowing up, to extinguish your power
And leave you, a prey, to another invasion;
A second invasion, as bad as the old,
When, northward or southward, wherever they stroll'd

With heart and with hand, a murdering band
Of vagrants, came over to ravage your land:
For liberty's guard, you are ever array'd
And know how to fight, in the sun or the shade.

Remember the cause that induced you to rise
When oppression advanced, with her king-making host,
Twas the cause of our nation that bade you despise
And drive to destruction all England's proud host,
Who, with musket and sword, under men they adored,
Rush'd into each village and rifled each shade
To murder the planter, and ravish the maid.

What though you arose, and resolved to be free,
With spirit to humble all Europe combining,
You had soon bit the dust or been drown'd in the sea
By the slaves of a king, and a court all designing,
Had not liberty swore she would cover your shore,
Her colors display'd, and with vengeance repaid
The myriads that came from a blood-thirsty isle
Our groves, and our streams, and our beds to defile.

Our churches defaced, by a merciless foe,
Or made the poor captive's distress'd habitation:
The prison-ship, fraught with its cargo of wo,
Where thousands were starved, without shame or com-
passion;

All these, and yet more, were the evils we bore
From a motherly dame, Great Britain her name,
From a nation, that once we accounted our friends,
Who would shackle the country, that freedom defends.

All true-born americans! join, as of old;
For freedom's defence, be your firm resolution;
Whoever invades you by force, or with gold,
Alike is a foe to a free constitution:

Unite to pull down that imposture, a crown;
Oppose it at least, tis a mark of the beast:
All tyranny's engines again are at work
To make you as poor and as base as the turk.

Abandon'd to all the intrigues of a knave,
Abounding with sharpeners of every description,
They would plunder our towns, and prohibit the wave;
Their treaties of commerce are all a deception:
Not a ship do we send but they rob without end;
With their law of blockade they have ruin'd our trade;
The shops of mechanics at midnight they burn
That home manufactures may cease to be worn.

Look round the wide world; and observe with a sigh,
Wherever a monarch presides o'er a nation,
Sweet nature appears with a tear in her eye,
And the mantle of sorrow enshrouds the creation.
The ocean is chain'd, all freedom restrain'd,
The soil is resign'd to the pests of mankind,
To royals and nobles, the guard of the throne,
And the slaves they have bribed, to make freedom their
own.

All hail to the nation, immortal and great,
Who, rising on bold philosophical pinion,
Reforms, and enlightens, and strengthens the state,
Not places her weal in excess of dominion.
What reason can do she intends to pursue;
And true to the plan, on which she began,
Will the volume unfold she to freedom assign'd,
Till tyrants are chased from the sight of mankind.

Since the day we declared, they were masters no more,
The day we arose from the colony station,
Has England attack'd us, by sea and by shore,
In war by the sword, as in peace by vexation;

Impressment they claim'd, till our seamen, ashamed,
Grew sick of our flag, that against the old hag
Of Britain, no longer their freedom protected
But left them, like slaves, to be lash'd and corrected.

Old Rome, that in darkness so long had been lost,
Since on her republic bright freedom was shining:
The warmth of her spirit congeal'd in a frost,
Under tyrants and popes, many centuries, pining:
At the close of the page, who can bridle his rage
To see her return to the fetters she broke,
When tyranny sicken'd, and liberty spoke:
What an image of clay have they thrown in her way!
The king and the priest on her carcass will feast;
When these are allied, the world they divide;
The nations they plunder, the nations they kill,
And bend all the force of the mind to their will:
Not the spirit to rise, or the strength to command,
But friars and monks — and the scum of the land. —
No more of your Nero's or Caesars complain,
Leave Brutus and Cato, and take them again.

But reason, that sun, whose unquenchable ray
Progressive, has dawn'd on the night of the mind,
From the source of all good, may hereafter display,
And man a more dignified character find:
As far as example and vigor can go,
As long as forbearance and patience will do,
The western republic will carry it through —:
May order and peace through the nations increase,
And murder, and plunder, and tyranny cease:
May justice and honor through empires prevail
And all the bad passions weigh light in the scale,
Till man is the being that nature at first
Placed here, to be happy, and not to be cursed.

Approaching, at hand, in the progress of time,
An era will come, to begin its career,
When freedom reviving, and man in his prime,
His rights will assert, and maintain without fear
Of that cunning, bold race, who our species disgrace;
On the blood of a nation who make calculation
To rise into splendor and fill a high station;
Nay, climb to the throne on a villanous plan
To plunder his substance, and trample on man.

ON THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL DEPREDATIONS.

As gallant ships as ever ocean stemm'd —
A thousand ships are captured, and condemn'd!
Ships from our shores, with native cargoes fraught,
And sailing to the very shores they ought:
And yet at peace! — the wrong is past all bearing;
The very comets* are the war declaring:
Six thousand seamen groan beneath your power,
For years immured, and prisoners to this hour:

Then England come! a sense of wrong requires
To meet with thirteen stars your thousand fires;
On your own seas the conflict to sustain,
Or drown them, with your commerce in the main!

True do we speak, and who can well deny,
That England claims all water, land, and sky
Her power expands — extends through every zone,
Nor bears a rival — but must rule alone.
To enforce her claims, a thousand sails unfurl'd
Pronounce their home the cock-pit of the world;

* A large comet appeared for several months, about this time. — *Freneau's note.*

The modern Tyre, whose fiends and lions prowl,
A tyrant navy, which in time must howl.*
Heaven send the time — the world obeys her nod:
Her nods, we hope, the sleep of death forbode;
Some mighty change, when plunder'd thrones agree,
And plunder'd countries, to make commerce free.

TO AMERICA:

On the English Depredations on the American Coast.

When Alfred held the english throne,
And England's self was little known,
Yet, when invaded by the Dane,
He early faced them on the main.

That scythian race who ruled the sea —
He soon pronounced their destiny;
To leave his isle, to sheath the sword;
Disgraced, defeated, and abhorr'd.

So now, these worse than danes appear
To do their deeds of havoc here —
For all they did in seasons past,
The day of grief must come at last.

For plains, yet white with human bones,
For murders past, no prayer atones;
For ruin spread in former years,
Not even the mitred clergy's tears.

Let us but act the part we ought,
And tyrants will be dearly taught
That they, who aid a country's claim,
Fight not for ribands, or a name.

* Howl, ye ships of Tarshish, &c. — Ezekiel. — *Freneau's note.*

Still hostile to the rights of man,
A deadly war, the english plan;
The gothic system will prevail,
To ruin where they can assail;
A war, where seas of blood may flow
To ornament their scenes of wo.

O Washington! thy honored dust
The foe will not profane, we trust;
Or if they do, will vengeance sleep,
Or fail to drive them to the deep?

For shores well known, they shape their course,
An english fleet, with all its force;
A british fleet may soon appear
To ravage all we counted dear.

Advancing swift, by beat of drum,
Half England's dregs, or Scotland's scum;
With these unite the indian tribes,
Now hostile made by force of bribes—
And they will dare the eagle's frown,
Though half his force can put them down.

The envenom'd foe, inured to war,
May scatter vengeance wide and far,
Unless, to assert our country's right,
All hearts resolve, all hands unite.

Let party feuds be hush'd, forgot,
Past discord from the memory blot,
And Britain, from our coasts repell'd,
Shall rue the day she took the field.

The dart, to assail the english power,
In time must reach that hostile shore,
And red with vengeance, on its way,
Their naval power in ruins lay.

The western world a blow must deal
To let them know, and make them feel
That much too long a plundering hag
Has mortified all Europe's flag,

By wars and death while despots thrive
What pity one remains alive!
By them the seeds of war are sown,
By them, our lives are not our own.

Their deadly hate to freedom's growth,
To reason's light — that spurns them both,
That deadly hate predicts our doom,
And digs the pit for freedom's tomb.

Be not deceived — the league of kings,
Confederate crowns, this warfare brings;
These send their hosts to forge our chains,
Harass our shores, renew their reigns.

At Pilnitz they who join'd to swear
And wage with France wide wasting war
Till freedom should her claims recall,
And Louis reign, or myriads fall;

At Pilnitz, with decided aim,
They form'd their schemes to blast our fame:
And, faithful now to what they swore,
Would, kings dismiss'd and thrones, restore.

Ye hearts of steel, observe these hosts!
The odious train my soul disgusts;
They rise upon the vultures wings
To prop the tottering cause of kings.

Observe them well — through every grade
They exercise the robber's trade;
They sail upon a plundering scheme,
They march, to give you sword and flame.

And burn you must, if, slow to act,
You wait to see your cities sack'd,
Yourselves enslav'd, and all things lose
That labor earns or wealth bestows;
If slow to send your heated balls,
Indignant, through their wooden walls.

O may you see their squadrons yield
Their legions sink on every field;
And new Burgoynes, to slaughter bred,
Burgoynes, once more, in fetters led.

And may you see all foreign power
Forever banish'd from your shore,
And see disheartened tyrants mourn,
And Britain to her hell return.

THE SUTTLE AND THE SOLDIER.

“Who would refuse this cheering draught?”
The suttler said, and saying, laugh'd
The soldier, then, the liquor quaff'd,
And felt right bold.

The suttler soon foresaw the rest,
And thus the son of Mars address'd,
“This brandy is the very best
Of all I've sold.

“The journey you are bound to go,
In former times, I travell'd too,
When Arnold march'd, with lord knows who,
To seize Quebec.

“And if he fail'd in that assault,
It was not, sure, the brandy's fault;
The best, at times, may make a halt,
Ay, break his neck.

“ Now hear a dotard of your trade : —
Of old I lived by flint and blade,
But, disregarded, and decay'd,
I'm nothing now.

“ This leaky shed is not my own,
And here I stay, unheard, unknown,
Poor Darby, and without a Joan,
Nor horse, nor cow.

“ But mend your draught — I have more to say : —
You now are young, and under pay ;
Be warn'd by me, whose hairs are grey ;
The time will come

“ When you may find this trade of arms,
The march, that now your bosom warms,
Has little but illusive charms,
Mere beat of drum :

“ But yet, in such a cause as this
I deem your ardor not amiss —
I know you are no hireling swiss ;
Your country calls :

“ And when she calls, you must obey ;
For wages not — fig for the pay —
Tis honor calls you out this day
To face the balls.

“ You have to go where George Provost
Has many a soldier made a ghost,
Where indians many a prisoner roast
Or seize their scalps.

“ And what of that ? — mere fate of war —
God grant you may have better fare —
Go, fight beneath a kinder star,
And scourge the whelps.

“ They scarce are men — mere flesh and blood —
Mere ouran-outangs of the wood,
Forever on the scent of blood,
And deers at heart.

“ When men, like you, approach them nigh,
They make a yell, retreat, and fly :
On equal ground, they never try
The warrior's art.

“ Then dare their strength — at honor's call
Explore the road to Montreal,
To dine, perchance, in Drummond's hall,
Perhaps in jail.

“ Of all uncertain things below
The chance of war is doubly so ;
For this I saw, and this I know ; —
Yet, do not fail.

“ To live, for months on scanty fare,
To sleep, by night in open air,
To fight, and every danger share ;
All these await.

“ But bear them all ! — wherever led,
And live contented, though half fed : —
A couch of straw, and canvas shed
Shall be your fate !

“ And mind the mark — remember me —
When full of fight, and full of glee,
Be of your brandy not too free : —
Ay, mind the mark !

“ Who drinks too much, the day he fights,
Calls danger near, and death invites
To dim, or darken all his lights ; —
His noon is dark !

"It is a friend in a stormy day;
Then brandy drives all care away,
But, over done, it will betray
The wisest sage.

"Then strictly guard the full canteen —
Its power enlivens every scene,
And helps to keep the soul serene
When battles rage.

"This potent stuff, if managed well,
(And strong it is, the sort I sell)
Can every doubt and fear expel,
When prudence guides.

"Though mountains rise, or rocks intrude,
This nectar smooths the roughest road,
And cheers the heart, and warms the blood
Through all its tides.

"Then drink you this, and more," (he said,
And held the pitcher to his head)
"This drink of gods, when Ganymede
Hands round the bowl,

"Will nerve the arm, and bid you go
Where prowls the vagrant Eskimau,*
Where torpid winter tops with snow
The darkened pole,—"

"Enough, enough!" — (the sergeant said)
Now, suttler, he must go to bed —
See! topsy-turvy goes his head;
I hear him snort."

"Since I know where to get my pay
(The suttler answered rather gay)
No matter what I said or say —
I've sold my quart."

* The savage inhabitants of Labrador, or New-Britain. — *Fremont's note.*

MILITARY RECRUITING

To a Recruit Fond of Segar Smoking

——— *Ex fumo dare lucem**Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat. — Hor.*

When first I arrived to the age of a man
And met the distraction of care,
As the day to a close rather sorrowful ran
Yet I smiled and I smoked my segar:
O, how sweet did it seem
What a feast, what a dream
What a pleasure to smoke the segar!

In vain did the din of the females assail
Or the noise of the carts in the street,
With a spanish segar and a pint of good ale
I found my enjoyment complete:
Old care I dismiss'd
While I held in my fist
The pitcher, and smoked the segar.

What a world are we in, if we do not retire,
And, at times, to the tavern repair
To read the gazette, by a hickory fire,
With a sixpence or shilling to spare,
To handle the glass
And an evening pass
With the help of a lively segar.

The man of the closet, who studies and reads,
And prepares for the wars of the bar;
The priest who harangues, or the lawyer who pleads,
What are they without the segar?
What they say may be right,
But they give no delight
Unless they have smoked the segar.

The farmer still plodding, who follows his plough,
A calling, the first and the best,
Would care not a fig for the sweat on his brow
If he smoked a segar with the rest:
To the hay-loft alone
I would have it unknown,
For there a segar I detest.

The sailor who climbs and ascends to the yard
Bespatter'd and blacken'd with tar,
Would think his condition uncommonly hard
If he did not indulge the segar,
To keep them in trim
While they merrily swim
On the ocean, to countries afar.

The soldier untry'd, in the midst of the smoke,
The havoc and carnage of war,
Would stand to his cannon, as firm as a rock,
Would they let him but smoke his segar:
Every gun in the fort
Should make its report
From the fire which illumes the segar.

Come then, to the tavern, ye sons of the sword,
No fear of a wound or a scar;
If your money is gone, your account will be scored
By the lady who tends at the bar:
And this I can say,
Not a cent need you pay
For the use of the social segar.

ON THE CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIERE,

Captain Dacres, August 19, 1812 — by the Constitution, american
frigate, capt. Hull.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Long the tyrant of our coast
Reign'd the famous Guerriere;
Our little navy she defy'd,
Public ship and privateer:
On her sails in letters red,
To our captains were display'd
Words of warning, words of dread,
All, who meet me, have a care!
I am England's Guerriere.*

On the wide, Atlantic deep
(Not her equal for the fight)
The Constitution, on her way,
Chanced to meet these men of might:
On her sails was nothing said,
But her waist the teeth displayed
That a deal of blood could shed,
Which, if she would venture near,
Would stain the decks of the Guerriere.

Now our gallant ship they met —
And, to struggle with John Bull —
Who had come, they little thought,
Strangers, yet, to Isaac Hull:
Better, soon, to be acquainted:
Isaac hail'd the lord's anointed —
While the crew the cannon pointed,
And the balls were so directed
With a blaze so unexpected;

* Female warrior, or amazon. — *Freneau's note.*

Isaac did so maul and rake her
That the decks of captain Dacres
Were in such a woful pickle
As if death, with scythe and sickle,
With his sling, or with his shaft
Had cut his harvest fore and aft.

Thus, in thirty minutes ended,
Mischiefs that could not be mended:
Masts, and yards, and ship descended,
All to David Jones' locker —
Such a ship in such a pucker!

Drink about to the Constitution!
She perform'd some execution
Did some share of retribution
For the insults of the year
When she took the Guerriere.
May success again await her,
Let who will again command her
Bainbridge, Rodgers, or Decatur —
Nothing like her can withstand her,
With a crew, like that on board her
Who so boldly call'd "to order"
One bold crew of english sailors,
Long, too long our seamen's jailors,
Dacre' and the Guerriere!

THEODOSIA

*In the Morning Star.*¹

The fatal and perfidious barque !
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that angel form of thine !

The morning star, resplendent in the east,
May be our station, when from life released,

Tempestuous cape ! how fatal proved the day
When from thy shores the faithless ship withdrew,
Yet, prosperous gales impell'd her on her way
Till the broad canvas vanish'd from the view.

Long on that height the pensive friends remain'd
Till ocean's curve conceal'd her from the eye,
And all was hope that she her port attain'd
Ere ten more suns illumed the morning sky.

Fond friends ! false hope ! no port beheld her come
With flowing sheet, to meet the pilot's sail :
No pilot met her on the Atlantic foam —
What could the pilot, or his art, avail ?

Detested barque ! nor art thou yet arrived —
Nor wilt thou come ! three years are roll'd away !
You, Theodosia of her life deprived,
You sunk her from the cheerful beams of day !

Where dost thou rest, with her whose genius rose
Above her sex — for science so renown'd —
But does her spirit in the deep repose
Or find new mansions on celestial ground ?

¹Theodosia, the brilliant and accomplished daughter of Aaron Burr, embarked from Charleston, S. C., December 29, 1812, in the schooner *Patriot* for New York. The boat never was heard from afterwards. It doubtless foundered off Cape Hatteras in the severe gale which sprang up soon after the vessel had left the harbor.

That soars above to heights unknown before,
Where all is joy, and life that never ends;
Where all is rapture, all admire, adore;
Immortal nature, with angelic friends.

Oh! shed no more the tears of sad regret;
The hymns of joy, the lofty verse prepare —
Her briny doom, the ingulphing wave forget
For Theodosia in the Morning Star.

IN MEMORY OF JAMES LAWRENCE, ESQUIRE,

Late commander of the United States frigate *Chesapeake*, who fell in the
action, with the british ship of war *Shannon*, June 1st. 1813

— *Semper honoratum habeo* — *Virg.*

To lift his name to high renown
His native merits led the way;
His morning sun resplendent shone
Till clouds obscured the fading ray;
His country's voice his worth confess'd,
His country's tears disclose the rest,
In battle brave, his lofty mind
Aspired to all that fame relates
Of those, who on her page we find
Defenders of insulted states:
Of all who fought, or all who fell,
The noblest part he copied well.

For Lawrence dead, his Jersey mourns,
With tearful eye laments the day
When all the worth that men adorns
One fatal moment snatch'd away!
On honor's bed his doom he found,
In honor's cause, the deadly wound.

To what vast heights his mind aspired,
Who knew him best can best relate : —
A longer term the cause required
That urged him to an early fate :
But He, whose fires illumed his breast,
Knew what was right and what was best.

His country to her breast receives
His mangled form, and holds it dear ;
She plants her marble, while she grieves,
Where all, who read, might drop a tear,
And say, while memory calls to mind
The chief, who with our worthies shined,
Here Lawrence rests, his country's pride,
On valor's decks who fought and died !

ON THE LAKE EXPEDITIONS

Where Niagara's awful roar
Convulsive shakes the neighboring shore,
Alarm'd I heard the trump of war,
Saw legions join !

And such a blast, of old, they blew,
When southward from st. Lawrence flew
The indian, to the english true,
Led by Burgoyne.

United, then, they sail'd Champlain,
United now, they march again,
A land of freedom to profane
With savage yell.

For this they scour the mountain wood ;
Their errand, death, their object, blood :
For this they stem thy subject flood,
O stream Sorel !

Who shall repulse the hireling host,
Who force them back through snow and frost,
Who swell the lake with thousands lost,
Dear freedom? say! —

Who but the sons of freedom's land,
Prepared to meet the bloody band;
Resolved to make a gallant stand
Where lightnings play.

Their squadrons, arm'd with gun and sword,
Their legions, led by knight and lord
Have sworn to see the reign restored
Of George, the goth;

Whose mandate, from a vandal shore,
Impels the sail, directs the oar,
And, to extend the flames of war,
Employs them both.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

September 10, 1813

“ To clear the lake of Perry's fleet
And make his flag his winding sheet
This is my object — I repeat — ”

— Said Barclay, flush'd with native pride,
To some who serve the british crown: —
But they, who dwell beyond the moon,
Heard this bold menace with a frown,
Nor the rash sentence ratified.

Ambition so bewitch'd his mind,
And royal smiles had so combined
With skill, to act the part assign'd

He for no contest cared, a straw ;
The ocean was too narrow far
To be the seat of naval war ;
He wanted lakes, and room to spare,
And all to yield to Britain's law.

And thus he made a sad mistake ;
Forsooth he must possess the lake,
As merely made for England's sake
To play her pranks and rule the roast ;
Where she might govern, uncontrol'd,
An unmolested empire hold,
And keep a fleet to fish up gold,
To pay the troops of George Provost.

The ships approach'd, of either side,
And Erie, on his bosom wide
Beheld two hostile navies ride,
Each for the combat well prepared :
The lake was smooth, the sky was clear,
The martial drum had banish'd fear,
And death and danger hover'd near,
Though both were held in disregard.

From lofty heights their colors flew,
And Britain's standard all in view,
With frantic valor fired the crew
That mann'd the guns of queen Charlotte.
" And we must Perry's squadron take,
And England shall command the lake ; —
And you must fight for Britain's sake,
(Said Barclay) sailors, will you not ? "

Assent they gave with heart and hand ;
For never yet a braver band
To fight a ship, forsook the land,

Than Barclay had on board that day ; —
The guns were loosed the game to win,
Their muzzles gaped a dismal grin,
And out they pulled their tompion pin,
The bloody game of war to play.

But Perry soon, with flowing sail,
Advanced, determined to prevail,
When from his bull-dogs flew the hail

Directed full at queen Charlotte.
His wadded guns were aim'd so true,
And such a weight of ball they threw,
As, Barclay said, he never knew
To come, before, so scalding hot !

But still, to animate his men
From gun to gun the warrior ran
And blazed away and blazed again —

Till Perry's ship was half a wreck :
They tore away both tack and sheet, —
Their victory might have been complete,
Had Perry not, to shun defeat
In lucky moment left his deck.

Repairing to another post,
From another ship he fought their host
And soon regain'd the fortune lost,

And down, his flag the briton tore :
With loss of arm and loss of blood
Indignant, on his decks he stood
To witness Erie's crimson flood
For miles around him, stain'd with gore !

Thus, for dominion of the lake
These captains did each other rake,
And many a widow did they make ; —

Whose is the fault, or who to blame? —
The briton challenged with his sword,
The yankee took him at his word,
With spirit laid him close on board —
They're ours — he said — and closed the game.

ON THE CAPTURE

OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE ESSEX,

Of thirty-two guns, David Porter, esq. commander, in the neutral port
of Valparisso, on the coast of Chili, in South America, January,
1814, by the british frigate Phoebe, capt. Hillyer, of forty-
nine guns, and the Cherub of thirty-two guns.

“All the devils were there, and hell was empty!”

From cruising near the southern pole
Where wild antarctic oceans roll,
With a gallant crew, a manly soul,

Heroic Porter came.

Then, weathering round the stormy cape,
And facing death in every shape,
Which Anson * hardly could escape,
(So says the page of fame.)

He made the high chilesian coast,
The Andes, half in vapor lost,
The Andes, topp'd with snow and frost,

Eternal winter's reign!

Then, to the rugged western gale,
He spread the broad columbian sail;
And, Valparisso, thy fair vale

Received him, with his men.

* See Lord Anson's voyage round the world between 1740 and 1744, by his chaplain, the rev. Richard Walter. The terrors and dangers of a winter passage round Cape Horn into the Western Ocean, are depicted in that work by a masterly hand, who was witness to the scene. — *Freneau's note.*

There, safely moor'd, his colors fly,
Columbia's standard waved on high;
The neutral port, his friends, were nigh;
 So gallant Porter thought;
Nor deem'd a foe would heave in sight
Regardless of all neutral right;
And yet, that foe he soon must fight,
 And fight them as he ought.

His Essex claim'd his fondest care,
With her he every storm could dare,
With her, to meet the blast of war,
 His soul was still in trim:
In her he cruised the northern main,
In her he pass'd the burning line,
In her he all things could attain,
 If all would act like him.

At length, two hostile ships appear,
And for the port they boldly steer —
The Phoebe first, and in her rear
 The Cherub, all secure.
They loom'd as gay as for a dance,
Or ladies painted in romance —
Do, mind how boldly they advance.
 Who can their fire endure?

The Phoebe mounted forty-nine —
All thought her on some grand design —
Does she alone the fight decline?
 Say, Captain Hillyer, say?
The Cherub's guns were thirty-two —
And, Essex! full a match for you —
Yet to her bold companion true,
 She hugg'd her close, that day.

Ye powers, that rule the southern pole!
Are these the men of English soul?
Do these, indeed, the waves control?
 Are these the ocean's lords?
Though challenged singly to the fight
(As Porter, Hillyer, did invite)
These men of spunk, these men of might,
 Refused to measure swords!

What, fight alone! bold Hillyer said —
I will not fight without my Aid —
The Cherub is for war array'd,
 And she must do her share!
Now Porter saw their dastard plan —
To fight them both was surely vain;
We should have thought a man insane
 That would so madly dare.

Then, hands on deck! the anchors weigh!
— And for the sea he left the bay,
A running fight to have that day,
 And thus escape his foes.
But oh! — distressing to relate —
As round a point of land he beat
A squall from hell the ship beset,
 And her maintopmast goes!

Unable to attain that end,
He turns toward the neutral friend,
And hoped protection they might lend,
 But no protection found.
In this distress, the foe advanced —
With such an eye at Essex glanced!
And such a fire of death commenced
 As dealt destruction round!

With every shot they raked the deck,
Till mingled ruin seized the wreck :
No valor could the ardor check

Of England's martial tars !
One hundred men the Essex lost :
But Phoebe found, and to her cost,
That Porter made them many a ghost
To serve in Satan's wars.

Oh, clouded scene ! — yet must I tell
Columbia's flag, indignant, fell —
To Essex, now, we bid farewell ;
She wears the english flag !
But Yankees she has none on board
To point the gun or wield the sword ;
And though commanded by a lord
They'll have no cause to brag.

THE TERRIFIC TORPEDOES¹

OR SIR THOMAS HARDY'S SOLILOQUY.

“ Then traitor come ! as black revenge excites,
Extinguish all our claims with all my lights !
But keen remorse, which vengeful furies lead,
Will act her part for this inhuman deed.

¹ It is a fact well ascertained that during a great part of the summer of 1814 the knight was under such serious apprehensions of being blown up by the Torpedo men, that he enjoyed no sleep or rest for many nights together. With such feelings, and under such impressions, he is supposed to begin his soliloquy abruptly, under all the emotions of horror, incident to such an occasion. — *Freneau's note.*

Sir Thomas Hardy was commander of the 74 gun ship *Ramillies*, the leader of the squadron which lay off New London during the summer of 1814. The following in *Niles' Register*, May 7, 1814, is suggestive : “ It appears the British squadron off *New London* are yet disturbed by torpedoes. One of them lately exploded under the sprit-sail yard of the *La Hogue*, and threw up a volume of water near her fore top. The enemy, it seems, has a list of the persons concerned in the management of these machines ! ”

How will her vultures on your vitals prey!
How will her stings our every death repay! —
O nature! is all sympathy a jest;
Art thou a stranger to the human breast?
Has manly prowess quit the abandon'd stage,
Are midnight plots the order of the age?

“Where proud New-London holds her flaming guide
To steer Decatur through the darksome tide,
I stay too long! what station can I find
To shake distraction from a tortured mind!

“Then, traitor, come! your dark attack begin,
Renown'd inventor of the black machine:
But mark! — for when some future poet tells,
Or some historian on the subject dwells,
No word of praise shall meet the listening ear,
Disgustful story, to repeat or hear —
Was you, an infant, to a mother press'd,
Or did ferocious tigers give the breast —
Did nature in some angry moment plan
Some fierce hyena to degrade the man?
Resolve me quick, for doubtful while I stay
These dark torpedoes may be on their way.
Does nature thus her heaviest curse impart
And will she give such countenance to art? —
She gave you all that rancor could bestow,
She lent her magic from the world below;
She gave you all that madness could propose,
And all her malice in your bosom glows;
She gave you sulphur, charcoal, nitre join'd:
She gave you not — a great and generous mind.”

So spoke the knight, and slamm'd the door,
And thus went on, with feelings sore:
“I relish not torpedo war: —

Die when I will, or where I may,
I would not choose so short a way:
These twenty nights I did my best
To shut my eyes, and take my rest,
But drowsy Morpheus might as well
Upon the main mast try his spell.
No potion from the poppy's leaf
Can close my lids; — and, to be brief,
This Fulton, with his dashing plans,
Distracts my head, my heart unmans:
And, every night, I have my fears
Of such infernal engineers;
Who, when I sup, or could I sleep
Might row their wherry through the deep,
And screw their engine to the keel,
And blow us — where there's no appeal;
No question how, or where we died,
But how we lived, and how applied
The little sense our heads contain
To save our souls, and live again.

“ They, who support torpedo plans
Should have no plaudit for their pains;
Should be employ'd on dark designs,
Explorers of peruvian mines;
Such have not felt the patriot glow,
A feeling they could never know:
For treasons they were surely made,
Have princes slain and kings betray'd. —
Ye powers above! and must I wait
Till these prevail in every state,
Till pale disease, or shivering age
Drives such false patriots from the stage!

“ The chaplain said he heard me snore,
But many a fib he told before;

And if I snored, I'm satisfied
Twas when my eyes were open wide.

“Torpedoes! who contrived the word?
Torpedoes! worse than gun or sword!
They are a mode of naval war
We cannot have a relish for: —
In all the chronicles I read
Of former times, they nothing said
Of such a horrible machine
That would disgrace an algerine,
And only yankees would employ,
Not to distress, but to destroy.

“What human eye, without dismay
Can see torpedo-lightning's play?
What mortal heart, but dreads a foe
That fights unseen from fields below!

What passion must that heart inspire
That dives the sea, to deal in fire,
What can he fear, I trembling ask
Who undertakes the daring task?

“With engines of perdition spread,
Amazed, I see the ocean's bed!
And find with rage, regret, despair,
I have no power to meet them there!

“Alack! my nerves are on the rack —
They're hammering at the garboard streak!
Some yankee dog is near the keel!
Ho, sailors give the ship a heel:
Go, chaplain, to the starboard chains
And ask the rascal what he means?
Who knows but Fulton's self is there
With all his dark infernal gear:

Who knows but he has fix'd his screws,
And left a match, to fire the fuze —
Who knows, but in this very hour,
The Ramillies will be no more!
Will only live in empty fame,
And I, myself, be but a name!

“ Should the torpedo take effect,
Her carcass will be worse than wreck'd;
In scatter'd fragments to the sky
This ship of ships will clattering fly:
And then — ah, chaplain! — ah, what then!
Where will I be, and all my men?
And where will you a lodging find,
A traveller on a gale of wind!
And where will be the pretty maid
That sweeps my floor and makes my bed?

Oh Fanny, Fanny! must we part? —
Torpedoes! — I am sick at heart! —
How will the flames those lips deface!
How will they spoil that blooming face!
How will they scorch your auburn hair — ?
— You'll have your plagues, and I my share.

And must I all my fears impart;
And do these guns my ship ensure?
And must I ask my fluttering heart
If on these decks I stand secure?

“ Do, Fanny, go and boil some tea:
Come hither, love, and comfort me:
A glass of wine! my spirits sink!
The last perhaps that I shall drink! —
Or go — unlock the brandy case
And let us have a dram a piece; —
No matter if your nose is red,
We shall be sober when we're dead.

“ In fancy’s view the mine is sprung,
The rudder from the stern unhung,
My valiant sailors torn asunder,
The ship herself a clap of thunder,
From fathoms down, a deadly blast
Unbolts the keel, unsteps the mast,
While Fulton, with a placid grin
Exulting, views the infernal scene !

The sails are vanish’d, tack and clue,
The rigging burnt, by lord knows who,
The star that glitter’d on my breast
Is gone to Davy Jones’s chest ;
The glorious ensign of st. George,
Of Spain the dread, of France the scourge,
Is from the staff, unpitied, torn
And for a cloak by satan worn :
The Lion mounted on the prow,
To awe the subject sea below
With flames that Lion is oppress’d —
They will not spare the royal beast. —
O vengeance ! why does vengeance sleep ?
The yards are scatter’d o’er the deep,
Our guns are buried in the seas,
And thus concludes the Ramillies !

“ The world, I think, can witness bear
My name was never stain’d by fear :
At least the british fleet can say
I never shunn’d the face of clay :
But Fulton’s black, infernal art —
Has stamp’d me — coward — to the heart !

“ When Nelson met the spanish fleet,
And every pulse for conquest beat,
At Nelson’s side I had my stand ;
When Nelson fell I took command :

Not Etna's self, with all her flames —
Vesuvius — such description claims;
Not Hecla, in her wildest rage,
Does with such fires the heavens engage,
As on that day, in mourning clad,
Was thunder'd from the Trinidad.*

“And yet, amidst that awful scene,
I stood unhurt, composed, serene;
Though balls, by thousands, whistled round,
Not one had leave to kill or wound —
But here! in this torpedo war
I perish, with my glittering star,
The laurels that adorn my brow —
My laurels are surrender'd now.
O Fanny! these envenom'd states
Have doom'd our deaths among the rats,
In one explosion, to the sky
Our chaplain, rats, and sailors fly.

“To deal in such inhuman war
Is more than English blood can bear;
It brings again the gothic age,
Renews that period on the stage,
When men against the gods rebell'd,
And Ossa was on Pelion piled:
The trojan war, when Diomed
In battle, made fair Venus bleed;
Or, when the giants of renown
Attempted Jove's imperial crown: —
From such a foe, before we meet,
The safest way, is to retreat,
To leave this curst unlucky shore
And come to trouble them no more.

* The *Santa Trinidad*, the spanish admiral's ship, of 112 guns, from the mizen top of which admiral Nelson was mortally wounded by a musket shot. Another account says, he received his death wound from the *Redoubtable*, french 74. — *Freneau's note*.

“ But, should it be my fate to-night
Not to behold to-morrow's light
But mingle with the vulgar dead,
With all my terrors on my head —
Should such a fate be mine, I say,
Dear Fanny, you must lead the way ; —
You are the saint that will atone
For what amiss I might have done :
If such as you will intercede
The chaplain may a furlow plead,
While you and I in raptures go
Where stormy winds no longer blow,
Where guns are not, to shed our blood,
Or if there be, are made of wood ;
Where all is love, and no one hates ;
No falling kings or rising states ;
No colors that we must defend,
If sick, or dead, or near our end ;
Where yankees are admitted not
To hatch their damn'd torpedo plot :
Where you will have no beds to make,
Nor I be doom'd to lie awake.”

THE NORTHERN MARCH

Written Previously to the Battles of Chippewa and Bridgewater.¹

Come, to the battle let us go,
Hurl destruction on the foe;
Who commands us, well we know,
Tis the gallant general Brown.
Haste away from field or town,
Pull the hostile standard down —
If but led by general Brown
What will be the event, we know.

If but led against that foe,
Soon their doom the english know,
Soon their haughtiest blood shall flow,
When opposed to general Brown.
Haste away from town and farm:
If we meet them, where's the harm?
English power has lost its charm,
England's fame is tumbling down.

Long she ruled the northern waste,
Freedom is by her debased,
Freedom is not to her taste;
All the world must wear her chain!!!
"Not a keel shall plough the wave,
Not a sail, without her leave;
Not a fleet, the nations have,
Safe from her, shall stem the main!!!

¹ Early in the year 1814 the British army obtained possession of Fort Niagara and thereupon determined to remove the seat of the war to the Niagara frontier. The American expedition intended to invade Canada was directed, under command of General Jacob Brown, to dislodge the British from this position. The first decisive action was the battle of Chippewa, fought July 5, 1814, on Canadian soil, opposite Niagara Falls. Three weeks later, July 25, he again closed with the British at Bridgewater, or Lundy Lane, in the same vicinity. In both engagements the Americans were victorious.

Let this day's heroic deeds
Let the generous breast that bleeds,
Let our chief who bravely leads
Tell them that their reign is done :
Soon to quit Columbia's shore,
Is their doom — we say no more ;
General Brown, in the cannon's roar
Tells them how the field is won !

ON POLITICAL SERMONS

When parsons preach on politics, pray why
Should declamation cease, if you go by ?

We heard a lecture, or a scold,
And, doubtful which it might be call'd,
But senseless as the bell that toll'd,
And pleasing neither young nor old.

We kept our seats amid the din,
Then quit the field, with all our sin,
Just as good as we went in.

Tell me what the preacher said,
Ye, who somewhat longer stay'd
Till the last address was made : —

Why, — he talk'd of ruin'd states,
Demagogues and democrates,
Falling stars, and satan's baits.

Did he mention nothing more ? —
Simply, what he said before —
Repetitions, twenty score.

His arguments could nothing prove,
His text alarm'd the sacred grove,
His prayer displeased the powers above.

He would not pray for those who rule,
But hoped that in Bethesda's pool
They all might dip, to make them cool.

He deprecated blood and war,
Its many mischiefs did deplore
Except when England mounts the car.

At Congress he had such a fling,
As plainly show'd, he wish'd a king,
Might here arrive, on Vulture's wing;

And that himself an horn might blow
To shake our modern Jericho,
And bring its ramparts very low.

To english notes his psalm was sung,
With politics the pulpit rung,
And thrice was bellow'd from his tongue,
"The president is always wrong!

"He brought these evils on our land,
And he must go — the time's at hand —
With Bonaparte to take his stand." —

Must not the wheels of fate go on?
Must not the lion's teeth be drawn,
Because it suits not Prester John! —

A Bishop's Lawn is such a prize
Such virtue in a mitre lies,
Democracy before it flies.

And these he hopes, if George prevails,
In time may hoist his shorten'd sails
And waft him on, with fortune's gales.

To gain by preaching, nett and clear,
Some twenty hundred pounds a year;
Which democrats would never bear.

To England why so much a friend,
Or why her cause with heat defend? —
There is, no doubt, some selfish end.

Dear Momus come, and help me laugh —
This England is the stay and staff
Of true religion — more than half!

She is the prop of all that's good,
A bulwark, which for ages stood
To guard the path and mark the road!

One proof of which can soon be brought,
The temple rais'd to Jaggernaut,*
And India to his temple brought,

To see her murder'd, mangled sons,
To worship idols, stocks, and stones,
Or reliques of some scoundrel's bones.

And "long may heaven on England smile —
(So says our preacher, all the while)
The world's last hope, fast anchor'd isle!" —

Religion there is made no sport,
State tailors there have deckt her out
In a birth-day suit — to go to court! —

* The temple of Jaggernaut, an idolatrous establishment in India, to the support of which the english government contributed largely. The unwieldy idol, to which the temple is dedicated, is, on certain days, carried about the streets on a huge carriage, under the wheels of which the superstitious multitude, it is said, suffer themselves to be trampled and crushed to pieces, by hundreds, from a superstitious motive. If this be not fiction, may the british government exert its influence to eradicate so barbarous and bloody a superstition from the minds of millions of idolatrous wretches. — *Freneau's note.*

LINES ON NAPOLEON BONAPARTE¹

Napoleon, born for regal sway,
With fortune in a smiling mood,
To a foreign land explored his way,
Where Cairo stands, or Memphis stood.

And still he fought, and still she smiled,
And urged him far, and spurr'd him on,
And on his march, at length beguiled,
One thinking man to wear a crown.

The crown attracted many a care,
And war employ'd him, day and night;
He by a princess had an heir
Born to succeed him, or — who might.

Through russian tribes he forced his way,
To blast their hopes and hurl them down
Whose valor might dispute his sway,
Or dispossess him of a crown.

At last arrived the fatal time,
When powerful tyrants, jealous grown,
Agreed to count it for a crime
A commoner should fill a throne.

European states, with England join'd
To keep unmixt the royal race,
And let the famed Napoleon find
A dotard might supply his place.

¹ This poem and the one following were written shortly after the news of Napoleon's banishment to Elba, April 11, 1814, had reached America.

ON THE DISMISSION OF BONAPARTE

From the French Throne.

Famed Bonaparte, in regal pride,
Put slighted Josephine aside,
And wedded an imperial bride,
Of fortune sure.

But when he droop'd, and when he fell,
(I took my pen and mark'd it well)
This jilt of jilts, this austrian belle,
No longer styled him, Mon Amour ;

Which means, I think, my dearest heart,
My love! — but lovers often part
When friendship does not point the dart,
Nor fix the flame.

And warning, hence, let others take,
Nor love's decree for interest break ;
In marriage, too much lies at stake
To slight its claim.

Retreating to the tuscan coast,
An empire, wife, and fortune lost,
He found the throne a dangerous post,
And wars a cheat ;

Where all, who play their game too deep,
Must hazard life, and discord reap,
Or thrown from grandeur's giddy steep,
Lament their fate.

Napoleon, with an empty chest !
An austrian princess must detest ;
And yet, she wears upon her breast
The painted toy ; *

* A miniature picture of the late emperor Napoleon. — *Frenau's note.*

And often weeps, the story goes,
That royal blood not wholly flows
In every vein, from head to toes,
Of her dear boy.

To Elba's isle she could not go —
The royal orders said "No, no!
On Elba's island we bestow
No royal throne:"

And thus Napoleon, shoved from power,
Has many a lonely gloomy hour
To walk on Elba's sea-beat shore,
Alone! alone!

O save us from ambition's sway,
Ye powers, who tread the milky way;
It will deceive, it will betray
Nine out of ten.

Napoleon's history let us read:
In science he was great indeed —
Ambition's lantern did mislead
This prince of men: —

And yet, ambition had its use,
It check'd the royal game of goose,
And many a flagrant vile abuse
Fell at his frown.

But, doom'd to share immortal fame,
Despotic powers will dread his name,
Though he, perhaps, was much the same,
Raised to a throne!

THE PRINCE REGENT'S RESOLVE

The regent prince, enraged to find
The standard from his frigates torn,
To a full court thus spoke his mind,
With hand display'd and soul of scorn,
"Since fate decreed Napoleon's fall,
Now, now's the time to conquer all!

"We at the head of all that's great,
Tis ours to hold the world in awe:
Let Louis reign in regal state,
And let his subjects own his law;
Their tide of power tis ours to stem —
We'll govern those who govern them.

"But here's the rub, and here's my grief;
My frigates from the seas are hurl'd!
What shall we do? how find relief?
How strike and stupefy the world?
Our flag, that long control'd the main,
Our standard must be raised again.

"A land there lies towards the west
There must my royal will be done;
That land is an infernal nest
Of reptiles, rul'd by Madison:
That nest I swear to humble down,
There plant a king, and there a crown.'

"Depart, my fleet, depart, my slaves,
Invade that nest, attack and burn;
Where'er the ocean rolls his waves,
Subdue, or dare not to return;
Subdue and plunder all you can,
Who plunders most — shall be my man.

“ To scatter death, by fire and sword,
 To prostrate all, where'er you go :
 That is the mandate, that the word,
 Though seas of blood around you flow :
 No more ! — go, aid the indian yell :
 Be conquerors, and I'll feed you well.

So spoke the prince, but little knew
 His minions were for slaughter fed ;
 Nor did he guess, that vengeance, too,
 Would fall on his devoted head ;
 When all his plans and projects fail,
 And he ascends Belshazzar's scale.*

THE VOLUNTEER'S MARCH †

July, 1814

Dulce est pro patria mori.

Ye, whom Washington has led,
 Ye, who in his footsteps tread,
 Ye, who death nor danger dread,
 Haste to glorious victory.

Now's the day and now's the hour ;
 See the British navy lour,
 See approach proud George's power,
 England ! chains and slavery.

Who would be a traitor knave ?
 Who would fill a coward's grave ?
 Who so base to be a slave ?
 Traitor, coward, turn and flee.

* *Mene mene, Tekel, Peres !* — thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting ! — Daniel. — *Freneau's note.*

† This little ode, with the addition of two new stanzas is somewhat altered from one of Robert Burns' compositions, and applied to an american occasion : the original being Bruce's supposed address to his army, a little before the battle of Bannockbourne. — *Freneau's note.*

Meet the tyrants, one and all;
Freemen stand, or freemen fall —
At Columbia's patriot call,
At her mandate, march away!

Former times have seen them yield,
Seen them drove from every field,
Routed, ruin'd, and repell'd —
Seize the spirit of those times!

By oppression's woes and pains —
By our sons in servile chains
We will bleed from all our veins
But they shall be — shall be free.

O'er the standard of their power
Bid Columbia's eagle tower,
Give them hail in such a shower
As shall blast them — horse and man!

Lay the proud invaders low,
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow,
Forward! let us do or die.

THE BATTLE OF STONINGTON

ON THE SEABOARD OF CONNECTICUT

In an attack upon the town and a small fort of two guns, by the *Ramilies*, seventy-four gun ship, commanded by Sir Thomas Hardy; the *Pactolus*, 38 gun ship, *Despatch*, brig of 22 guns, and a *raze*, or bomb ship. — August, 1814.

Four gallant ships from England came
Freighted deep with fire and flame,
And other things we need not name,
To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safely moor'd, their work begun;
They thought to make the yankees run,
And have a mighty deal of fun

 In stealing sheep at Stonington.

A deacon, then popp'd up his head
And parson Jones's sermon read,
In which the reverend doctor said
 That they must fight for Stonington.

A townsman bade them, next, attend
To sundry resolutions penn'd,
By which they promised to defend
 With sword and gun, old Stonington.

The ships advancing different ways,
The britons soon began to blaze,
And put th' old women in amaze,
 Who fear'd the loss of Stonington.

The yankees to their fort repair'd,
And made as though they little cared
For all that came — though very hard
 The cannon play'd on Stonington.

The Ramillies began the attack,
Despatch came forward — bold and black —
And none can tell what kept them back
 From setting fire to Stonington.

The bombardiers with bomb and ball,
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
And did a cow-house sadly maul
 That stood a mile from Stonington.

They kill'd a goose, they kill'd a hen,
Three hogs they wounded in a pen —
They dash'd away, and pray what then?
 This was not taking Stonington.

The shells were thrown, the rockets flew,
But not a shell, of all they threw,
Though every house was full in view,
 Could burn a house at Stonington.

To have their turn they thought but fair; —
The yankees brought two guns to bear,
And, sir, it would have made you stare,
 This smoke of smokes at Stonington.

They bored Pactolus through and through,
And kill'd and wounded of her crew
So many, that she bade adieu
 T' the gallant boys of Stonington.

The brig Despatch was hull'd and torn —
So crippled, riddled, so forlorn,
No more she cast an eye of scorn
 On th' little fort at Stonington.

The Ramillies gave up th' affray
And, with her comrades, sneak'd away —
Such was the valor, on that day,
 Of british tars near Stonington.

But some assert, on certain grounds,
(Besides the damage and the wounds)
It cost the king ten thousand pounds
 To have a dash at Stonington.

ON THE BRITISH INVASION

1814¹

From France, desponding and betray'd,
From liberty in ruins laid,
Exulting Britain has display'd
Her flag, again to invade us.

Her myrmidons, with murdering eye,
Across the broad Atlantic fly
Prepared again their strength to try,
And strike our country's standard.

Lord Wellington's ten thousand slaves,*
And thrice ten thousand, on the waves,
And thousands more of brags and braves
Are under sail, and coming

To burn our towns, to seize our soil,
To change our laws, our country spoil,
And Madison to Elba's isle
To send without redemption.

In Boston state they hope to find
A yankee host of kindred mind
To aid their arms, to rise and bind
Their countrymen in shackles:

But no such thing — it will not do —
At least, not while a Jersey Blue
Is to the cause of freedom true,
Or the bold Pennsylvanian.

¹ This poem was written early in August, on receipt of the news that a large squadron was on its way across the Atlantic to lay waste the seaboard cities. The squadron finally sailed into Chesapeake Bay and turned its attention first to Washington and Baltimore.

* Lord Wellington's army embarked on the river Garonne, in France, in several divisions, for the invasion of the United States, amounting, it was said, to sixty or seventy thousand men. — *Freneau's note.*

A curse on England's frantic schemes!
Both mad and blind — her monarch dreams
Of crowns and kingdoms in these climes
Where kings have had their sentence.

Though Washington has left our coast,
Yet other Washingtons we boast,
Who rise, instructed by his ghost,
To punish all invaders.

Go where they will, where'er they land,
This pilfering, plundering, pirate band,
They liberty will find at hand
To hurl them to perdition:

If in Virginia they appear,
Their fate is fix'd, their doom is near,
Death in their front and hell their rear —
So says the gallant buckskin.

All Carolina is prepared,
And Charleston doubly on her guard;
Where, once, sir Peter badly fared,
So blasted by fort Moultrie.

If farther south they turn their views,
With veteran troops, or veteran crews,
The curse of heaven their march pursues
To send them all a-packing:

The tallest mast that sails the wave,
The longest keel its waters lave,
Will bring them to an early grave
On the shores of Pensacola.

ON THE ENGLISH DEVASTATIONS

AT THE CITY OF WASHINGTON¹

Their power abused ! that power may soon descend :
 Years, not remote, may see their glory end : —
 The british power, the avaricious crown,
 Pull'd every flag, hurl'd every standard down ;
 Columbian ships they seized on every sea,
 Condemn'd those ships, nor left our sailors free. —
 So long a tyrant on the watery stage,
 They thought to tyrannize through every age ;
 They hoped all commerce to monopolize ;
 Europe, at sea, they affected to despise ;
 They laugh'd at France contending for a share
 Of commerce, one would think, as free as air,
 They captured most, without remorse or plea,
 And grew as proud as arrogance could be.

Stung by a thousand wrongs, at length arose
 The Western States, these tyrants to oppose ;
 With just resentment, met them on the main,
 And burnt, or sunk their ships, with hosts of slain.

The blood ran black from every english heart
 To see their empire from the seas depart,
 To see their flag to thirteen stripes surrender,
 And many an english ship made fire and tinder ;

¹ Washington was taken by the British, August 24, 1814. "It was only the vandalism of the British soldiers and sailors, incited by Cockburn and ill restrained by Ross, that made this incursion at once memorable and infamous. To public edifices, having no immediate relation to the war, the torch was applied ; to the unfinished Capitol (which contained the library of Congress) ; the President's house, the Treasury, — to all the government buildings in fact, except the Patent Office, besides numerous private dwellings about Capitol Hill." — Schouler's *History of the United States*.

"All this was the more shameful because done under strict orders from home." — Green's *History of the English People*.

They swore, they raged; they saw, with patience spent,
Each last engagement had the same event —
What could they do? revenge inspired their breasts,
And hell's sensations seized their swelling chests. —
All to revenge, to Maryland they came,
And costly works of art assail'd with flame;
In Washington they left a dismal void, —
Poor compensation for their ships destroy'd! —
We burn, where guns their frigates poorly guard;
They burn, where scarce a gun is seen or heard!

ON THE CONFLAGRATIONS AT WASHINGTON

August 24, 1814

— Jam deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
Vulcano superante, domus; jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon. — *Virgil.*

Now, George the third rules not alone,
For George the vandal shares the throne,
True flesh of flesh and bone of bone.

God save us from the fangs of both;
Or, one a vandal, one a goth,
May roast or boil us into froth.

Like danes, of old, their fleet they man
And rove from Beersheba to Dan,
To burn, and beard us — where they can.

They say, at George the fourth's command
This vagrant host were sent, to land
And leave in every house — a brand.

An idiot only would require
Such war — the worst they could desire —
The felon's war — the war of fire.

The warfare, now, th' invaders make
Must surely keep us all awake,
Or life is lost for freedom's sake.

They said to Cockburn, "honest Cock!
To make a noise and give a shock
Push off, and burn their navy dock:

"Their capitol shall be emblazed!
How will the buckskins stand amazed,
And curse the day its walls were raised!"

Six thousand heroes disembark —
Each left at night his floating ark
And Washington was made their mark.

That few would fight them — few or none —
Was by their leaders clearly shown —
And "down," they said, "with Madison!"

How close they crept along the shore!
As closely as if Rodgers saw her —
A frigate to a seventy-four.

A veteran host, by veterans led,
With Ross and Cockburn at their head —
They came — they saw — they burnt — and fled.

But not unpunish'd they retired;
They something paid, for all they fired,
In soldiers kill'd, and chiefs expired.

Five hundred veterans bit the dust,
Who came, inflamed with lucre's lust —
And so they waste — and so they must.

They left our congress naked walls —
Farewell to towers and capitols!
To lofty roofs and splendid halls!

To courtly domes and glittering things,
To folly, that too near us clings,
To courtiers who — tis well — had wings.

Farewell to all but glorious war,
Which yet shall guard Potomac's shore,
And honor lost, and fame restore.

To conquer armies in the field
Was, once, the surest method held
To make a hostile country yield.

The mode is this, now acted on;
In conflagrating Washington,
They held our independence gone!

Supposing George's house at Kew
Were burnt, (as we intend to do,)
Would that be burning England too?

Supposing, near the silver Thames
We laid in ashes their saint James,
Or Blenheim palace wrapt in flames;

Made Hampton Court to fire a prey,
And meanly, then, to sneak away,
And never ask them, what's to pay?

Would that be conquering London town?
Would that subvert the english throne,
Or bring the royal system down?

With all their glare of guards or guns,
How would they look like simpletons,
And not at all the lion's sons!

Supposing, then, we take our turn
And make it public law, to burn,
Would not old english honor spurn

At such a mean insidious plan
Which only suits some savage clan —
And surely not — the english man!

A doctrine has prevail'd too long;
A king, they hold, can do no wrong —
Merely a pitch-fork, without prong:

But de'il may trust such doctrines, more, —
One king, that wrong'd us, long before,
Has wrongs, by hundreds, yet in store.

He wrong'd us forty years ago;
He wrongs us yet, we surely know;
He'll wrong us till he gets a blow

That, with a vengeance, will repay
The mischiefs we lament this day,
This burning, damn'd, infernal play;

Will send one city to the sky,
Its buildings low and buildings high,
And buildings — built the lord knows why;

Will give him an eternal check
That breaks his heart or breaks his neck,
And plants our standard on Quebec.

TO THE LAKE SQUADRONS¹

The brilliant task to you assign'd
Asks every effort of the mind,
And every energy, combined,
To crush the foe.

¹ This poem refers to the campaign during the late summer of 1814 against the English fleet on Lake Ontario and Lake Champlain.

Sail where they will, you must be there;
Lurk where they can, you will not spare
The blast of death — but all things dare
To bring them low.

To wield his thunders on Champlain,
Macdonough leads his gallant train,
And, his great object to sustain,
Vermont unites

Her hardy youths and veterans bold
From shelter'd vale and mountain cold,
Who fought, to guard, in days of old
Their country's rights.

That country's wrongs are all your own
And to the world the word is gone —
Her independence must to none
Be sign'd away.

Be to the nation's standard true,
To Britain, and to Europe shew
That you can fight and conquer too,
And prostrate lay.

That bitter foe, whose thousands rise
No more to fight us in disguise,
But count our freedom for their prize,
If valor fails:

Beneath your feet let fear be cast,
Remember deeds of valor past,
And nail your colors to the mast
And spread your sails.

In all the pride and pomp of war
Let thunders from the cannon roar,
And lightnings flash from shore to shore,
To wing the ball.

Let Huron from his slumbers wake,
Bid Erie to his centre shake,
Till, foundering in Ontario's lake,
You swamp them all!

THE BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN

September 11, 1814

Between the british squadron, of 93 guns and 1050 men, and the American fleet of 86 guns and 820 men. The *Confiance*, of 39 and the *Saratoga*, of 26 guns, were the flag ships of the two commanders, Downie and Macdonough.

Parading near saint Peter's flood
Full fourteen thousand soldiers stood;
Allied with natives of the wood,
With frigates, sloops, and galleys near;
Which southward, now, began to steer;
Their object was, Ticonderogue.

Assembled at Missisqui bay
A feast they held, to hail the day,
When all should bend to british sway
From Plattsburg to Ticonderogue.

And who could tell, if reaching there
They might not other laurels share
And England's flag in triumph bear
To the capitol, at Albany!!!

Sir George advanced, with fire and sword,
The frigates were with vengeance stored,
The strength of Mars was felt on board, —
When Downie gave the dreadful word,
Huzza! for death or victory!

Sir George beheld the prize at stake,
And, with his veterans, made the attack,
Macomb's brave legions drove him back;
And England's fleet approach'd to meet
A desperate combat, on the lake.

With sulphurous clouds the heavens were black;
We saw advance the Confiance,
Shall blood and carnage mark her track,
To gain dominion on the lake.

Then on our ships she pour'd her flame,
And many a tar did kill or maim,
Who suffer'd for their country's fame,
Her soil to save, her rights to guard.

Macdonough, now, began his play,
And soon his seamen heard him say,
No Saratoga yields, this day,
To all the force that Britain sends.

"Disperse, my lads, and man the waist,
Be firm, and to your stations haste,
And England from Champlain is chased,
If you behave as you'll see me."

The fire began with awful roar;
At our first flash the artillery tore
From his proud stand, their commodore,
A presage of the victory.

The skies were hid in flame and smoke,
Such thunders from the cannon spoke,
The contest such an aspect took
As if all nature went to wreck!
From isle La Motte to Saranac *

* A river which rises from several small lakes among the mountains to the westward of Lake Champlain, and after a north easterly course of near seventy-five miles, enters the grand lake in the vicinity of Plattsburg.—*Frenau's note.*

Amidst his decks, with slaughter strew'd,
Unmoved, the brave Macdonough stood,
Or waded through a scene of blood,
At every step that round him stream'd :

He stood amidst Columbia's sons,
He stood amidst dismounted guns,
He fought amidst heart-rending groans,
The tatter'd sail, the tottering mast.

Then, round about, his ship he wore,
And charged his guns with vengeance sore,
And more than Etna shook the shore —
The foe confess'd the contest vain.

In vain they fought, in vain they sail'd,
That day ; for Britain's fortune fail'd,
And their best efforts nought avail'd
To hold dominion on Champlain.

So, down their colors to the deck
The vanquish'd struck — their ships a wreck —
What dismal tidings for Quebec,
What news for England and her prince !

For, in this fleet, from England won,
A favorite project is undone :
Her sorrows only are begun —
And she may want, and very soon,
Her armies for her own defence.

A DIALOGUE AT WASHINGTON'S TOMB

Genius of Virginia — and — Virginia.

Genius. Who are these that lawless come
Washington! too near thy tomb? —
Are they those who, long before,
Came to subjugate this shore? —
Are they those whom he repell'd,
Captured, or imprison'd held?
Or the sons of those of old
Cast in nature's rudest mould, —
Dear Virginia, can it be?
What a stain is laid on thee!

Virginia. Such a stain as I do swear
Fills my swelling heart with care
How to wash away the stain,
How to be myself again.
From my breast the hero rose,
In my soil his bones repose:
But this insult to thy shade,
Washington, shall be repaid.

Genius. Dear Virginia! tell me how? —
Tell me not, or tell me now,
Can you wield the bolts of Jove,
Seize the lightnings from above?
Tear the mountain from its base
To confound this hated race,
Who, with hostile step, presume
To violate the honor'd tomb
Of my bravest, noblest son,
Of th' immortal Washington!

Virginia. Not the artillery of the sky,
Not the vengeance from on high
Did I want, to guard my son,
I have lightnings of my own!
But I wanted ——

Genius. —— Wanted what?
Tell me now, or tell me not.

Virginia. Men, whom Washington had taught,
Men of fire, and men of thought,
All their spirits in a glow,
Ever ready for the foe;
Born to meet the hostile shock,
Sturdy as the mountain oak —
Active, steady, on their guard,
For the scene of death prepared;
Such I wanted — say no more;
Time, perhaps, may such restore.

Genius. By the powers that guard this spot,
Want them longer you shall not,
I, the patron of your land,
From this moment take command,
Kindle flames in every breast,
Thirst of vengeance for the past;
Vengeance, that from shore to shore
Shall dye your bay with english gore,
And see them leave their thousands slain,
If they dare to land again:
This is all I choose to say —
Seize your armour — let's away!

SIR PETER PETRIFIED

On the Modern Sir Peter Parker's¹ Expedition to Kent Island
in Chesapeake Bay.

— 1814 —

Sir Peter came, with bold intent,
To persecute the men of Kent
His flag aloft display'd :
He came to see their pleasant farms,
But ventured not without his arms
To talk with man or maid.

And then the gallant colonel Reed
Said, " we must see the man indeed ;
He comes perhaps in want —
Who knows but that his stores are out :
Tis hard to dine on mere sour krout,
His water may be scant."

He spoke — but soon the men of Kent
Discover'd what the errand meant,
And some, discouraged, said,
" Sir Peter comes to petrify,
He points his guns, his colors fly,
His men for war array'd ! "

¹ Sir Peter Parker, commander of the British Frigate *Menelaus*, was prominent for a month in the blockading squadron in Chesapeake Bay during the summer of 1814. After the burning of Washington he was ordered down the bay "but Sir Peter said he 'must have a frolic with the yankees before he left them' and on the 30th of August after dancing and drinking they proceeded to the *sport* and made a circuitous route to surprise Col. Read encamped in Moore's fields not far from Georgetown X Roads on the eastern shore of Maryland. The Colonel was fully apprised of their proceedings. . . . The ground was obstinately contended for nearly an hour when the enemy retreated leaving thirteen killed and three wounded on the field. It is ascertained that they carried off seventeen others among whom was Sir Peter who, with several others, are since dead." — *Niles' Register*.

Secure, as if they own'd the land,
Advanced this daring naval band,
As if in days of peace;
Along the shore they, prowling, went,
And often ask'd some friends in Kent
Where dwelt the fattest geese?

The farmers' geese were doom'd to bleed;
But some there were, with colonel Reed,
Who would not yield assent;
And said, before the geese they take,
Sir Peter must a bargain make
With us, the boys of Kent.

The Britons march'd along the shore,
Two hundred men, or somewhat more;
Next, through the woods they stray'd:
The geese, still watchful, as they went,
To save the capitol of Kent
Their every step betray'd.

The british march'd with loaded gun
To seize the geese that gabbling run
About the isle of Kent:
But, what could hardly be believed,
Sir Peter was of life bereaved
Before he pitch'd his tent.

Some kentish lad, to save the geese,
And make their noisy gabbling cease
Had took a deadly aim:
By kentish hands sir Peter fell,
His men retreated, with a yell
And lost both geese and game!

Now what I say, I say with grief,
That such a knight, or such a chief

On such an errand died ! ! !
When men of worth their lives expose
For little things, where little grows
They make the very geese their foes ;
The geese his fall deride :

And, sure, they laugh, if laugh they can,
To see a star and garter'd man
For life of goose expose his own,
And bite the dust, with many a groan —
Alas ! a gander cry'd —
“ Behold, (said he,) a man of fame
Who all the way from England came
No more than just to get the name
Of Peter Petrified ! ”

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL ROSS¹

Who had the principal command of the english army at the attack upon
Baltimore, in which he fell, while out with a reconnoitering party.

Give them the shadow of the cypress bough !
The chief who came our prowess to defy,
Who came, to bind fresh laurels on his brow,
Who came, too sure to conquer not to die : —
Low lies the chief upon th' unconscious plain,
The laurels wither, and no wreathes remain.

To kindle up your torch, ambition's flame
Heroic chief, had all its flames supplied ;
A monarch's smiles, a never-dying name,
The historian's subject, and the soldier's pride ;
Your native land with splendid trophies hung ;
Joy sparkling in the eye, and praise from every tongue.

¹ General Robert Ross, who with Sir George Cockburn had burned Washington, was killed at North Point, Md., Sept. 12, 1814.

Deceived how much! a name alone remains,
 Not yet complete in fame, nor ripe in years; —
 What is the applause such thirst of glory gains,
 Which not the grave regards or valor hears:
 In war's wild tumult, for a name he died,
 He fell, the victim of a monarch's pride.
 A country's rights, or freedom to defend
 May sooth the anguish of a dying hour,
 A ravaged land to succor or befriend,
 To brave the efforts of a tyrant's power:
 These may console, when mad ambition's train
 Fade from the view, or sooth the soul in vain.

ON THE NAVAL ATTACK NEAR BALTIMORE¹

September 14, 1814

The sons of old ocean advanced from the bay
 To achieve an exploit of renown;
 And Cochrane and Cockburn commanded, that day,
 And meant to exhibit a tragical play,
 Call'd, The plunder and burning of Baltimore town.
 The scenes to be acted were not very new,
 And when they approach'd, with their rat-tat-too,
 As merry as times would allow,
 We ran up the colors to liberty true,
 And gave them a shot, with a tow-row-dow.
 By land and by water how many have fail'd
 In attacking an enemy's town,
 But britons they tell us, have always prevail'd
 Wherever they march'd, or wherever they sail'd,
 To honor his majesty's sceptre and crown:

¹ After the burning of Washington the British fleet and army concentrated upon Baltimore. Here they met a stubborn resistance and were at length beaten off. It was during the bombardment of Fort McHenry near the city that Francis Scott Key composed the patriotic song "The Star Spangled Banner."

Wherever they went, with the trumpet and drum,
And the dregs of the world, and the dirt, and the scum,
As soon as the music begun,
The colors were struck, and surrender'd the town
When the summons was given of down, down, down!
But fortune, so fickle, is turning her tide,
And safe is old Baltimore town,
Though Cockburn and Cochrane, with Ross at their side,
The sons of Columbia despised and defy'd,
And determined to batter it down;
Rebuff'd and repulsed in disgrace they withdrew,
With their down, down, down, and their rat-tat-too,
As well as the times would allow:
And the sight, we expect, will be not very new
When they meet us again, with our tow-row-dow.

ON THE BRITISH BLOCKADE

And Expected Attack on New York, 1814

Old Neversink,* with bonnet blue,
The present times may surely rue
When told what England means to do:
Where from the deep his head he rears
The din of war salutes his ears,
That teased him not for thirty years.
He eastward looks toward the main
To see a noisy naval train
Invest his bay, our fleets detain.

* The highlands, a little southward of Sandy Hook; being a tract of bold high country, several thousand acres in extent; to the southward of which there is no land that may be termed mountainous, on the whole coast of the United States to Cape Florida. The real aboriginal name of this remarkable promontory was Navesink, since corrupted into Neversink. — *Freneau's note.*

What can be done in such a case? —
His rugged heights the blast must face,
The storm that menaces the place.

With tents I see his mountain spread,
The soldier to the summit led,
And cannon planted on his head :

From Shrewsbury beach to Sandy Hook
The country has a martial look,
And quakers skulk in every nook. —

What shall be done in such a case? —
We ask again with woful face
To save the trade and guard the place?

Where mounted guns the porte secure,
The cannon at the embrasure,
Will british fleets attempt to moor?

Perhaps they may — and make a dash,
To fill their pockets with our cash —
Their dealings now are rather harsh.

They menace to assail the coast
With such a fleet and such a host
As may devour us — boil'd or roast.

Their feelings are alive and sore
For what they got at Baltimore,
When, with disgrace, they left the shore,

And will revenge it, if they can,
On town and country, maid and man —
And all they fear is Fulton's plan ;

Torpedoes planted in the deep,
Whose blast may put them all to sleep,
Or ghostify them at a sweep.

Another scheme, entirely new,
Is hammering on his anvil too,
That frightens christian, turk, and jew.

A frigate,* mounting thirty six! —
Who'er with her a quarrel picks
Will little get but cuffs and kicks:

A frigate meant to sail by steam! —
How can she else but torture them,
Be proof to all their fire and flame.

A feast she cooks for England's sons
Of scalded heads and broken bones
Discharged from iron hearted guns.

Black Sam † himself, before he died,
Such *suppers* never did provide; —
Such dinners roasted, boil'd, and fry'd.

To make a brief of all I said —
If to attack they change blockade
Their godships will be well repaid

With water, scalding from the pot,
With melted lead and flaming shot,
With vollies of — I know not what,

The british lads will be so treated:
Their wooden walls will be so heated,
Their ruin will be soon completed.

Our citizens shall stare and wonder —
The Neversink repel their thunder
And Cockburn miss a handsome plunder.

* The steam frigate *Fulton the First*: Qui me percussit morti debetur — who strikes at me to death is doomed! — *Freneau's note*.

† A character well known in New York several years since, remarkable for elegance and luxurious refinements in the art of cookery. — *idem*.

ROYAL CONSULTATIONS

Relative to the Disposal of Lord Wellington's Army

Said the goth to the vandal, the prince to the king,
Let us do a mad action, to make the world ring:
With Wellington's army we now have the means
To make a bold stroke and exhibit new scenes.

A stroke at the states is my ardent desire,
To waste, and harass them with famine and fire;
My vengeance to carry through village and town,
And even to batter their capitol down.

The vandal then answer'd, and said to the goth,
Dear George, with yourself I am equally wroth:
Of Wellington's army dispose as you please,
It is best, I presume, they should go beyond seas;
For, should they come home, I can easily show
The hangman will have too much duty to do.

So, away came the bruisers, and when they came here
Some mischief they did, where no army was near:
They came to correct, and they came to chastise
And to do all the evil their heads could devise.

At Washington city, they burnt and destroy'd
Till among the big houses they made a huge void;
Then back to their shipping they flew like the wind,
But left many more than five hundred behind
Of wounded and dead, and others say, double;
And thus was the hangman excused from some trouble.

Alexandria beheld them in battle array;
Alexandria they plunder'd a night and a day.
Then quickly retreated, with moderate loss,
Their forces conducted by Cockburn and Ross.

At Baltimore, next, was their place of attack ;
But Baltimore drove them repeatedly back ;
There Rodgers they saw, and their terror was such,
They saw they were damn'd when they saw him approach.

The forts were assail'd by the strength of their fleet,
And the forts, in disorder beheld them retreat
So shatter'd and crippled, so mangled and sore,
That the tide of Patapsco was red with their gore.

Their legions by land no better succeeded —
In vain they manoeuvred, in vain they paraded,
Their hundreds on hundreds were strew'd on the ground,
Each shot from the rifles brought death or a wound.
One shot from a buckskin completed their loss,
And their legions no longer were headed by Ross!

Where they mean to go next, we can hardly devise,
But home they would go if their master was wise.

Yet folly so long has directed their course ;
Such madness is seen in the waste of their force,
Such weakness and folly, with malice combined,
Such rancor, revenge, and derangement of mind,
That, all things consider'd, with truth we may say,
Both Cochrane and Cockburn are running away.*

To their regent, the prince, to their master the king
They are now on the way, they are now on the wing,
To tell them the story of loss and disaster,
One begging a pension, the other a plaster.
Let them speed as they may, to us it is plain
They will patch up their hulks for another campaign,
Their valor to prove, and their havoc to spread
When Wellington's army is missing or dead.

* About this time, September, 1814, the admirals Cochrane and Cockburn quitted the coast of the United States in their respective flag ships. — *Freneau's note.*

ON THE LOSS OF THE PRIVATEER BRIGANTINE

GENERAL ARMSTRONG

Captain Samuel C. Reid, of New-York, which sailed from Sandy Hook,
on a cruise, the ninth of September, 1814, and on the 26th came to
anchor in the road of Fayal, one of the Azores, or Western Islands,
a neutral port belonging to the crown of Portugal. She an-
chored in that port for the purpose of procuring a supply
of fresh water, when she was attacked by the british ship
of war Plantaganet, of 74 guns, capt. Lloyd ; the Rota
frigate of 36 guns, and the armed national brig Car-
nation, of 18 guns, and many barges of consider-
able force, all of which she repulsed, with an
immense slaughter, and was then scuttled
and sunk by order of Captain Reid,
to prevent her falling into the
hands of the enemy.

The Armstrong arrived in the port of Fayal,
And her actions of valor we mean to recall ;
Brave Reid, her commander, his valorous crew,
The heroes that aided, his officers, too.

Shall it fall to their lot

To be basely forgot ?

O no ! while a bard has a pen to command
Their fame shall resound through american land.

In the road of Fayal, when their anchors were cast,
The british were watching to give them a blast ;
Not far from the port, for destruction sharp set,
Lay the Rota, Carnation, and Plantagenet :

With a ship of the line

Did a frigate combine,

And a brig of great force, with her boats in the rear,
To capture or burn one New-York privateer !

Four boats from the brig were despatch'd in great haste,
And onward they came, of the Armstrong to taste;
To taste of her powder, to taste of her ball,
To taste of the death she must hurl on them all! —

They came in great speed,
And with courage, indeed,
Well mann'd and well arm'd — so they got along side,
Destruction their motto, damnation their guide.

Now the Armstrong, with vengeance, had open'd her fire,
And gave them as much as they well could desire;
A score of them fell — full twenty fell dead —
Then quarters! they cried, and disgracefully fled: —

To their ships they return'd
Half shatter'd and burn'd —
Not quite in good humor, perhaps in a fret,
And waited new orders from Plantagenet.

Then the Armstrong haul'd in, close abreast of the beach,
So near, that a pistol the castle could reach;
And there she awaited the rest of their plan,
And there they determined to die, to a man,

Ere the lords of the waves
With their sorrowful slaves,
The tyrants, who claim the command of the main,
With strength, though superior, their purpose should
gain.

And now the full moon had ascended the sky,
Reid saw by her light that the british were nigh:
The bell of Fayal told the hour — it was nine —
When the foe was observed to advance in a line;
They manoeuvred a while
With their brig, in great style,
Till midnight approach'd when they made their attack,
Twelve boats, full of men, and the brig at their back!

They advanced to the conflict as near as they chose,
When the Armstrong her cannon discharged on her
foes —

The town of Fayal stood aghast in amaze
The Armstrong appear'd like all hell in a blaze!

At the blast of Long Tom

The foe was struck dumb:

O lord! are the sons of old England alarm'd —
With music like this they were formerly charm'd!

Huzza for old England! three cheers, and a damn!

And up to the conflict they manfully came;

On the bows and the quarters they grappled a hold,

And board! was the word in those barges so bold;

But board they could not — to no devil she strikes,

So the Armstrong repell'd them with pistols and pikes —

From her musquetry fire

They by dozens expire!

And soon was the work of destruction complete,

And soon was determined their total defeat —!

Three hundred brave fellows were wounded and kill'd,

Their boats and their barges with slaughter were fill'd;

With shame they retreated, the few that remain'd,

To tell the event of the battle — not gain'd:

Their commander in chief

Was astounded with grief! —

Dont grieve, my good fellows — he hail'd them — I beg

I too have my wounds — “an ox trod on my leg!”

But to save the stout Armstrong — even Reid could not
do —

A ship of the line with a frigate in tow —!

A brig of their navy accoutred for war —!

All this was too much for e'en yankees to dare:

So he scuttled his barque —

Nor need we remark

That she sunk on the sands by the beach of Fayal
With her colors all flying — no colors could fall!

Of neutrals what nonsense some tell us each day!
Exists there a neutral where Britain has sway?
The rights of a neutral! — away with such stuff —
What neutral remains that can England rebuff? —

To be safe from disgrace

The deep seas are our place:

The flag of no neutral our flag can defend,
By ourselves we must fight, on ourselves must depend.

Now in bumpers of reason, success to brave Reid!
Himself and his heroes are heroes indeed! —
In conquests, like this, can an englishman glory,
One traitor among us, one Halifax tory?

If they can — let them brag —

Here's success to our flag!

May it ever be ready, the britons to maul,
As the Armstrong behaved in the road of Fayal. —

ON THE BRIGANTINE PRIVATEER

Prince de Neufchatel ¹

Ordonneaux, commander, which arrived at Boston some time since,
from a cruise of three months, chiefly in the english and irish
channels, in which she captured thirteen or fourteen
valuable prizes, to the amount, it was said,
of more than a million of dollars.

Quid petis hic est. — Martial.

What is wealth, that men will roam,
Risk their all, and leave their home,
Face the cannon, beat the drum,
And their lives so cheaply sell!

¹ Of the numerous vessels fitted out during the war by private parties to prey on British commerce the Prince de Neufchatel was doubtless the most successful.

Let them reason on the fact
Who would rather think than act —
Their brains were not with morals rack'd
Who mann'd the prince of Neufchatel.

Having play'd a lucky game,
Homeward, with her treasure, came
This privateer of gallant fame,
Call'd the prince of Neufchatel.

Are the english cruisers near?
Do they on the coast appear
To molest this privateer? —
— She shall be defended well.

Soon a frigate hove in sight: —
As the wind was rather light,
She, five barges, out of spite,
Sent, to attack, with gun and blade.

On our decks stood rugged men,
Little more than three times ten;
And I tremble, while my pen
Tells the havoc that was made.

Up they came, with colors red,
One a stern, and one a head —
Shall I tell you what they said? —
Yankees! strike the buntin rag!

Three were ranged on either side —
Then the ports were open'd wide,
And the sea with blood was dyed;
Ruin to the english flag!

Now the angry cannons roar,
Now they hurl the storm of war,
Now in floods of human gore
Swam the prince of Neufchatel!

Then the captain, Ordonneaux,
 Seconded the seaman's blow,
 And the remnant of the foe
 Own'd the brig defended well.

For the million she contain'd
 He contended, sword in hand,
 Follow'd by as brave a band
 Of tars, as ever, trod a deck.

In these bloody barges, five,
 Scarce a man was left alive,
 And about the seas they drive;
 Some were sunk, and some a wreck.

Every effort that they made
 With boarding pike, or carronade,
 Every effort was repaid,
 Scarcely with a parallel!

Fortune, thus, upon the wave,
 Crown'd the valor of the brave: —
 Little lost, and much to save,
 Had the prince of Neufchatel.

THE PARADE AND SHAM-FIGHT

A Pine Forest Picture — on a Training Day.

— *Invictaque bello*
Dextera ! non illi se quisquam impune tulisset
Obvius armato — Virg.

The drum was beat, the flag display'd,
 The soldiers met upon parade,
 And all for action ready made
 With loud huzza!

When forth a stately figure strode,
Of stature such, of such a mode,
As those who lived before the flood,
If stuff'd with straw.

His vigor seem'd by years unbroke;
But then his phiz had such a look,
As if preserved in Etna's smoke
For half an age.

God help us all to look our best!
This man was captain of the rest,
And valor seem'd to fire his breast
With martial rage.

His horse was of an iron grey;
(A prancing steed he rode that day,)
Not of the bold virginian breed,
Nor yet remote from Quixote's steed.

This chief was of the bullet mould;
To meet the conflict, firm and bold,
His coat was patch'd, his boots new soal'd,
Ham stuff'd his maw:

Two pounds of powder fill'd his horn,
His pantaloons were old and worn,
A cap and hat his head adorn —
The chapeau bras.

With vengeance heated, long in store,
He sallied forth, a man of war;
And all that meet him, pray take care
Of rusty pikes.

He had no helmet for the head,
But death and ruin near him tread,
And slaughter, in a suit of red,
That deadly strikes.

A blanket from his shoulders hung,
Three dollars in his pockets rung,
And to his thigh a faulchion clung,
That made us quake:

A veteran in the fighting trade!
The owner of so keen a blade!
Do not provoke him, man or maid,
For mercy's sake.

O could you but one furlong ride
With such a faulchion at your side,
Your bosom would for glory beat
And show Napoleon all complete!

Two pistols, to his girdle tied,
Foreboded vengeance, far and wide,
To all that were not on our side,
With heart and hand.

Accoutred thus, with martial air,
He gave the warning word, "Take care!"
And, in a moment, all was war,
Sublime and grand.

They march'd, and march'd, as thick as bees,
Then march'd towards a clump of trees;
And "blaze away!" the leader says —
"Each take his aim!"

"Who wounds a tree can kill a man —
"If you but practise on that plan,
"The britons shall go home again
With grief and shame!"

Not Philip's famed, unrivall'd son,
For Greece subdued, or India won,
Not Cockburn, burning Washington,
Look'd so elate:

Not Bonaparte, on Egypt's sands
With such importance gave commands,
With such discretion train'd his bands,
Assumed such state!

Not Caesar, when he pass'd the Rhine,
Not Marlborough leading up his line,
Not Perry, when he said, "they're mine!"
Put on such airs; —

As now were shown to front and rear
When victory seem'd to hover near.
Indeed not purchased very dear —
No wounds nor scars.

Departing from the norman shore,
Not William such a feature wore
When England hail'd him conqueror,
With loud acclaim:

Not Fulton, when his steam he try'd
And Neptune's car stemm'd Hudson's tide
Felt such a generous glow of pride
For well earn'd fame.

That day Cornwallis met his fate,
Not Washington felt half so great
When tow'rd him flew the gallic fleet
To share his smile:

Not conquest had for Gates such charms
When, yielding to the victor's arms,
He bade Burgoyne resign his arms,
In soldier's style.

Not Ajax' self, with such a grace
Gave orders to attack a place;
Not Hannibal with bolder face
Approach'd old Rome, —

When marching for the Tiber shore,
He yet his alpine jacket wore,
And hoped to sweep the senate floor,
And fix their doom:

Not Parker,* when he cross'd the bar
Of Charleston with his men of war,
Was, near fort Moultrie, half so sure
Of victory gain'd:

Not Parker, when departing thence
So shatter'd — at the king's expense —
Was so provoked at the defence,
Felt so chagrined,

As did our chief (no captain Brag)
When he perceiv'd some worthless wag
Had stolen away the brandy keg —
Ah! loss indeed!

For this, he swore he would resign,
All future trust in man decline;
Of whom, at least, there was one swine,
They all agreed —

And cry'd “like hell his heart is black —
Pursue him, boys, and scent his track,
If drunk or dead, we'll have him back,
This man of scum!”

Each took his mark, and hit a tree;
The battle's done! — all sober, we;
Huzza! we have the victory!
Then scamper'd home!

* Sir Peter Parker, it is well remembered, attacked fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, in 1776, and after a sanguinary action, was repulsed with great loss.—
Freneau's note.

RETALIATION

A Marine Ode — 1814

“Ye powers who rule the western gale
Not for the golden fleece we sail,
Nor yet on wild ambition's plan,
But vengeance gathers man with man.

For wrongs which wearied patience bore,
For slighted rules of legal war,
We rear our flag, our sails display,
And east north east explore our way.

Let some assert, ten thousand pounds
Would place our fleet on british grounds,
And urge us onward to saint James
To wrap his palaces in flames.

A motive of so mean a cast
Allures no mind, excites no breast;
From such reward we loathing turn
And would at such a proffer spurn.

No — to retaliate on the foe,
Free-will'd, we independent go,
Our ship well mann'd, in war's attire,
To light the skies with english fire.

November comes! tis time to sail,
The nights are long and brisk the gale,
And England, soon, the odds may prove
Between our hatred and our love.”

ON THE LAUNCHING

Of the Seventy-four Gun Ship *Independence*,¹ at Charlestown, near
Boston

Our trade to restore as it stood once before

We have launched a new ship from the stocks,
Her rate is our first, and her force will, we trust,
Be sufficient to humble the hawks;
The hawks of old England we mean, don't mistake,
Some harpies of England our prizes we'll make.

Independence her name, independent our minds,
And prepared for the toils of the sea,
We are ready to combat the waves and the winds,
And fight till the ocean is free:
Then, away to your stations, each man on our list
Who, when danger approaches, will never be miss'd.

In asserting our rights we have rather been slow
And patient till patience was tired;
We were plunder'd and press'd ere we ventur'd a blow
Till the world at our patience admired,
And language was held, of contempt and disgrace,
And Europe mis-call'd us a pitiful race.

Twas time to arise in the strength of our might
When Madison publish'd the war,
And many have thought that he would have been right
Had he published it three years before;
While France was unpester'd with traitors and knaves,
Nor Europe polluted with Wellington's slaves.

To arm for our country is never too late,
No fetters are yet on our feet;

¹The *Independence* was one of the four 74-gun frigates authorized by Congress at the opening of the war. It was launched late in 1814, too late to play any part in the war.

Our hands are more free, and our hearts are as great

As the best in the enemy's fleet:

And look at the list of their navy, and think,
How many are left, to burn, capture, and sink!

Let the nations of Europe surrender the sea,

Or crouch at the foot of a throne;

In liberty's soil we have planted her tree,

And her rights will relinquish to none:

Then stand to your arms,

Then stand to your arms,

Then stand to your arms — half the battle is done!

And bravely accomplish what valor begun.

The day is approaching, a day not remote,

A day with impatience we hail,

When Decatur and Hull shall again be afloat,

And Bainbridge commission'd to sail;

To raise his blockades, will advance on the foe,

And bulwark with Bull to the bottom shall go.

On the waves of Lake Erie we show'd the old brag

We, too, could advance in a line,

And batter their frigates and humble their flag;

"I have met them," said Perry, "they're mine!"

And so, my dear boys, we can meet them again

On the waves of the sea, or the waves of Champlain.

To the new Independence then, pour out a glass,

And drink, with the sense of a man:

She soon will be ready, this pride of her class,

Sir Thomas* to meet on his plan:

He hates our torpedoes — then tease him no more,

Let him venture his luck with our Seventy-four.

Then stand to your arms, you shall ne'er be enslav'd,

Let the battle go on till the nation is saved!

* Sir Thomas Hardy, of the *Ramillies* 74. — *Freneau's note.*

THE BROOK OF THE VALLEY

The world has wrangled half an age,
And we again in war engage,
While this sweet, sequester'd rill
Murmurs through the valley still.

All pacific as you seem :
Such a gay elysian stream ; —
Were you always thus at rest
How the valley would be blest.

But, if always thus at rest ;
This would not be for the best :
In one summer you would die
And leave the valley parch'd and dry.

Tell me, where your waters go,
Purling as they downward flow ?
Stagnant, now, and now a fall ? —
To the gulph that swallows all,

Flowing, peaceful, from your urn
Are your waters to return ? —
Though the same you may appear,
You're not the same we saw last year.

Not a drop of that remains —
Gone to visit other plains,
Gone, to stray through other woods,
Gone, to join the ocean floods !

Yes — they may return once more
To visit scenes they knew before ; —
Yonder sun, to cheer the vale
From the ocean can exhale

Vapors, that your waste supply,
Turn'd to rain from yonder sky;
Moisture, vapors, to revive
And keep your margin all alive.

But, with all your quiet flow,
Do you not some quarrels know!
Lately, angry, how you ran!
All at war — and much like man.

When the shower of waters fell,
How you raged, and what a swell!
All your banks you overflow'd,
Scarcely knew your own abode!

How you battled with the rock!
Gave my willow such a shock
As to menace, by its fall,
Underwood and bushes, all:

Now you are again at peace:
Time will come when that will cease;
Such the human passions are;
— You again will war declare.

Emblem, thou, of restless man;
What a sketch of nature's plan!
Now at peace, and now at war,
Now you murmur, now you roar;

Muddy now, and limpid next,
Now with icy shackles vext—
What a likeness here we find!
What a picture of mankind!

APPENDIX

- A. THE AMERICAN VILLAGE, &c.
- B. LIST OF OMITTED POEMS.
- C. BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE POETRY OF PHILIP FRENEAU.

THE AMERICAN VILLAGE.¹

WHERE yonder stream divides the fertile plain,
Made fertile by the labours of the swain;
And hills and woods high tow'ring o'er the rest,
Behold a village with fair plenty blest:
Each year tall harvests crown the happy field;
Each year the meads their stores of fragrance yield,
And ev'ry joy and ev'ry bliss is there,
And healthful labour crowns the flowing year.

THOUGH *Goldsmith* weeps in melancholy strains,
Deserted Auburn and forsaken plains,
And mourns his village with a patriot sigh,
And in that village sees Britannia die:
Yet shall this land with rising pomp divine,
In it's own splendor and Britannia's shine.
O muse, forget to paint her ancient woes,
Her Indian battles, or her Gallic foes;
Resume the pleasures of the rural scene,
Describe the village rising on the green,
It's harmless people, born to small command,
Lost in the bosom of this western land:

So shall my verse run gentle as the floods,
So answer all ye hills, and echo all ye woods;
So glide ye streams in hollow channels pent,
Forever wasting, yet not ever spent.

¹ "The American Village," Freneau's first distinct poetical publication, was for many years known only from his description of it in a letter to Madison (see Vol. I, page xxii, *supra*). It was supposed to have been lost, until a copy was discovered in a volume of miscellaneous pamphlets which had been purchased by the Library of Congress in November, 1902. A second copy, still more recently discovered, is now in the John Carter Brown Library at Brown University. I have reproduced the entire text of this little volume with the original punctuation and spelling, using however the modern form of the "s", and correcting the *errata* noted by the author.

Ye clust'ring boughs by hoary thickets borne!
Ye fields high waving with eternal corn!
Ye woodland nymphs the tender tale rehearse,
The fabled authors of immortal verse:
Ye Dryads fair, attend the scene I love,
And Heav'n shall centre in yon' blooming grove.
What tho' thy woods, AMERICA, contain
The howling forest, and the tiger's den,
The dang'rous serpent, and the beast of prey,
Men are more fierce, more terrible than they.
No monster with it's vile contagious breath,
No flying scorpion darting instant death;
No pois'nous adder, burning to engage,
Has half the venom or has half the rage.
What tho' the Turk protests to heav'n his ire,
With lift up hand amidst his realms of fire;
And Russia's Empress sends her fleets afar,
To aid the havock of the burning war:
Their rage dismays not, and their arms in vain,
In dreadful fury bathe with blood the plain;
Their terrors harmless, tho' their story heard,
How this one conquer'd, or was nobly spar'd:
Vain is their rage, to us their anger vain,
The deep Atlantic raves and roars between.

To yonder village then will I descend,
There spend my days, and there my ev'nings spend;
Sweet haunt of peace whose mud' wall'd sides delight,
The rural mind beyond the city bright:
Their tops with hazles or with alders wove,
Remurmur magic to the neighb'ring grove;
And each one lab'ring in his own employ,
Comes weary home at night, but comes with joy:
The soil which lay for many thousand years
O'er run by woods, by thickets and by bears;

Now reft of trees, admits the chearful light,
And leaves long prospects to the piercing sight;
Where once the lynx nocturnal sallies made,
And the tall chestnut cast a dreadful shade:
No more the panther stalks his bloody rounds,
Nor bird of night her hateful note resounds;
Nor howling wolves roar to the rising moon,
As pale arose she o'er yon eastern down.
Some prune their trees, a larger load to bear
Of fruits nectarine blooming once a year:
See groaning waggons to the village come
Fill'd with the apple, apricot or plumb;
And heavy beams suspended from a tree,
To press their juice against the winter's day:
Or see the plough torn through the new made field,
Ordain'd a harvest, yet unknown to yield.
The rising barn whose spacious floor receives
The welcome thousands of the wheaten sheaves,
And spreads it's arms to take the plenteous store,
Sufficient for its master and the poor:
For as Eumæus us'd his beggar guest
The great Ulysses in his tatters drest:
So here fair Charity puts forth her hand,
And pours her blessings o'er the greatful land:
No needy wretch the rage of winter fears,
Secure he sits and spends his aged years,
With thankful heart to gen'rous souls and kind,
That save him from the winter and the wind.

A LOVELY island once adorn'd the sea,
Between New-Albion and the Mexic' Bay;
Whose sandy sides washed by the ocean wave,
Scarce heard a murmur but what ocean gave:
Small it's circumference, nor high it's coast,
But shady woods the happy isle could boast;

On ev'ry side new prospects catch'd the eye,
There rose blue mountains to the arched sky :
Here thunder'd ocean in convulsive throws,
And dash'd the island as it's waters rose :
Yet peaceful all within, no tumults there,
But fearless steps of the unhunted hare ;
And nightly chauntings of the fearless dove,
Or blackbird's note, the harbinger of love.
So peaceful was this haunt that nature gave,
Still as the stars, and silent as the grave ;
No loud applause there rais'd the patriot breast,
No shouting armies their mad joy confest,
For battles gain'd, or trophies nobly won,
Or nations conquer'd near the rising sun ;
No clam'rous crews, or wild nocturnal cheer,
Or murd'rous ruffians, for no men were here.
On it's east end a grove of oak was seen,
And shrubby hazels fill'd the space between ;
Dry alders too, and aspin leaves that shook
With ev'ry wind, conspired to shade a brook,
Whose gentle stream just bubbling from the ground,
Was quickly in the salter ocean drown'd :
Beyond whose fount, the center of the isle,
Wild plumb trees flourish'd on the shaded soil.
In the dark bosom of this sacred wood,
Secluded from the world, and all it's own,
Of other lands unknowing, and unknown.
Here might the hunter have destroy'd his prey,
Transfix'd the goat before the dawn of day ;
And trudging homeward with his welcome load,
The fruit of wand'rings thro' each by-way road :
Thrown down his burthen with the needless sigh,
And gladly feasted his small family.
Small fields had then suffic'd, and grateful they,
The annual labours of his hands to pay ;

And free his right to search the briny flood
For fish, or slay the creatures of the wood.

THUS spent his days in labour's pleasant pain,
Had liv'd and dy'd the homely shepherd swain :
Had seen his children and his children's heirs,
The fruit of love and memory of years
To agriculture's first fair service bent,
The work of mortals, and their great intent.
So had the Sire his days of pleasure known,
And wish'd to change no country for his own :
So had he with his fair endearing wife,
Pass'd the slow circle of a harmless life ;
With happy ignorance divinely blest,
The path, the centre and the home of rest.
Long might the sun have run his bright career,
And long the moon her mantled visage rear ;
And long the stars their nightly vigils kept,
And spheres harmonious either sung or wept :
He had not dream'd of worlds besides his own,
And thought them only stars, beyond the moon ;
Enjoy'd himself, nor hear'd of future hell,
Or heav'n, the recompence of doing well ;
Had scarcely thought of an eternal state,
And left his being in the hands of fate. —
O had this isle such souls sublime contain'd,
And there for ages future sons remain'd :
But envious time conspiring with the sea,
Wash'd all it's landscapes, and it's groves away.
It's trees declining, stretch'd upon the sand,
No more their shadows throw across the land.
It's vines no more their clust'ring beauty show,
Nor sturdy oaks embrace the mountain's brow.
Bare sands alone now overwhelm the coast,
Lost in it's grandeur, and it's beauty lost.

THUS, tho' my fav'rite isle to ruin gone,
Inspires my sorrow, and demands my moan;
Yet this wide land it's place can well supply
With landscapes, hills and grassy mountains high.
O HUDSON! thy fair flood shall be my theme,
Thy winding river, or thy glassy stream;
On whose tall banks tremendous rocks I spy,
Dread nature in primæval majesty.
Rocks, to whose summits clouds eternal cling,
Or clust'ring birds in their wild wood notes sing.
Hills, from whose sides the mountain echo roars,
Rebounding dreadful from the distant shores;
Or vallies, where refreshing breezes blow,
And rustic huts in fair confusion grow,
Safe from the winds, secur'd by mountains high,
That seem to hide the concave of the sky;
To whose top oft' the curious hind ascends,
And wonders where the arch'd horizon bends;
Pleas'd with the distant prospects rising new,
And hills o'er hills, a never ending view.
Through various paths with hasty step he scours,
And breathes the odours of surrounding flow'rs,
Caught from their bosoms by the fragrant breath,
Of western breezes, or the gale of death.*
Then low descending, seeks the humble dome,
And centres all his pleasures in his home,
'Till day returning, brings the welcome toil,
To clear the forest, or to tame the soil;
To burn the woods, or catch the tim'rous deer,
To scour the thicket, or contrive the snare.

SUCH was the life our great fore-fathers led,
The golden season now from BRITAIN fled,
E'er since dread commerce stretch'd the nimble sail,
And sent her wealth with ev'ry foreign gale. —

* South wind. — *Freneau's note.*

Strange fate, but yet to ev'ry country known,
To love all other riches but it's own.
Thus fell the mistress of the conquer'd earth,
Great ROME, who owed to ROMULUS her birth.
Fell to the monster Luxury, a prey,
Who forc'd a hundred nations to obey.
She whom nor mighty CARTHAGE could withstand,
Nor strong JUDEA'S once thrice holy land:
She all the west, and BRITAIN could subdue,
While vict'ry with the ROMAN eagles flew;
She, she herself eternal years deny'd,
Like ROME she conquer'd, but by ROME she dy'd:
But if AMERICA, by this decay,
The world itself must fall as well as she.
No other regions latent yet remain,
This spacious globe has been research'd in vain.
Round it's whole circle oft' have navies gone,
And found but sea or lands already known.
When she has seen her empires, cities, kings,
Time must begin to flap his weary wings;
The earth itself to brighter days aspire,
And wish to feel the purifying fire.

NOR think this mighty land of old contain'd
The plund'ring wretch, or man of bloody mind:
Renowned SACHEMS once their empires rais'd
On wholesome laws; and sacrifices blaz'd.
The gen'rous soul inspir'd the honest breast,
And to be free, was doubly to be blest:
'Till the east winds did here COLUMBUS blow,
And wond'ring nations saw his canvas flow.
'Till here CABOT descended on the strand,
And hail'd the beauties of the unknown land;
And rav'nous nations with industrious toil,
Conspir'd to rob them of their native soil:

Then bloody wars, and death and rage arose,
And ev'ry tribe resolv'd to be our foes.
Full many a feat of them I could rehearse,
And actions worthy of immortal verse:
Deeds ever glorious to the INDIAN name,
And fit to rival GREEK or ROMAN fame,
But one sad story shall my Muse relate,
Full of paternal love, and full of fate;
Which when ev'n yet the northern shepherd hears,
It swells his breast, and bathes his face in tears,
Prompts the deep groan, and lifts the heaving sigh,
Or brings soft torrents from the female eye.

FAR in the arctic skies, where HUDSON'S BAY
Rolls it's cold wave and combats with the sea,
A dreary region lifts it's dismal head,
True sister to the regions of the dead.
Here thund'ring storms continue half the year,
Or deep-laid snows their joyless visage rear:
Eternal rocks, from whose prodigious steep
The angry tiger stuns the neighb'ring deep;
While through the wild wood, or the shrouded plain,
The moose deer seeks his food, but often seeks in vain:
Yet in this land, froze by inclement skies,
The Indian huts in wild succession rise;
And daily hunting, when the short-liv'd spring
Shoots joyous forth, th' industrious people bring
Their beaver spoils beneath another sky,
PORT NELSON, and each BRITISH factory:
In slender boats from distant lands they sail,
Their small masts bending to the inland gale,
On traffic sent to gain the little store,
Which keeps them plenteous, tho' it keeps them poor.
Hither CAFFRARO in his flighty boat,
One hapless spring his furry riches brought;

And with him came, for sail'd he not alone,
His consort COLMA, and his little son.
While yet from land o'er the deep wave he plough'd,
And tow'rd the shore with manly prowess row'd.
His barque unfaithful to it's trusted freight,
Sprung the large leak, the messenger of fate;
But no lament or female cry was heard,
Each for their fate most manfully prepar'd,
From bubbling waves to send the parting breath
To lands of shadows, and the shade of death.
O FATE! unworthy such a tender train,
O day, lamented by the Indian swain!
Full oft' of it the stripling youth shall hear,
And sadly mourn their fortune with a tear:
The Indian maids full oft' the tale attend,
And mourn their COLMA as they'd mourn a friend.

Now while in waves the barque demerg'd, they strive,
Dead with despair, tho' nature yet alive:
Forth from the shore a friendly brother flew,
In one small boat, to save the drowning crew.
He came, but in his barque of trifling freight,
Could save but two, and one must yield to fate.
O dear CAFFRARO, said the hapless wife,
O save our son, and save thy dearer life:
'Tis thou canst teach him how to hunt the doe,
Transfix the buck, or tread the mountain snow,
Let me the sentence of my fate receive,
And to thy care my tender infant leave.
He sigh'd, nor answer'd, but as firm as death,
Resolv'd to save her with his latest breath:
And as suspended by the barque's low side,
He rais'd the infant from the chilling tide,
And plac'd it safe; he forc'd his COLMA too
To save herself, what more could mortal do?

But nobly scorning life, she rais'd her head
From the flush'd wave, and thus divinely said :

Of life regardless, I to fate resign,
But thou, CAFFRARO, art forever mine.
O let thy arms no future bride embrace,
Remember COLMA, and her beauteous face,
Which won thee youthful in thy gayest pride,
With captives, trophies, victors at thy side ;
Now I shall quick to blooming regions fly,
A spring eternal, and a nightless sky,
Far to the west, where radiant Sol descends,
And wonders where the arch'd horizon ends :
There shall my soul thy lov'd idea keep,
And 'till thy image comes, unceasing weep.
There, tho' the tiger is but all a shade,
And mighty panthers but the name they had ;
And proudest hills, and lofty mountains there,
Light as the wind, and yielding as the air ;
Yet shall our souls their ancient feelings have,
More strong, more noble than this side the grave.
There lovely blossoms blow throughout the year,
And airy harvests rise without our care :
And all our sires and mighty ancestors,
Renown'd for battles and successful wars,
Behold their sons in fair succession rise,
And hail them happy to serener skies.
There shall I see thee too, and see with joy
Thy future charge, my much lov'd Indian boy :
The thoughtless infant, whom with tears I see,
Once sought my breast, or hung upon my knee ;
Tell him, ah tell him, when in manly years,
His dauntless mind, nor death nor danger fears,
Tell him, ah tell him, how thy COLMA dy'd,
His fondest mother, and thy youthful bride :

Point to my tomb thro' yonder furzy glade,
And show where thou thy much lov'd COLMA laid.
O may I soon thy blest resemblance see,
And my sweet infant all reviv'd in thee.
'Till then I'll haunt the bow'r or lonely shade,
Or airy hills for contemplation made,
And think I see thee in each ghostly shoal,
And think I clasp thee to my weary soul.
Oft, oft thy form to my expecting eye,
Shall come in dreams with gentle majesty ;
Then shall I joy to find my bliss began
To love an angel, whom I lov'd a man !
She said, and downward in the hoary deep
Plung'd her fair form to everlasting sleep ;
Her parting soul it's latest struggle gave,
And her last breath came bubbling thro' the wave.

THEN sad CAFFRARO all his grief declares,
And swells the torrent of the gulph with tears ;
And senseless stupid to the shore is borne
In death-like slumbers, 'till the rising morn,
Then sorrowing, to the sea his course he bent
Full sad, but knew not for what cause he went,
'Till, sight distressing, from the lonely strand,
He saw dead COLMA wafting to the land.
Then in a stupid agony of pray'r,
He rent his mantle, and he tore his hair ;
Sigh'd to the stars, and shook his honour'd head,
And only wish'd a place among the dead !
O had the winds been sensible of grief,
Or whisp'ring angels come to his relief ;
Then had the rocks not echo'd to his pain,
Nor hollow mountains answer'd him again :
Then had the floods their peaceful courses kept,
Nor the sad pine in all it's murmurs wept ;

Nor pensive deer stray'd through the lonely grove,
Nor sadly wept the sympathising dove. —
Thus far'd the sire through his long days of pain,
Or with his offspring rov'd the silent plain;
Till years approaching, bow'd his sacred head
Deep in the dust, and sent him to the dead:
Where now perhaps in some strange fancy'd land,
He grasps the airy bow, and flies across the strand;
Or with his COLMA shares the fragrant grove,
It's vernal blessings, and the bliss of love.

FAREWELL lamented pair, and whate'er state
Now clasps you round, and sinks you deep in fate;
Whether the firey kingdom of the sun,
Or the slow wave of silent Acheron,
Or Christian's heaven, or planetary sphere,
Or the third region of the cloudless air;
Or if return'd to dread nihilty,
You'll still be happy, for you will not be.

Now fairest village of the fertile plain,
Made fertile by the labours of the swain;
Who first my drowsy spirit did inspire,
To sing of woods, and strike the rural lyre:
Who last shou'd see me wand'ring from thy cells,
And groves of oak where contemplation dwells,
Wou'd fate but raise me o'er the smaller cares,
Of Life unwelcome and distressful years,
Pedantic labours and a hateful ease,
Which scarce the hoary wrinkled sage cou'd please.
Hence springs each grief, each long reflective sigh,
And not one comfort left but poetry.
Long, long ago with her I could have stray'd,
To woods, to thickets or the mountain shade;
Unfit for cities and the noisy throng,
The drunken revel and the midnight song;

The gilded beau and scenes of empty joy,
Which please a moment and forever die.
Here then shall center ev'ry wish, and all
The tempting beauties of this spacious hall:
No thought ambitious, and no bold design,
But heaven born contemplation shall be mine.
In yonder village shall my fancy stray,
Nor rove beyond the confines of to-day;
The aged volumes of some plain divine,
In broken order round my hut shou'd shine;
Whose solemn lines should soften all my cares,
And sound devotion to th' eternal stars:
And if one sin my rigid breast did stain,
Thou poetry shou'dst be the darling sin;
Which heav'n without repentance might forgive,
And which an angel might commit and live:
And where yon' wave of silent water falls,
O'er the smooth rock or Adamantine walls:
The summer morns and vernal eves should see,
MILTON, immortal bard my company;
Or SHAKESPEARE, DRYDEN, each high sounding name,
The pride of BRITAIN, and one half her fame:
Or him who wak'd the fairy muse of old,
And pleasing tales of lands enchanted told.
Still in my hand, he his soft verse shou'd find
His verse, the picture of the poets mind:
Or heav'nly POPE, who now harmonious mourns,
"Like the rapt seraph that adores and burns."
Then in sharp satire, with a giant's might,
Forbids the blockhead and the fool to write:
And in the centre of the bards be shown
The deathless lines of godlike ADDISON;
Who, bard thrice glorious, all delightful flows,
And wrapt the soul of poetry in prose.

Now cease, O muse, thy tender tale to chaunt,
The smiling village, or the rural haunt ;
New scenes invite me, and no more I rove,
To tell of shepherds, or the vernal grove.

THE FARMER'S WINTER EVENING

A POEM

To the NYMPH I never saw.

FAR be the pleasures of the day,
And mirth and festive joy from me,
When cold December nips the plains,
Or frozen January reigns.
Far be the hunts-man's noisy horn,
And coursers fleet thro' thickets borne,
Swift as the wind, and far the sight,
Of snowy mountains, sadly white ;
But thou, O night, with sober charms,
Shall clasp me in thy sable arms.
For thee I love the winter eve,
The noisy day for thee I leave.
Beneath some mountain's tow'ring height,
In cottage low I hail the night,
Where jovial swains, with heart sincere,
And timely mirth dishearten care :
Each tells his tale, or chaunts a song
Of her for whom he sigh'd so long ;
Of CLARA fair, or FLORA coy,
Disdaining still her shepherd boy,
While near the hoary headed sage,
Recalls the days of youthful age,
Describes his course of manly years,
His journey thro' this vale of tears ;

How champion he with champions met,
And fiercely did they combat it,
'Till envious night in ebon chair,
Urg'd faster on her chariotteer,
And robb'd him, O for shame, of glory
And feats fit for renown in story. —
Thus spent in tales the ev'ning hour,
And quaffing juice of sober pow'r,
Which handsome KATE with malt did steep,
To lead on balmy visag'd sleep,
While her neat hand the milk pail strains,
A sav'ry supper for the swains.
And now the moon exalted high,
Gives lustre to the earth and sky,
And from the mighty ocean's glass,
Reflects the beauty of her face:
About her orb you may behold,
A thousand stars of burnish'd gold,
Which slowly to the west retire,
And lose awhile their glitt'ring fire.

O COULD I here find my abode,
And live within this fancy'd wood,
With thee the weeks and years to pass,
My pretty rural shepherdess;
With thee the cooling spring to sip,
Or live upon thy damask lip:
Then sacred groves, and shades divine,
And all ARCADIA should be mine.
Steep me, steep me some poppies deep
In beechen bowl, to bring on sleep;
Love hath my mind in shackles kept,
Thrice the cock crew, nor once I slept.
O gentle sleep, wrap me in dreams,
Of fields and woods, and running streams;

Of rivers wide, and castles rare,
And be my lovely FLORA there :
A larger draught, a larger bowl
To gratify my drowsy soul ;
“ A larger draught is yet in store,
Perhaps with this you wake no more.”
Then I my lovely maid shall see thee
Drinking the deep streams of LETHE,
Where now dame ARETHUSA scatters
Her soft stream with ALPHEUS' waters,
To forget her earthly cares,
Lost in LETHE, lost in years !
And I too will quaff the water,
Lest it should be said, O daughter
Of my giddy, wand'ring brain,
I sigh'd for one I've never seen.

THE MISERABLE LIFE
OF A PEDAGOGUE¹

To form the manners of our youth,
To guide them in the way of truth,
To lead them through the jarring schools,
Arts, sciences, and grammar rules ;
Is certainly an arduous work,
Enough to tire out Jew or Turk ;
And make a christian bite his nails,
For do his best, he surely fails ;
And spite of all that some may say,
His praise is trifling as his pay.

FOR my part I, tho' vers'd in booking,
Still saw'd my carcase from such cooking ;
And always slyly shunn'd a trade,
Too trifling as I thought and said ;

¹ This poem was undoubtedly written while Freneau was conducting his school at Flatbush early in 1772. See Vol. I, page xxi.

But at a certain crazy season,
When men have neither sense or reason;
By some confounded misadventure,
I found myself just in it's centre.

ODD's fish and blood, and noun and neuter,
And tenses present, past and future:
I utter'd with a wicked sigh,
Where are my brains, or where am I?
The dullest creature of the wood,
Knows how to shun the distant flood;
Whales, dolphins, and a hundred more,
Are not the fools to run ashore.

WELL, now contented I must be,
Forc'd by the dame Necessity,
Who like the tribunal of Spain,
Let's you speak once, but not again;
And swift to execute the blow,
Ne'er tells you why or whence it's so.

NOW I am ask'd a thousand questions,
Of ALEXANDERS and EPHESTIONS;
With sly designs to know if I
Am vers'd in GRECIAN history;
And then again my time destroy,
With aukward grace to tell of TROY:
From that huge giant POLYPHEMUS,
Quite down to ROMULUS and REMUS.
Then I'm oblig'd to give them lectures,
On quadrants, circles, squares and sectors;
Or in my wretched mem'ry bear,
What weighs a cubic inch of air.

“ SIR, here's my son, I beg you'd mind,
The graces have been very kind,
And on him all their blessings shed,
[Except a genius and a head]
Teach him the doctrine of the sphere,
The sliding circle and the square,
And starry worlds, I know not where:
And let him quickly learn to say,
Those learned words Penna, Pennae;
Which late I heard our parson call
As learning, knowledge all in all.”

AND then a city dame approaches,
Known by her horsemen, chairs and coaches:
“ Sir, here's my son, teach him to speak
The Hebrew, Latin, and the Greek:
And this I half forgot, pray teach
My tender boy — the parts of speech —
But never let this son of me,
Learn that vile thing astronomy:
Upon my word it's all a sham,” —
O I'm your humble servant ma'am.
There certainly is something in it —
“ Boy, drive the coach off in a minute.”
And thus I'm left in street or road,
A laughing stock to half the crowd,
To argue with myself the case,
And prove its being to my face.

A plague I say on such employment,
Where's neither pleasure nor enjoyment:
Whoe'er to such a life is ty'd,
Was born the day he should have dy'd;
Born in an hour when angry spheres
Were tearing caps, or pulling ears:

And Saturn slow 'gainst swift Mercurius,
Was meditating battles furious;
Or comets with their blazing train,
Decreed their life, a life of pain.

UPON A VERY ANCIENT DUTCH HOUSE
ON LONG ISLAND.¹

Behold this antique dome by envious time,
Grown crazy, and in ev'ry part decay'd;
Full well, alas, it claims my humble rhyme,
For such lone haunts and contemplation made.

Ah see the hearth, where once the chearful fire
Blaz'd high, and warm'd the winter trav'lers toes;
And see the walls, which once did high aspire,
Admit the storms, and ev'ry wind that blows.

In yonder corner, now to ruin gone,
The ancient housewife's curtain'd bed appear'd,
Where she and her man JOHN did sleep alone,
Nor nightly robber, nor the screech owl fear'd.

There did they snore full oft' the whole night out,
Smoking the sable pipe, 'till that did fall,
Reft from their jaws by Somnus' sleepy rout,
And on their faces pour'd its scorched gall.

And in the compass of yon' smaller gang,
The swain BATAVIAN once his courtship made,
To some DUTCH lass, as thick as she was long;
"Come then, my angel, come, the shepherd said,

¹ This is the germ of the poem, "The Deserted Farm-House," Vol. I, p. 40, *supra*. A comparison of the two versions will illustrate the thorough way in which Freneau often revised his poems.

“ And let us for the bridal bed prepare ;
For you alone shall ease my future life,
And you alone shall soften all my care,
My strong, my hearty, and industrious wife.”

Thus they — but eating ruin now hath spread
Its wings destructive o'er the antique dome ;
The mighty fabrick now is all a shed,
Scarce fit to be the wand'ring beggar's home.

And none but me it's piteous fate lament,
None, none but me o'er it's sad ashes mourn,
Sent by the fates, and by APOLLO sent,
To shed their latest tears upon it's silent urn.

B. LIST OF OMITTED POEMS.

It has been found necessary for various reasons to omit some of the poems that appear in the various editions of Freneau. For the most part this omitted material has no historic or poetic significance. Nothing would be gained by resurrecting it. It is only just to the poet, however, to state that aside from a single piece, nothing has been omitted on account of coarseness alone. In each case the earliest known title is given in the list that follows. When a title was significantly changed in later editions, the variation has been given in a foot note, with date of edition.

FROM THE 1786 EDITION.

Epitaph Intended for the Tombstone of Patrick Bay, an Irish Soldier and Innholder, Killed by an Ignorant Physician.—1769.¹

Epitaph on Peter Abelard. From the Latin.

The Distrest Orator. [Occasioned by R — A —'s memory failing him in the midst of a public discourse he had got by rote.]²

The Retort.³

The Flagellators.

Humanity and Ingratitude; A Common Case. [From the French.] December 1784.⁴

Elegaic Verses on the Death of a favorite Dog, 1785.⁵

The Five Ages.

New Year's Verses, Addressed to the Customers of the

¹ Epitaph Intended for the Tombstone of Patrick Bay, Innholder, Killed by an Ignorant Physician. — 1809.

² Lines on a Distrest Orator, at a Public Exhibition. — 1809. This was an undergraduate skit by Freneau on his college mate Robert Archibald, of the Class of 1772.

³ To My Lord Snake, [A Title Hunter.] — 1795. The Impertinent. — 1809.

⁴ Humanity and Ingratitude, A Common Case. [Translated from the French.] — 1795.

⁵ To a Deceased Dog. — 1795.

Pennsylvania Evening Post, by the Printer's Lad who carries it. January 4, 1783.
The Literary Plunderers.⁶

FROM THE 1788 EDITION.

The Scornful Lady.
The Prisoner.
Few Honest Coblers; A Poem. In Imitation of Dr. Watts's *Indian Philosopher*.
The Almanac Maker.
Female Caprice; or, the Student's Complaint.
The Drunken Soldier. A Parody.
St. Preux to Eloisa.
The Fiddler's Farewell.⁷
The Modern Miracle.⁸
The Dull Moralist.⁹
The Misfortune of March. [Written in the pastoral style of the old British Poets.]¹⁰
Elegaic Lines.
Highland Sawney.¹¹

FROM THE 1795 EDITION.

Epistolary Lines on the Death of a Fiddler.
Farmer Dobbins's Complaint.
The Debtor's Soliloquy.
The Fair Buckle-Thief.
Advice to the Ladies, Not to Neglect the Dentist.
Lines to the memory of a young American Lady; who died soon after her Arrival in London.
The Market Girl.

⁶ Devastations in a Library. — 1795. On Devastations Committed in a Book-seller's Library, by Rats, Mice, &c. — 1809.

⁷ The Minstrel's Complaint. — 1795.

⁸ Susanna's Revival. — 1795.

⁹ To the Grand Mufti. — 1795.

¹⁰ Palaemon: or, the Skaiter. — 1795.

¹¹ Highland Sawney, or the Emigrant Beau. — 1795.

Elegaic Stanzas on a Young Gentleman Drowned in a Mill-Pond.

The Drunkard's Apology.¹³

On a Painter who was Endeavouring to Recover, from Memory, the Features of a Deceased Young Lady.

Marriage A-la Mode; (Or the Run-a-way Match.)

The Bridge of Delaware.

Minerva's Advice.

Mars and Venus.

Charity A-la-Mode.¹³

The Invalid.

Under the Portraiture of Martha Ray.

Epistle to a Gay Young Lady that was Married to a Doating old Deacon.¹⁴

The Menace.¹⁵

The Prudent Philosopher.

The Origin of Wars.

Lines Written in a Severe February on a Shad, &c., caught in a Mild January.

Epitaph on Frederick the Second, late King of Prussia. [From the French.]

A Dialogue between Shadrach and Whiffle.

To the memory of a Lady.¹⁶

To Clarissa: a handsome Shop-Keeper.

To Cynthia.

To a Very Little Man, Fond of Walking with a Very Long Cane.

The Rural Bachelor.

To Messieurs Fungus, Froth, and Co.

Shadrach and Pomposo: A Tale.

¹³ An Apology for Intemperance. — 1809.

¹⁴ Merchantile Charity. — 1809.

¹⁵ The Preposterous Nuptials: or, January and June. — 1809.

¹⁶ The Nova Scotia Menace. — 1809.

¹⁷ To the Memory of Mrs. Burnet of Elizabeth-town, N. J. By Request. — 1809.

- On Pest-Eli-Hali, the Traveling Speculator.¹⁸
 Elegiac lines on a Theological Script-Monger.
 On the Approaching Dissolution of Transatlantic Jurisdiction in America.

FROM THE 1809 EDITION.

- Translation of the Third Elegy of the First Book of Ovid's *Tristia*.
 Description of the Plague which Happened at Athens
 . . . From the Sixth Book of Lucretius on the Nature of Things.
 Love's Suicide. Stanzas Intended for the Tomb Stone of a Person who Killed Himself in Consequence of his Suit being Rejected by a Young Lady.
 Translation, from Ovid's *Tristia*. Book 3d, Elegy 3d.
 Stanzas Written near a Certain Clergyman's Garden.
 On a Nocturnal View of the Planet Jupiter, and several of his Satellites, through a Telescope.
 The Fading Rose.
 A College Story.
 On a Man Killed by a Buffaloe (or wild Cow.)
 To the Dog Sancho, on his being Wounded in the Head with a Sabre, in a Midnight Assault and Robbery, near the Neversink Hills, 1778.
 Science, Favourable to Virtue.
 Reflections on the Constitution, or Frame of Nature.
 On the Powers of the Human Understanding.
 Lines Written in a very Small Garden.
 Nereus and Thetis.
 A Usurer's Prayer.
 Suicide: the Weakness of the Human Mind. A Marine Anecdote.
 The Gougers: on Seeing a Traveller Gouged, and otherwise ill treated by some Citizens of Logtown, near a Pine Barren.

¹⁸On a Travelling Speculator. — 1809.

Lines written for Mr. Ricketts, on the Exhibitions at his Equestrian Circus.

Monumental Lines, Addressed to a Disconsolate Person, that was Successively Enamoured of Two Sisters, who Died of a Consumption within about Two Years of Each other, in the Prime of Youth and Beauty.

Esperanza's March: being Stanzas, Addressed to a Person who Complained "He was always unfortunate."

FROM THE 1815 EDITION.

The New Age; or Truth Triumphant.

On Superstition.

The Royal Apprentice, A London Story.

The Modern Jehu; or, Nobility on Four Wheels.

On a Lady, Now Deceased, that had been both Deaf and Blind Many Years.

The Mistake; a Modern Short Story.

Lines written in a french novel, Adelaide and Durval.

Human Frailty.

On Happiness, as proceeding from the practice of Virtue.

Ode to Good Fortune.

Reflections on doctor Perkins' metallic points, or tractors.

Publius to Pollia. Supposed to have been written during a cruising expedition.

On the Uniformity and Perfection of Nature.

Translation of Gray's Ode, Written at the grand Charreuse.

On the Universality and Other Attributes of the God of Nature.

On the Religion of Nature.

The Reward of Innocence.

On the Evils of Human Life.

The Scurrilous Scribe.

Belief and Unbelief: humbly recommended to the serious consideration of creed makers.

Susanna's Tomb.

Stanzas on a Political Projector, who was making interest,
to be employed on an embassy to Constantinople.

Nature's Debt.

New Year's Eve.

The Order of the Day: to readers of the history of wars
ancient and modern.

The Bethlehemite; or, fair solitary.

The Hermit and the Traveller.

Lines on the Establishment of the New Theatre, and the
management of the house being placed in the hands of
Mr. Cooper.

The Musical Savage. Supposed to express, to the musician,
the extatic emotions of a missouri indian, on his
first hearing the violin played, or band of music, that
accompanied captain Lewis on his expedition to the
Columbia-River.

Epitaph on a worthy person, whose decease closed a series
of fortune and misfortune in his 50th year.

Written at Poplar-Hill, — Pennsylvania.

The Blast of November. Occasioned by a fatal accident
on the Hudson.

The Duelists.

On Seeing a Beautiful Print of a Shipwrecked Sailor
sitting on a Rock.

Heaving the Lead: a Marine Story, Founded on Fact.

Translated from the Third Book of Lucretius *de natura
rerum*, or, On the nature of Things.

The Two Genii: Addressed to a young Lady, of a con-
sumptive habit, departing from New-York, by sea, for
South-Carolina, in 1805.

The Hypochondriac.

On Finding a Terrapin in the Woods, which had A. D.
1756 Marked on the Back of his Shell.

Pythona: or the Prophetess of En-Dor.

To Ismenia.

C. BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE POETRY OF PHILIP FRENEAU

The following is a list of the individual and collected poetical publications of Freneau. For a more complete view of the poet's literary activities the reader is referred to the painstaking and admirable "Bibliography of the separate and collected works of Philip Freneau," by Mr. Victor Hugo Paltsits (N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co., 1903). Opportunity has been taken here to bring the list up to date, to correct a few omissions and errors in Mr. Paltsits' volume, and to locate copies whose existence he overlooked. To avoid confusion the abbreviations used by him have been retained, viz: AAS = American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.; BA = Boston Athenæum, Boston, Mass.; BM = British Museum, London, England; BPL = Boston Public Library, Boston, Mass.; BU = Brown University Library, Providence, R. I.; C = Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.; GSMT = General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, N. Y. City; HC = Harvard University Library, Cambridge, Mass.; HSP = Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.; LCP = Library Company of Philadelphia, Pa.; MHS = Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, Mass.; NA = New York Public Library, Astor Foundation, N. Y. City; NJS� = New Jersey State Library, Trenton, N. J.; NkPL = Newark Free Public Library, Newark, N. J.; NL = New York Public Library, Lenox Foundation, N. Y. City; NYHS = New York Historical Society, N. Y. City; NYSL = New York State Library, Albany, N. Y.; PU = Princeton University Library, Princeton, N. J.; SPL = Springfield Public Library, Springfield, Mass.

1772

The | American Village,| a Poem.| To which are
added,| Several other original Pieces in Verse.| By
Philip Freneau, A. B.| [*Quotation of two lines from
Horace.*]

New York:| Printed by S. Inslee and A. Car, on| Moor's
Wharf.| M, DCC, LXXII.| 12mo; pp. [1]-27, [1].

See Vol. I, xxii, and Vol. III, Appendix A, *supra*. Copies: BU, C.

1772

A | Poem, | on the | Rising Glory | of | America; | being
an | Exercise | Delivered at the Public Commencement at |
Nassau-Hall, September 25, 1771. | [*Quotation of six lines
from Seneca.*]

Philadelphia: | Printed by Joseph Crukshank, for R.
Aitken, | bookseller, opposite the London-coffee-|house,
in Front-Street. | M, DCC, LXXII. | 12mo; pp. [3]-27.

See Vol. I, xxi, and 49, *supra*. *Copies*: BU, C, HSP, MHS,
NYHS, PU.

1775

American Liberty, | a | Poem. | [*Quotations one line from
Virgil and two lines from Pope.*]

New-York: | Printed by J. Anderson, at Beekman-Slip. |
MDCCLXXV. | 12mo; pp. 3-12.

See Vol. I, 142, *supra*. *Copies*: C, LCP.

1775

General Gage's Soliloquy. New York: Printed by
Hugh Gaine, 1775.

No printed copy of this has thus far been discovered. A manu-
script copy of unknown origin is in the Du Simitière collection of the
Library Company of Philadelphia. Endorsed upon it are the words
"Printed in New York August. 1775. By Gaine." See Vol. I, 152
supra.

1775

A | Voyage | to | Boston. | A | Poem. | [*Quotation of
five lines from Shakespeare.*] By the Author of American
Liberty, a Poem: General | Gage's Soliloquy, &c. |

New-York: Printed by John Anderson, | at Beekman's
Slip. | 12mo; pp. [III]-IV, [5]-24.

See Vol. I, 158, *supra*. *Copies*: C, LCP, NYHS.

1775

A | Voyage | to | Boston. | A | Poem. | [*Quotation of five lines from Shakespeare.*] By the Author of American Liberty, a Poem: General | Gage's Soliloquy, &c. |

Philadelphia: | Sold by | William Woodhouse, | in Front street. | M, DCC, LXXV. | 12mo; pp. [III]-IV, [5]-24.

A reprint of the Anderson edition. *Copies*: AAS, HSP, NYHS, PU.

1775

General Gage's | Confession, | Being the Substance of | His Excellency's last Conference, | With his Ghostly Father, Friar Francis. | [*Quotation of one line from Virgil.*] By the Author of the Voyage to Boston. | A Poem, &c. | Printed in the Year, 1775. | Small 8vo; pp. [3]-8.

The copy in the possession of the Library Company of Philadelphia is at present believed to be unique. Written on the title page by a contemporary hand are the words "By Gaine. Published October 25: 1775."

1778

The | Travels | of the | Imagination; | a true Journey from | New Castle to London. | To which are added, | American Independence, | an | everlasting deliverance | from | British Tyranny: | a Poem. |

Philadelphia: | Printed, by Robert Bell, in Third-Street. | M DCC LXXVIII. | 12mo.

The main work is by James Murray. Freneau's poem, pp. [113]-126 of the volume, has the title page:

American | Independence, | an everlasting | Deliverance | from | British Tyranny. | A Poem. | By Philip F——, Author of the American Village, | Voyage to Boston, &c. | [*Quotation of six lines from Shakespeare.*] |

Philadelphia: Printed, by Robert Bell, in Third-Street. | M DCC LXXVIII. |

The same sheets were used to form part VI of "Miscellanies | for | Sentimentalists," published the same year by Bell.

See Vol. I, 271, *supra*. *Copy*: HSP.

1779

Sir Henry Clinton's Invitation to the Refugees.

The only evidence at present of the separate publication of this piece is the entry in Frank Moore's *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution* (N. Y. 1856, p. 259): "We have it in a ballad sheet, dated 1779."

See Vol. II, p. 7, *supra*.

1781

The British Prison-Ship:|A | Poem,| in four Cantoes.|

Viz. Canto { 1. The Capture,
2. The Prison-Ship,
3. The Prison-Ship, continued,
4. The Hospital-Prison-Ship.

To which is added,| A Poem on the Death of Capt. N. Biddle,| who was blown up, in an Engagement with the | Yarmouth, near Barbadoes.| [*Quotation of thirteen lines from Milton.*]]

Philadelphia:| Printed by F. Bailey, in Market-Street.| M. DCC. LXXXI.| 12mo; pp. [3]-23.

See Vol. II, p. 18, *supra*. Copies: BU, LCP, NYHS.

1783

New Year Verses,| Addressed to those Gentlemen who have been | pleased to favour Francis Wrigley, News Car-rier, with their Custom.| January 1, 1783.| Folio, broadside.

See Vol. II, p. 197, *supra*. Copy: C.

1783

New Year's Verses, addressed to The Customers of the Pennsylvania Evening Post, by the Printer's Lad who carries it. January 4, 1783.

This is known only through the version in the 1786 edition of Freneau's poems, pp. 383-385. It was undoubtedly first issued as a broadside.

1783

New Year's | Verses | Addressed to the Customers of |
The Freeman's Journal, | By the Lad who carries it. |
January 8th, 1783. | Folio, broadside.

See Vol. II, p. 198, *supra*. Copy: C.

1784

New-Year | Verses, | For those who Carry the | Penn-
sylvania Gazette | to the | Customers. | January 1, 1784. |
Small folio, broadside.

Reprinted in the 1786 edition, pp. 387-388; in the 1795 edition, p. 265; and in the 1809 edition, Vol. II, pp. 161-162. In the two latter versions, with the title changed to "A News-man's Address," the original first line:

"How things are chang'd since last New Year"

was altered to read:

"What tempests gloomed the by-past year —"

See Vol. II, p. 238, *supra*. Copy: HSP.

1784

New Year's Verses, Addressed To the Customers of the
Freeman's Journal, by the Lad who carries it. January
7, 1784.

The original broadside has not been found. The only version at present known is in the 1786 edition, pp. 389-390. See Vol. II, p. 240, *supra*.

1785

New Year's Verses, addressed to the Customers of the
Freeman's Journal, by the Lad who Carries it. January
1, 1785.

The first trace of this is to be found in the 1786 edition, pp. 391-393. It was doubtless first issued as a broadside. See Vol. II, p. 284, *supra*.

1786

New Year's Verses, for 1786. [Written for the Carriers of the *Columbian Herald*.]

The first trace to be found of this is in the 1788 edition, pp. 142-144. This is signed "Charleston (S. C.) Jan. 1786." It doubtless appeared as a broadside. See Vol. II, p. 301, *supra*.

1786

The | Poems | of | Philip Freneau. | Written chiefly during the late War. |

Philadelphia: | Printed by Francis Bailey, at | Yorick's Head, in Market street. | M DCC LXXXVI. |

Small 8vo; pp. [v]-vii, [1]-407.

This is the first collected edition of Freneau's poems. See Vol. I, p. xxxix-xli, *supra*. Copies: BM, BPL, BU, C, HSP, LCP, MHS, NA, NL, NYHS, NYSL, PU.

1787.

A | Journey | from | Philadelphia | to | New-York, | by Way of Burlington and South-Amboy. | By | Robert Slender, Stocking Weaver. | Extracted from the Author's Journals. | [*Quotation of two lines from Horace.*]

Philadelphia; Printed by Francis Bailey, at Yorick's Head, in | Market-street. | M DCC LXXXVII. | 12mo; pp. vi, [7]-28.

See Vol. II, p. 388, *supra*. Copies: BU, C, NYHS, PU.

1788

New Year's Verses for 1788. [Supposed to be written by the Printer's lad, who supplies the customers with his weekly paper.]

The first trace of this is in the 1788 edition, pp. 393-395. It was doubtless first issued as a broadside for some newspaper. See Vol. II, p. 383, *supra*.

1788

The | Miscellaneous | Works | of | Mr. Philip Freneau |
containing his | Essays, | and | additional Poems. |

Philadelphia: | Printed by Francis Bailey, at Yorick's |
Head, in Market Street. | M DCC LXXXVIII. | Small
12mo; pp. xii [1]-429.

The second collected edition of Freneau's poems. It contained no poems that had been published in the first collection. See Vol. I, p. xlii, *supra*. Copies: BM, BPL, BU, C, HSP, LCP, MHS, NA, NL, NYHS, NYSL, PU.

1794

The | Village Merchant: | A | Poem. To which is added
the | Country Printer. | [*Four lines from section five of The
Village Merchant.*] |

Philadelphia: | Printed by Hoff and Derrick, | M, DCC,
XCIV. | Small 8vo; pp. [3]-16.

See Vol. II, p. 14, *supra*. Copies: BU, HSP.

1795

Poems | Written between the Years 1768 & 1794, | by |
Philip Freneau, | of | New Jersey: | A New Edition, Re-
vised and Corrected by the | Author; Including a con-
siderable number of | Pieces never before published. |
[*Pyramid of fifteen stars, followed by two lines of Latin from
page 435.*] |

Monmouth | [N. J.] | Printed | At the Press of the
Author, at Mount-Pleasant, near | Middletown-Point;
M, DCC, XCV: and, of | — American Independence — |
XIX. | 8vo; pp. xv, [1]-455, [1].

The third collected edition of Freneau. See Vol. I, pp. lxxvi-lxxviii, *supra*. Copies: AAS, BA, BM, BPL, BU, C, HC, HSP, LCP, MHS, NL, NYHS, NYSL, PU, SPL, GSMT, NkPL.

1797

Means | for the | Preservation | of | Public Liberty. |
 An | Oration | delivered in the New Dutch Church, | on
 the | Fourth of July, 1797. | Being the twenty-first |
 Anniversary of our Independence. | By G. J. Warner. |
*[Ten lines from Freneau's poem To a Republican with Mr.
 Paine's Rights of Man.]*

New York: | Printed at the Argus Office, | for |
 Thomas Greenleaf and Naphtali Judah. | 1797. | 8vo; pp.
 [7]—22.

On pp. 20–21 Ode | (Composed for the Occasion, by P. Freneau.)
 The Musick performed | by the Uranian Musical Society. | See Vol. III,
 p. 152, *supra*. *Copy*: NL.

1797.

Megara and Altavola. To a female satirist (an English
 actress) on receiving from her no. 1 of a very satirical
 and biting attack.

Six copies only were printed, of which none is at present known to
 exist. See the 1809 edition, Vol. II, p. 30; and Vol. III, p. 146, *supra*.

1798.

New Year's Verses.

Issued as a broadside for the *Time Piece* and dated "January 1,
 1798." The only copy that is known at present is bound with the file
Time Piece in the library of the New York Historical Society. See Vol.
 III, p. 194, *supra*.

1809.

Poems | written and published during the | American
 Revolutionary War, | and now | republished from the
 original Manuscripts; | interspersed | with Translations
 from the Ancients, | and other Pieces not heretofore in
 | Print. | By Philip Freneau. | *[Four lines of poetry.]*
 The Third Edition, in two Volumes. | Vol. I. [II.] |

Philadelphia: From the Press of Lydia R. Bailey, No.
 10. | North-Alley. | 1809. | 2 vols.; 12mo; Vol. I, pp.
 280, iv; Vol. II, pp. 302, xii.

This is generally known as the fourth collected edition. See Vol. I, p. lxxxiv-lxxxvi, *supra*. Copies: BM, BPL, BU, C, HSP, LCP, NL, NYHS, NYSL, PU, NJSL.

1809

A Laughable Poem;| or | Robert Slender's | Journey | from | Philadelphia to New York, | by | Way of Burlington and South Amboy.| By Philip Freneau, |Author of Poems written during the American Revo-|lutionary War, and lately published in this City | by Lydia R. Bailey, in two Volumes, Duodecimo.| Persons of the Poem.| [Nine lines for nine characters.]]

Philadelphia: | Printed for Thomas Neversink.| December 20, 1809. | 12mo; pp. [3]-24.

A reprint with few variations of the 1787 edition. See Vol. II, p. 338, *supra*. Copies: BU, HSP, LCP.

1815

A | Collection of | Poems,| on | American Affairs, and a variety of other Subjects,| chiefly moral and political;| written between the Year 1797 and the pre-|sent Time.| By Philip Freneau,| Author of Poems written during the Revolutionary | War, Miscellanies, &c. &c.| In two Volumes.| [Four lines from Freneau's poem *On the British Commercial Depredations*.]] Vol. I. [II.]]

New York: Published by David Longworth,| At the Dramatic Repository,| Shakespeare-Gallery.| 1815.| 2 vols.; small 12mo; Vol. I, pp. viii, [13]-188; Vol. II, pp. 176.

See Vol. I, pp. xc-xci, *supra*. Copies: BA, BM, BPL, BU, C, LCP, NL, NYHS, NYSL, PU, GSMT, NkPL.

1861

Poems on various Subjects,| but chiefly illustrative of the | Events and Actors in the American | War of Independence.| By Philip Freneau.| Reprinted from the

rare edition printed at | Philadelphia in 1786. | With a Preface.

London: | John Russell Smith, | Soho Square. | 1861. |

Small 8vo; pp. xxii, [1]-362. Printed at the Chiswick Press.

Copies: BPL, BU, C, HSP, NL, NYHS, NYSL, PU, NkPL.

1865

Poems | relating to the | American Revolution | By Philip Freneau. | With an introductory memoir and notes. | By | Evert A. Duyckinck. |

New York: | W. J. Widdleton, Publisher. | M.DCCC.LXV. 12mo; pp. xxxviii, [1]-288. por. and facsim.

Copies: AAS, BM, BPL, C, HSP, LCP, NA, NL, NYHS, NYSL, PU, SPL, NkPL. One hundred copies also on large paper, royal 8vo.

1891

Poems | relating to the | American Revolution | by | Philip Freneau | With an introductory memoir and notes | By | Evert A. Duyckinck | New York | Thomas Y. Crowell Co. | 46 East Fourteenth Street. | 12mo. pp. xxxviii, 288.

This is a reissue of the 1865 edition printed with red line borders for Crowell's "Red Line Series of the Poets." Cover title misprinted "*Frenau's* Poems," Also issued without red line border.

1902

The | Poems of Philip Freneau | Poet of the American Revolution | Edited for | the Princeton Historical Association | By | Fred Lewis Pattee | Princeton N. J. | the University Library | 1902 | .

8°; 3 vols. pp. CXII, 294; X, 407; XIV, 430 (Vol. II, 1903, Vol. III, 1907).

1906

The American Village | A Poem by | Philip Freneau |
Reprinted in facsimile from the original | edition published
at New York | in 1772, with an introduction | by | Harry
Lyman Roopman | and | Bibliographical Data | by |
Victor Hugo Paltsits | [Device] | Providence, Rhode
Island | 1906. Square 8vo. pp. XXI, [1]-69.

Edition of 100 copies. The third publication of the Club for
Colonial Reprints, of Providence, R. I. See Vol. III, Appendix A,
supra.

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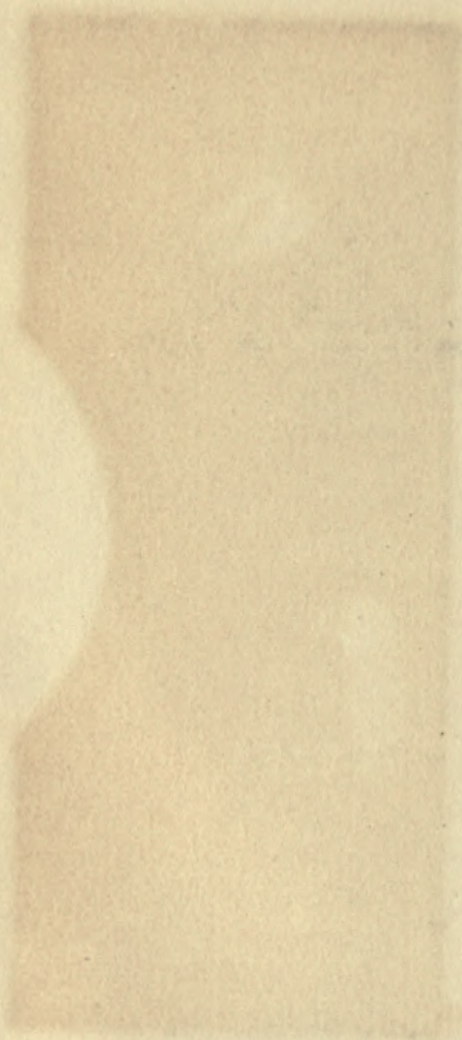
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